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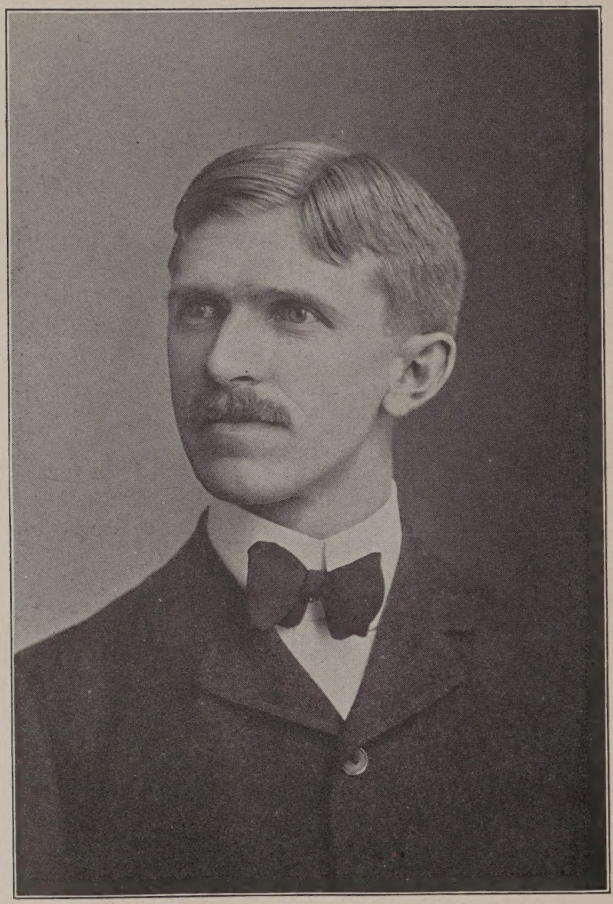

MR. GEORGE P. HITCHCOCK
HEAD-MASTER OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

Volume 15 NOVEMBER, 1908 Number 1

# The Sagamore

## Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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# THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XV NOVEMBER, 1908 NUMBER 1

## Editorials

ONCE more the summer months have taken wings and the time comes again for The Sagamore to offer words of greeting to the faculty and scholars of the Brookline High School. We also extend a hearty welcome to the Class of 1912 and wish them the greatest success in their pursuit of knowledge.

Among the faculty we recognize the countenance of our friend Mr. Brooks, who has returned from a delightful year's trip abroad.

We also take pleasure in welcoming to our school many new teachers: Miss Ross, who comes from the Melrose High School, Miss Davison from Franklin, N. H., Miss Knowles from California, Mr. Peabody from the Newburyport High School, and Mr. Joslyn, who is from the Natick High.

DURING the summer months extensive alterations and improvements have been made in the main building. The boys' gymnasium, no longer of use since the building of the new Municipal Gymnasium, has been transformed into the headquarters of the Commercial Department. This room not only affords a greater seating capacity and a better light, but its furnishings have been improved to such an extent that Mr. Colton assures us that there is no better equipped department of its size in the country. Certainly we should be proud to attend a school which affords such resources for a business training. The girls' gymnasium has also been taken possession of by this same department and is equipped for instruction in the art of typewriting.

Some of us on the first floor will probably miss the "call of the young" which for years has rung through the lower corridors. The kindergarten, with its sand boxes, little stools and many children, is a thing of the past and Room 14 is now turned over to a classroom to accommodate the great numbers entering the school. Every seat in the whole building is now occupied and all things point to a most profitable and successful year.

WORK! Such a small word, but one of vast significance. That little word of four letters spells Success; spells Success to the student, to the athlete and to the financier. Let us all try to appreciate its value and in whatever we attempt, be it athletics or studies, take hold with a will, both for our own sakes and for the honor of the school. The Sagamore has taken this word for its motto and already its influence has been felt at the opening of the new year 1908-1909.

WITH the opening of school comes the commencement of athletics and with them the cry for support. Now the athletic association tickets are out and we urge that the results may be more satisfactory than in past years. As most of the school know, these tickets are not only significant of membership in the Brookline High School Athletic Association and admit the bearer to all meetings of the association, but they are good for a liberal discount at a certain sporting goods store in Boston. Think! A quarter means but little to you and all the difference in the world to the teams. If every one would pay his quarter it would mean about $150.00 in the treasury. The Sagamore heartily urges each to do his share and make the sale of these tickets greater than ever before.

AND now let everyone prepare to feast on Nov. 26! Spare not the turkey and other goodies, and accept The Sagamore's wishes for a short but very sweet vacation.

# The 14th of September

The old High School stood grim and red,
Green ivy climbed o'er every wall,
The big clock shifted its hands and said
"Welcome, welcome to you all!

"A welcome to the Freshmen new—
I prophesy a future clear,
For I have seen more than a few
Who counted the first, their happiest year.

"Oh! here come all the Sophomores gay—
I'm glad to see you back once more.
Last year I watched you every day,
As first you entered the High School door.

"You Juniors I welcome with much joy;
Make the most of this year 'fore it's past.
Be happy, every girl and boy,
Of fun and frolic 'tis near your last.

"Seniors, your time has now come 'round,
You must be dignified and staid;
In mind and body you must be sound,
For to Brookline your debt must be paid.

"And so I greet you every one
Six hundred pupils loyal and true,
And from this year let the very best come
To grace the flag of the red and blue."

S. T. G. '10.

# The Supreme Test

"I'LL get even with him," muttered Donald Lorimer darkly, as he opened the door to his study.

Tom Mason, his roommate, looked up expectantly as he said, "What's up, Don? Hope it's a scrap; I'm game for anything. This college is the slowest old hole—"

"Shut up, Tom. If it's a scrap, it's mine, see?"

But Tom refused to be repulsed.

"You needn't be so deuced polite, you know," he began; then, as a thought struck him, "Thunder," he exclaimed, "bet Carter threw you off the team; but don't you care, old boy, baseball's a rotten game, anyway; now if it were football—"

"O dry up, will you? There's no need of rubbing it in," Don growled.

"Aha, that's it, is it?" Tom said. "Well, just make an effort to be a little sociable and if you'll tell me what's the trouble, perhaps, indeed almost certainly, I can help you out."

"How?" Don asked. "I know you're popular, Tom, and that you have a lot of influence with an important part of this college, but I guess it's no use here, you'd simply be up against it."

"I," began Tom in a purely impersonal tone, "am the captain of next year's football team; Dick Carter is very anxious for a position on the aforesaid team; that's enough, I think, to show you that my influence in any direction I choose to use it might be of some value."

Don stared at his roommate in silence for some time before he said, slowly, "And you'd do that much for me, Tom?"

"Do that much? Say, how much do you think my friendship is worth?" Tom demanded scornfully.

"But," said Don, hesitatingly, "you don't understand. What you propose is practically a case of blackmail, and it isn't quite above board, you know; while your name, Tom, means the square thing for every fellow in this college."

Tom made no reply. "Tell me all about the row with Carter," he demanded tersely.

"There's a girl in it," was Don's first statement.

"Yes, I knew that," Tom answered briefly.

Don wondered how, but went on. "You see I invited a girl named Elsie Raymond to the Senior prom., and the last great baseball game with Haskell comes only two days before the prom. begins, and Elsie has never seen me play, although she's always wanted to, so I—"

"O, that's all right, I understand; you weren't averse to playing the hero role; don't deny it, I know because I've been there myself," Tom said humorously, but a new note which Don could not make out had crept into his voice.

"No, I'm not going to deny it, because it's true. We none of us are averse to appearing at advantage before the girls we like, I suppose. But unfortunately, Carter likes Elsie, too, and although I didn't know it, he had set his heart upon having her here as his guest. He has never liked me," Don continued more slowly, "and I suppose this was the last straw. Anyway, I've been given my walking ticket and permission to watch the game from the side lines."

"With Elsie," supplemented Tom.

"Don't," Don groaned; "when I think of her it seems as if I couldn't stand it, and I've got to, you know," he went on, squaring his shoulders; "the whole college is going to say of me, 'There goes Lorimer; Carter chucked him from the team, you know, and he's awfully cut up about it, poor fellow!' "

"No, they're not going to, if I can help it," agreed Mason grimly. "What I'd like to know is how the team can afford to lose you, the best pitcher the college has had in years. I don't see why the whole team didn't rebel."

"O, I've been playing punk this last week; even the coach told me that one more week of that kind of playing would put me on the side lines for good and all."

"O, these coaches, and captains, and teams, and supporters with their short memories! How quickly they forget one's good playing when an off spell comes," Tom sympathized.

He got up abruptly. "See you at dinner," he called back over his shoulder.

Don stared at his friend in amazement and then dashed out into the hall. "Don't be in quite such a hurry, my honored roommate," he called imperatively; "come back here a minute."

Mason retraced his steps uncertainly. "What do you want?" he demanded impatiently.

"Now look here, Tom, I'm not sure that I want to play on the Clifford baseball nine under the conditions you've named."

"Oh, sure you do! Why, man, you've got to play; think of Elsie."

"I am," replied Lorimer uncomfortably.

"Well, then," said Tom laughing, as he gently pushed his roommate inside the study, "think of her some more—until dinner time." And he went down the hall whistling.

"O hang!" wailed Don, "I wish to heaven I knew what to do; I want to do the square thing, and I want to play; O thunder, how I want to play!"

About six-thirty Tom Mason and Dick Carter strolled in to dinner. Don glanced up from the piece of steak he was contemplating to meet the eyes of both fellows. They both greeted him, but with what a difference! Carter nodded curtly with an unpleasant look in his eyes, while Mason grinned cheerfully at his friend from the other end of the table. That grin telegraphed the news, "It's all right," to Don, but he could not, try as he would, feel glad accordingly.

"It's no use," he thought despairingly, "I wasn't overlooked when the most conscientious consciences were picked out and allotted to New Englanders, and I can't ignore the existence of mine to save my life."

Immediately after dinner Mason joined him. "Two weeks more baseball practice for you, my boy," he said genially, "you're going to play in the Haskell game."

"I'm sorry you've had so much trouble on my account."

"A trifle, a trifle," murmured Mason.

"Because,—pardon me for contradicting you," Lorimer continued decisively, "but I'm not going to play in the Haskell game."

. . . . . .

As Elsie Raymond alighted from the train at Riverdale, Tom Mason sprang out of his new Packard and rushed forward to meet her.

"Hello, Else," he said joyously. "Gee, Paris hasn't done you any harm, but jiminy, how you've changed!"

The girl smiled on him graciously. "I think that's rather a doubtful compliment, Tommy, but in any case I can't return it; you're just as big, and clumsy, and — and good-looking as ever. But this is no time for getting acquainted. Do take these things and see about my trunk, like a good boy."

"I dare say that's true," observed Tom, "but I sure shall have to get acquainted all over again, my fair young cousin."

After leading her over to his car, he rushed away to find the station agent.

When he returned, vigorously mopping his brow with a bright purple handkerchief, and they were fairly on their way, he remarked, "You're going to stay at the Gilberts' this week. Professor Gilbert's wife is chaperoning all the girls who have come for the Senior prom. But I am going to take you for a spin first, not so much to show you the country as to explain why I telegraphed asking you to come a train earlier than you arranged with Don. You must keep in mind all the time that Don hasn't the slightest idea that I know you from the side of a house, much less that we are cousins."

"Proceed quickly, O man of mystery!" the girl replied, smiling, "and you will have my everlasting gratitude for putting me out of the horrible suspense I have been in since receiving your telegram."

"With such a reward in view, I shall begin at once," replied Tom gallantly.

But he did *not* begin at once. He had a hard task before him and he wondered anxiously just *how* to begin. He knew that his cousin

was something of a hero worshipper, and perhaps, for that very reason, he counted a good deal on his own influence with her.

"Elsie," he said finally, "be perfectly frank with me, please, even though I'm going to ask you a question that may sound on the face of it decidedly impertinent. Which is *the* one, Carter or Lorimer?"

"Suppose I should say neither," the girl said, dimpling; "but I won't," she added hastily. "I think I shan't answer that question till after the Clifford-Haskell baseball game Thursday."

"Suppose," began Tom in a queer tone, "just suppose that both the fellows in question were n't on the baseball team."

Elsie started, and turned toward her cousin quickly. "Dick is captain, so you can't mean him; and Don,—but you surely can't mean Don?"

"But I can, and do," Tom replied, and then waited silently for his cousin to speak.

"Tell me all about it," she said quietly.

Tom told her the whole story from start to finish, dwelling particularly on certain points such as the doubtful way in which Carter, a Junior, had obtained the baseball captaincy; his hatred of Don, based on jealousy of Don's own wonderful pitching and batting ability.

"And then," Tom went on more slowly, "after Don told me that he couldn't bear to face you with the news he wasn't to play, I gave him a chance, by offering to bulldoze Carter, by my position of captain of the football team, into letting him play."

"Yes," said the girl eagerly, "and—"

"And it was no use. He's true blue, as I knew he was. I put him to the supreme test, and he passed,—passed gloriously."

"But how could Dick put him off the team?"

"Don had an off week, which Carter made use of. The reason he made use of that week's bad playing was again jealousy, but of a different kind; in short, it was—you."

"I?" said the girl in amazement. "So I have been the cause of so much unhappiness to Don?"

"No one else, that's sure," answered her cousin.

"The mean, contemptible coward," exclaimed the girl, and Tom gave a little sigh of satisfaction, for he knew she was not speaking of Don.

. . . . . .

Four innings of the Clifford-Haskell game were over, and for just as many innings had Donald Lorimer, from his position back of third base, watched and suffered. All through that time he had assiduously pointed out the different men to Elsie Raymond, being very careful not to join his voice with those of all who surrounded him in condemning the faulty work of the pitcher whom Clifford had put on the field. But he ached to get out on that field and show Haskell some pitching.

"Nine to five," Don groaned, "and no prospect of even holding them down to a respectable score."

"Did you ever see anyone quite so bad as Baxter?" demanded a fellow back of Lorimer, as the pitcher gave his fifth base on balls. "If we only had Lorimer pitching—" said the same fellow, lowering his voice.

Elsie Raymond leaned towards Don as she asked softly, "Did you hear that?"

"Yes," he replied tensely, "and I'd give half my life if I could. You can't know what torture it is to sit here seeing that fool pitcher go all to pieces."

Just then a man bounded up the aisle. "Lorimer, Don Lorimer," he called.

"Here, sir," Lorimer replied eagerly to the man, who was no other than the head coach, and, obeying the man's imperative gesture, he hastily made his way out in the aisle.

"Lee's had another attack of dizziness, and Clay's got a lame arm. Baxter can't last another inning, so I've come to humble myself by begging you to put aside personal enmity and go into the game. You're the only one who can save it, and if you won't, we're lost."

Lorimer stared at the coach in amazement. "Beg me!" he finally ejaculated, "when I've been sitting here recklessly offering

to give away half my life or anything else to get into the game!" It was the coach's turn to stare. "But Carter told me—" he began.

Lorimer cut him short. "If he's in it, too, I guess there are some things we neither of us understand that will bear explaining," he said briefly. Making his way back to Elsie, he explained the situation, concluding, "You're sure you don't mind?"

"Of course not, silly!" she replied quickly. But her eyes followed him as he hastened away with the head coach, even to the locker house, until she could see him no longer.

The sixth inning was on, when Tom made his way up the aisle to his cousin.

"Will you be prepared to answer a certain question when the game is over?" he asked quizzically.

Elsie gave him a look of scorn, not deigning to make any reply.

Lorimer was meanwhile disposing of all the batters thick and fast. His pitching was faultless, and not one of the opposing team could get the knack of his balls. The Haskell section was ominously quiet, while the Clifford supporters were blessing Lorimer by every saint on the calendar. And when it came to batting, he did not disappoint them, although his superb batting resulted only once in a run. On one beautiful hit that looked like a sure "homer" he got all around the bases, only to be just put out by the catcher. But the one run that he did make was the most spectacular one of the game and the one that caused the score to go down in the annals of Clifford's history ten to nine.

. . . . . .

It was the day after graduation and the study occupied by Mason and Lorimer was a scene of utter confusion. Mason was making a great deal of work and noise out of packing up, in contrast to Lorimer, who was sitting in an easy chair happily reading a letter which absorbed his whole attention.

"Where the dickens is my dinner coat?" Tom demanded indignantly.

No response from Lorimer.

"Don," Tom called.

Still no reply.

"Don!" Tom insisted, increasing the volume of his voice. "He doesn't even know I'm here," remarked Tom disgustedly. "Isn't it great to be in love?"

"Don," vociferously, from the enraged Thomas.

"What's the matter?" abstractedly, from Don. "Were you speaking to me?"

"Was I spe- ! Well, I'll be jiggered!" and Tom collapsed into the nearest chair.

"Say, Don," he began, but his words fell on deaf ears, for Don had gone back to his letter.

"Help, somebody, help!" yelled Tom at the top of his lungs.

Lorimer put down his letter with an annoyed expression on his face. "For heaven's sake, Tom, what *are* you bellowing about?" he demanded hotly.

"Oh," said Tom in a relieved tone, "you really heard me. Might I inquire," he went on sweetly, "if that-er-volume there," pointing to the letter, "is from Paul? No?" in feigned surprise, "Of course not, how stupid of me, it's from Ned; why certainly, certainly!"

"You know darned well it isn't," Don retorted with some heat.

"Steady, steady there, 'let not thine angry passions rise.' The epistle, I take it, is from a lady?" he concluded, meditatively cocking his head on one side.

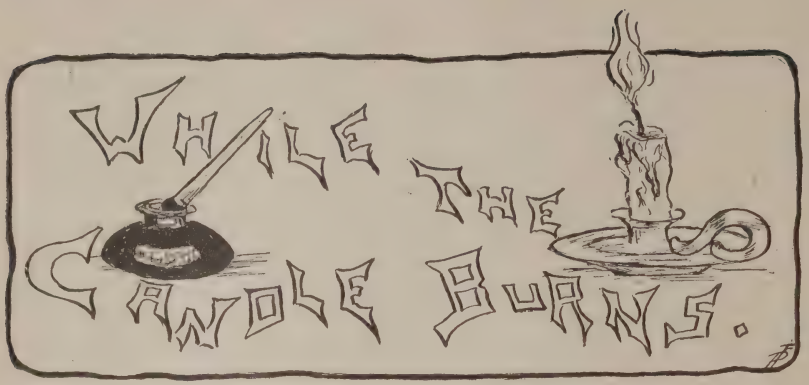
"Yes," shortly.

"A cousin of mine?" Tom pursued relentlessly.

As he received no answer, he peered over his roommate's shoulder and in a familiar hand he saw written words that were surely never meant for any man but the happy possessor of the letter. Drawing back, Tom began to whistle. As Don looked up he encountered his friend's amused glance.

" 'Well, well, how can I tell?' " began Tom insinuatingly. Winking slowly at a fat, unresponsive volume of Vergil, he concluded, 'Of course I don't *know* . . . but . . . I guess.' "

I. W. '10.




# The Mystery

THOMAS G. GLEASON, '09

EVER since eight o'clock I had been reading frightful stories. I started with Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and was reading Poe's "Descent Into the Maelstrom." The only unpleasant sensations I had felt during the whole evening were at the close of each story, when I would look up from my book and fancying I saw hideous monsters in the darkness beyond my lamp I would hasten to begin another frightful tale.

As I said before, I was reading the "Descent Into the Maelstrom." Just like the drug fiend whose only thought is present pleasure, so my only thought was centred on the passing events of the story. But every joy has its end, and my joy was over when I closed the book with a shudder and let it fall unheeded between my knees to the floor. I bent my head drowsily on my chest, closing my eyes, not daring to look into the surrounding blackness. I was on the verge of falling asleep when the clock struck with such a harsh, rattling sound that it set my every nerve jumping. Without waiting to count the strokes I looked up to see the time.

To my amazement there was no clock, only in its place a most hideous monster. The only feature of which I am certain was the mouth—large, flaming red, with shining white protruding fangs;

the rest of the creature was hidden by the encircling darkness and was, as nearly as I could ascertain, a dark, furry, irregular mass. There was no noise but the sharp intake of breath, not unlike the sobbing of a child. I shut my eyes again to drive away the awful vision.

For the next five minutes nothing occurred and the sobbing sound died away into a hoarse rattle. I felt much less fearful now, but then the breathing became more violent, so violent that I thought the beast's lungs would burst. Then followed a deep breath and I felt myself being drawn powerless towards the yawning red mouth. I was dragged about ten yards when I felt the heat of the brute's body and made one grand effort to hold myself back; but it was in vain. I was plunged into the abyss and could touch the slippery walls of the monster's throat as I glided smoothly downward. After perhaps fifteen minutes I touched something underneath me with my feet and concluded that I had now reached the creature's stomach.

The air was close and I had difficulty in breathing. Everywhere penetrated that unpleasant damp smell that is often found in underground places such as old wells. I fell asleep trying to determine the proportions of a monster whose length was so great that it had taken fifteen minutes to fall from his neck to his stomach.

I do not know how long I slept, but when I awoke I found myself in a most charming spot. The sky was an intense blue, with a few white clouds near the horizon. The sun was not in the heavens, although the heat and light surrounding me gave indications of its presence. The grass was a deep green, as were the trees which enclosed the place. Some birds came very near me and sang beautiful songs. They did not seem to be afraid or else they did not see me. It was the latter, for now I made the discovery that I had no feet, no arms, no body. How I had cast off my body in my transit from my house to this place was a mystery to me. Still I did not worry. On the contrary, I felt so happy and joyous that I began to think I was in Paradise.

With that thought the light vanished and I was again in darkness. The suddenness of the change was startling. I felt sure I was again in the maw of the monster for the same putrid stench and the difficulty in breathing returned. Whereas now I longed to be home again, in the other place I had no desire for home in my enjoyment of the heavenly surrounding. If the other place was heaven, I thought, this surely is hell. I racked my brains to find a means to get out of this horrible situation and for the second time I fell asleep and, as before, awoke in heaven.

In this beautiful spot all sorrow and thoughts of home disappeared. I would willingly have remained here forever; but after a little darkness came again. I began now to think that I might climb the passage back, but I knew I would not be capable of the effort. Then suddenly an idea struck me, a means to get back so simple that I wondered why I had not thought of it sooner; merely to stand on your head and fall upwards, as the laws of gravitation could not hold in any place such as the one in which I was located. So I stood on my head and fell up and finally emerged—not out of the jaws of the monster, but out of the face of the clock. It was half past six, so I slid down the minute hand and reached the shelf, where it became necessary to cut my clothes in strips to improvise a rope ladder to reach the floor. I ran across the floor, climbed up the bed post and got into bed.

# The Ocean Speaks

Grenville Haslam

A spirit of unrest prevailed in the little town of Fortune. All day and the preceding night the wind had howled furiously, and the booming of the breakers warned the natives to make all floating property secure, for the first of the terrible storms of winter was upon them. They went around with expectant faces, every now and then turning to the sea to scan the horizon in the direction of St. Pierre with unconcealed anxiety, for all the men of the village were safe save two, Robert and Martin Collier, two hardened sea-dogs and smugglers of renown. That night they were expected to run in the Christmas supply of rum, hence the anxiety, for no festivities were successful without the presence of much liquor.

As the day wore on, the skiff hove in sight, and people hurried to the cliffs to watch the approaching calamity. The harbor had become inaccessible because of the wind, and the combers ran mountain high.

At length the skiff came within a mile of the shore. The crew, to gain time, attempted to luff, and in an instant the mast was snapped by the board, and she drifted broadside to the waves. Nearer and nearer, until, caught on the smoking crest of a huge comber, she was hurled like a shot towards the shore. Far up the slippery, sloping rock they went, the men struggling lustily to keep her head to the seas. Then the wave stopped and they strained desperately to hold her in place. A second only, and the back wash came, rolling the boat over and over and finally losing her in the foaming tide, to be seen no more. A wail went up from the women, a curse from the men, but predominating over all roared the hoarse voice of the ocean, chanting the song of its triumph.

# "Tunipoo"

On a winter night when the firelight low
'Gainst the wall weird shadows casts,
And the wind outside does fairly shriek
And shakes the house with blasts—
Then I love to dream of the summer
And dear old Marblehead,
Of the harbor, the clear, blue water,
And yachts in their ocean bed.

Then there comes on my line of vision
A sight that makes me shout,
"Hurrah, for that able little ship,
That sleek, long knockabout."
White are her sides and in the sun
Glows a golden stripe 'long her graceful run;
Tall is her mast and straight and true,
On her fine broad stern gleams "Tunipoo."

And then as the fire grows lower
I sail on the ocean blue;
My steed is a little knockabout,
The sunbeams are my crew.
For hours the rolling waters,
Strike her bow and hissing, break.
Ahead is a waste of azure blue,
And foaming is her wake.

The fire burns out, but I never stir,
Still lower droops my head;
And 'bout my mouth there plays a smile.
I'm happy at Marblehead.

X.

# News Notes

EDWIN S. SMITH

This year's Freshman class numbers 219, the largest that has ever entered the school. Here's hoping that it will meet success along every line!

The school is very glad to welcome Mr. Brooks into its midst again and to be given the opportunity to laugh once more at his numerous jokes.

To help defray its expenses, the Athletic Association has decided to issue ten-cent tickets to the home football games during the present season, and there seems no reason why the crowd which has flocked to these games in previous years will not be willing to forego the price of an ice cream soda or a bag of peanuts in order to bestow the same on the Athletic Association.

The Mandolin Club is to continue this year under Ben Robert's leadership, with Alan Hay as manager. We can only wish the club as much success this year as it most deservedly scored last winter.

Barron Brainerd has been elected president of the Freshman class. Brainerd is a graduate of the Lawrence School, where he held the office of president of the graduating class.

On the evening of October 6 Mr. and Mrs. Snow entertained the members of the faculty at their home on Beacon street. Miss Smith, Miss Wiswell, and Mr. Brooks gave some very interesting talks on their European experiences, all tending to make it a very successful evening.

Mr. Brooks was kind enough to read to I. English A. La Marseillais and Die Wacht am Rhein. As the class was studying and comparing the national hymns of all countries his kindness was fully appreciated.

We are interested to hear that Miss Kathleen Page, '08, is proving very successful as a teacher of dancing. She studied last winter

with Miss Carrol of Boston and this winter is holding classes of her own in Brookline. May her future prove as successful as her past!

Senior officers: President, Eugene Floyd; vice-president, Gwendolyn Moore; secretary, Mabel Boyd; treasurer, Louis Keegen.

Junior officers: President, Hugh Knowlton; vice-president, Caroline Burdett; secretary, Irma Waterhouse; treasurer, Gardner Whitney.

Sophomore officers: President, Francis Hann; vice-president, Miss Driscoll; secretary, Evelyn Coon; treasurer, Burnelle Hawkins.

The Sagamore welcomes the following teachers to the Brookline High School:—

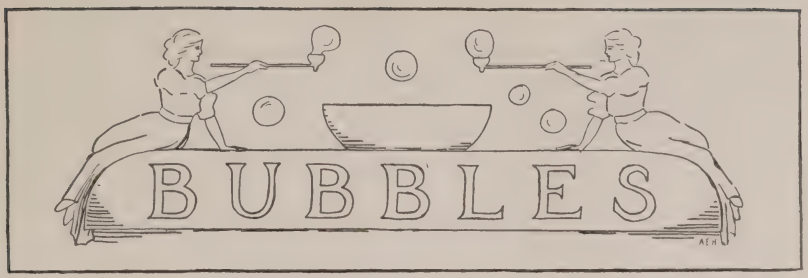
Miss Davison, who comes to assist in the Commercial Department, is of the Plymouth Normal School and taught in Franklin, N. H.

Miss Melita Knowles has had experience at Manchester-by-the-Sea and at Andover Academy. She takes Miss Frye's English and History classes and is a graduate of Radcliffe.

Mr. Peabody comes from the Graduate Department at Harvard and has taught English and French at Newburyport High School. He is a graduate of Amherst College.

Mr. Joslyn leaves his position as sub-master of the Natick High and comes to Brookline to teach Physics in Mr. Packard's place.

Miss Christine D. Ross comes to us from the Melrose High School. She was born in Scotland, educated in Germany and France, and taught for some time in Rome, N. Y.




EDWIN S. SMITH.

Attention to the latest novelty, the "house-hold fakir"! A II. Class German translator speaks without hesitation of "the coffee-churn."

II. Class Latin translation: "In how sad a plight we behold thee, Hector, after thy many funerals." Talk about the nine lives of a cat!

German translation: "Fritz let his head hang!" Rather careless of Fritz, to say the least.

III. Math. Wit. Instructor—"If I cut an apple in half, which half would you take?"

Ready reply—"The nearest."

Miss Johnson startles her I. English class by threatening to be fierce as a tiger. Just imagine it!!

Who swallowed the gram? The little cherub of Shailer Hall.

Teacher—"Where is Miss Page?"

Driscoll (awaking from deep slumber)—"Page 6, line 7."

I. English B.—"Have any of you ever heard a nightingale?"

Driscoll—"No! They don't grow in this country."

II. English, last period, Miss Ingram reading from Macbeth—"The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself; does it not, Jean?" to Miss Christy, who is gazing longingly out of the window.

Overheard in the corridor. "Is that a boughten tie?"

"No, it's a ma(i)den one."

# Alumni Notes

"Gene" Allen, '06, is again physical training director at Milton Academy. Last year his baseball tossers had a successful season and Gene seems to be turning out a winning eleven this fall.

Mary Clark, '08, has gone abroad and intends to spend the winter in Berlin.

Olive Mason, '07, has entered St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., making a special study of biology.

"Pete" Fletcher, ex-'09, is again on the gridiron, this year playing right tackle on the Phillips Andover football team.

Kathleen Page, '08, is teaching dancing school in Brookline.

"Freddy" Tufts, ex-'09, is attending L'Ecole Secondaire at Geneva.

Edwin Morey, '05, has been chosen a member of the Senior Class Day Committee at Tufts.

George Hann, '08, has entered Andover.

Dorothy Appleyard, ex-'09, is a Senior in Ashland High School, Ashland, Wisconsin.

Behold! George Treadwell, '07, has attained giddy heights. He has been elected Sophomore Supervisor of Freshman Activities at Amherst. He will have a chance to supervise the activities of Fred Wesner, '08, who has entered that institution. George is also a reporter for the Boston Herald.

Miss Marguerite Moore, '08, and Miss Irene Snow, '07, are studying this year at Miss Amy Sacker's School of Design.

Cutler Hatch and Winthrop Nelson are studying (?) in Bryant & Stratton's.

The engagement is announced of Ernestine M. Thielscher, '06, and Frank B. Cannell of Chestnut Hill. Mr. Cannell is well known in the musical circles of Boston and is a member of the Lotus Male Quartet.

Raymond C. Brackett, '03, was married to Miss Ethel May Mead Wednesday evening, October 7, at the Rockmere Inn, Marblehead, Mass.

Helen Flanders, '02, has announced her engagement to Frank Allen, '03.

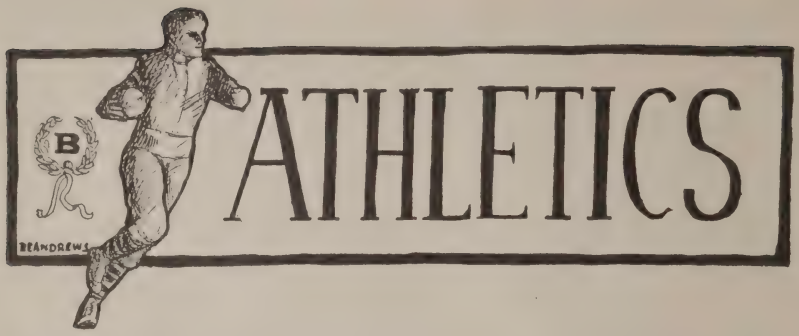
Francis G. Blake, '04, Dartmouth, '08, is spending a year as private tutor before entering Harvard Medical School.

Harvey E. Averill, '04 Tufts '08, has entered Harvard Law School.

Francis A. Robinson, '04, Dartmouth, '08, is a graduate student for the degree of M. S. in the School of Landscape Architecture at Harvard.

Maurice C. Blake, '06, has been elected assistant manager of the Dartmouth football team, becoming manager next year. His success at the Oxford examinations combined with his academic abilities point to him as the next Rhodes scholar from New Hampshire.

The marriage is announced of Albert Milton Carver, B. H. S. ex-'05, to Miss Blanche Gertrude French, Normal School ex-'06, Castine, Maine, on Wednesday, September 13, 1908.




Once more the months have brought us into the football season and it is with greater zeal and with more determination than ever that we are going to battle for honors in the Preparatory League. The prospects of developing a winning team are very bright; and with each fellow working for the honor of our school, we feel confident that success will be our reward. Each individual must strive for the goal; but not all the responsibility is in the hands of the players. A great deal depends on the spirit of the student body,—on every fellow, and on every girl in our school. Let every one of us, then, support our team not only from a financial standpoint but from our loyalty to athletics. Increase the attendance at the games and show the players that their work is appreciated, and the players in turn will do their part to reach the goal "Success."

In response to Captain Willets' call for football candidates, about forty fellows met in Room 15 at the close of school on Monday, September 14th. The attendance at the meeting was in itself encouraging, and our prospects were even brighter when we learned that seven of last year's regular players were present. These seven players of last year's team gave us a good basis upon which to begin the work, and the new material has proved worthy of considerable attention. Mr. Carrell, the coach, spoke briefly to the boys and outlined the work of the season. He said that the outlook is very brilliant, and that with the hearty coöperation of each candidate he expects to accomplish very favorable results. On the following

day the team began regular practice, and in a few days the squad was doing creditable work.

## B. H. S. vs. ROXBURY LATIN.

In the first game of the season, Brookline High was defeated by Roxbury Latin on Friday, September 25th, at Griggs Field. During the early part of the game Brookline played well, but the visiting team proved too strong for our boys. Gallert kicked to Roxbury Latin. After gaining little ground, they fumbled and Brookline tried rushing the ball. Being unsuccessful in rushing, a goal was successfully tried, kicked by O'Hearn. Shortly after, Roxbury made a touchdown and followed this by a successful goal. So, at the close of the first half, the score stood six to four in favor of the visiting team.

In the second half, Brookline was outplayed from the start. This is attributed to the loss of Captain Willets and to the fact that the backfield was comparatively new. However, Roxbury scored just one more touchdown and kicked the goal, which made the final score twelve to four. Hill and Connolly played remarkably well for Roxbury, while Brookline was well represented in "Jerry" Driscoll, whose work at centre was worthy of commendation. The following was the lineup:—

| B. H. S. | R. L. S. |
|---|---|
| l. e., Johnson, Ainsworth. | r. e., Welch. |
| l. t., Pogue. | r. t., Cromly. |
| l. g., Niccolls, Gifford. | r. g., Ring. |
| c., Driscoll. | c., G. Jones. |
| r. g., Gallert. | l. g., Gage. |
| r. t., Willets (Capt.), Gleason. | l. t., J. Jones. |
| r. e., Bouvé, Hammer. | l. e., Packard, Conway. |
| f. b., O'Hearn. | f. b., Smith. |
| l. h. b., Carr. | r. h. b., Connolly. |
| r. h. b., Floyd. | l. h. b., Hill. |
| q. b., Hawkins, Mason. | q. b., O'Brien, Collins. |

Score—B. H. S., 4; R. L. S., 12. Referee—Hallahan. Time—15 and 20 minute periods.

## B. H. S. vs. MALDEN HIGH.

At the Malden High School Athletic Grounds, our boys met the second defeat of the season with a score of eleven to six. The two teams were quite evenly matched, Malden High being somewhat superior. Marston made the kickoff and early in the game Malden regained the ball on a fluke, and by steady rushing placed the oval behind Brookline's goal. Morey of Malden failed to kick the goal. Then, in the last five minutes of the first half, Malden again made a touchdown, followed by a goal prettily kicked by Morgan.

Our boys renewed the game with more determination at the beginning of the second half and succeeded in making a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal. The game as a whole was a poor exhibition of football and did not prove exciting to the audience, among whom it was encouraging to see a goodly number representing Brookline High. The lineup was somewhat changed from that of the previous game and was as follows:—

| B. H. S. | M. H. S. |
|---|---|
| l. e., Bouvé. | r. e., Miner. |
| l t., Carr. | r. t., Milliken (Gardner). |
| l. g., Nadel. | r. g., Marston. |
| c., Driscoll. | c., Anderson. |
| r. g., Gallert. | l. g., Lamont. |
| r. t., Willets. | l. t., Turner. |
| r. e., Ainsworth. | l. e., Clark. |
| q. b., Kerrigan, (Mason). | q. b., Litherman. |
| r. h. b., Floyd. | l. h. b., Morey (Hadley). |
| l. h. b., Jacobs, (Gifford). | r. h. b., Goding. |
| f. b., O'Hearn. | f. b., Morgan. |

Referee—Babcock. Umpires—Miner, Turner, Richie. Linesmen—Lawson and Ingalls. Final score—B. H. S., 5; Malden H. S., 11.

## B. H. S. vs. WALTHAM.

Although the score of our game with Waltham High was eleven to four, in favor of the latter, we hesitate to regard the game as a

defeat. So well did our boys play the game, that they scored on the team which in three seasons of football had been scored on only once before. The game was intensely interesting and the general sentiment of the spectators was in favor of a victory by a tremendous score for Waltham High.

In the first half, O'Hearn kicked a goal from the field, scoring four points for Brookline. This was followed by Waltham's first touchdown, but they failed to kick the goal, and at the end of the first half the score stood five to four in favor of Waltham. Owing to the closeness of the score the second half was very exciting and neither team made much progress until the last of the game. With the ball on Brookline's 25-yard line, Waltham tried a goal from the field but failed to make it, for the kick was blocked and Leary recovered the ball, carrying it to Brookline's 3-yard line. A touchdown followed, making the final score eleven to four.

The playing of our team was a marked improvement over any previous exhibition and clearly indicates the diligent efforts of Mr. Carrell, our coach, to develop a winning aggregation. The lineup was as follows:—

| B. H. S. | WALTHAM HIGH. |
|---|---|
| r. e., Bouvé. | l. e., Evans. |
| r. t., Willets (Capt.), Pogue. | l. t., Miller. |
| r. g., Gallert. | l. g., Guthrie. |
| c., Driscoll. | c., Thomas. |
| l. g., Nadel. | r. g., S. Smith. |
| l. t., Carr. | r. t., Wright. |
| l. e., Johnson. | r. e., Carlton, Andrews. |
| q. b., Kerrigan. | q. b., Smith. |
| r. h. b., Floyd. | l. h. b., Barry. |
| l. h. b., Jacobs. | r. h. b., Leary. |
| f. b., O'Hearn. | f. b., Munn. |

Score—Waltham, 11; Brookline, 4. Touchdowns—Leary (2). Goal from touchdown—Leary. Goal from field—O'Hearn. Umpire—Cooper. Referee—Marshall. Time—18 and 20 minute periods.

Although all the practice games in football will have been played before the first issue of The Sagamore, a schedule of the league games is printed in this number so that all may know just when they are to be played.

Brookline vs. Cambridge Latin, Friday, Nov. 6.

Brookline vs. Newton, Friday, Nov. 13.

Brookline vs. Newton, Thursday, Nov. 26.

## GIRLS' ATHLETICS!

The proposal of Miss Barnes to the Senior girls for organizing an Athletic Association was most enthusiastically carried out. At a meeting, conducted by Miss DeMerritt, as chairman, it was put before the school, which showed as much interest as the Senior girls. The constitution drawn up by Miss DeMerritt, Miss MacMillan and Miss Moran, was read and accepted. At class meetings held by the vice-presidents the following managers were elected: Miss MacMillan, '09; Miss Brownelle, '10; Miss Coon, 11; Miss Williamson, '12. The officers of the association are to be elected annually from and by the Senior class. For the year 1909 Miss Moran is president Miss De Merritt secretary and treasurer.

Although the girls are deprived of playing other schools they enjoy the sport of the games in mere class contests. By the showing of the girls at Field Hockey in answer to Miss MacMillan's call, spirit is with the girls as well as the boys!

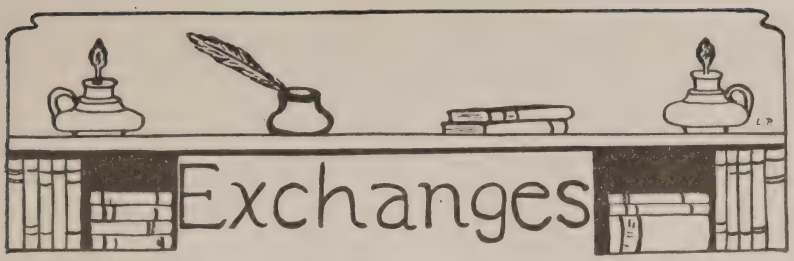
Good luck to you, girls, in your new undertaking!

* * *

Mr. Case says that there is nothing respectful in geometry.

I. Pol. S. Miss K-l-y—"Well, suppose the lady wasn't honest?"
Question—"Would she be a lady?"

I. Germ. A.—Miss Truette translates "Einem Zweifel interlegen" *to be in the dark.* Why, Ethel!




Although it is rather late to acknowledge magazines published last June, we are acting on the ground that it is "better late than never," and we wish to acknowledge a few numbers received too late last year to receive any mention: Clarion (2), Megaphone, Radiator, Record, Red and Blue, Southern Workman, Totem.

We have had the fact that it was the beginning of the year amply proved to us by the absence of the greater part of our last year's exchanges. However, we hope that next month will bring with it the return of all our former acquaintances and friends. So far only a few have come back to us, but we were very much pleased to find that even at this early date there were among the lot quite a number of new magazines.

We acknowledge with thanks the following: Clarion, Columbia Spectator (6), Courier (2), Graphite, Harvard Gazette (2), Southern Workman (2), Trinity Tripod (3), Williams Record (3).

Clarion—Your exchange column is especially conspicuous by its absence. It also seems to us that the place for the editorials is before the stories.

In the June number of the Dean Megaphone both the quality and the quantity of the alumni notes deserve mention.

Radiator—The many photographs of the different departments and pupils add greatly to your June number.

The exchange column of the "Red and Blue" is very good indeed. The editorial cut is very amusing and original.

We think the energy of the Herald in getting out a number in September exceedingly praiseworthy. The magazine is good on the whole, although another short story or two might add to the value of the magazine.

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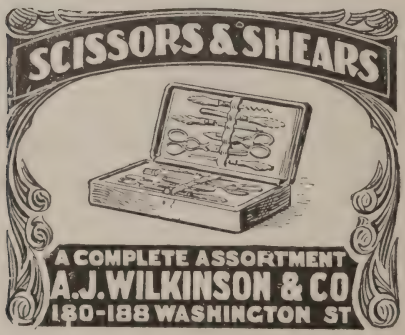

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Volume 15 DECEMBER, 1908 Number 2

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BROOKLINE MUNICIPAL GYMNASIUM

# THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XV DECEMBER, 1908 NUMBER 2

## Editorials.

WITH the approach of the holiday, The Sagamore extends the season's greetings to the teachers, scholars and alumni, and wishes one and all a most merry Christmas.

ON the first day of December we enter upon the fourth month of the school year. Some of us in the past three months have accomplished much. Others have scarcely realized that so many days have flown by never to return. But the first great barrier in the race for the goal is just a little way ahead; in fact, almost in sight. The "mid-years," dreaded by the Freshmen, laughed at by the Sophomores, endured by the Juniors and appreciated by the Seniors, loom up like a stone wall to the cross-country runner. Will he clear it safely? If he is in proper condition and has conscientiously trained, yes; but if he has been slack in his methods and has unheeded the coaches he will stumble and fall. Let us ask ourselves the question, Have we trained? Can we pass the obstacle with flying colors? Remember a stern chase is a long one and if we lose ground in the middle of the race, it will be doubly hard to again fight our way to the lead. With this in mind let each one make ready for this first great struggle and come to the line with a confidence born of perfect preparation.

AS the last few grains of sand fall in old "Father Time's" glass the day-approaches when the Seniors entertain their friends both in and out of school. Extensive preparations have been made for this year's social and it bids fair to be a great success. Now

this affair like all other school institutions needs the support of the student body. Never has anyone attended this entertainment in past years without having spent a most pleasant and profitable evening. Let us all turn out and support the Senior class in their attempt to make their social the success of the year.

⊠ ⊠ ⊠

THIS year the football management has attempted something that has never before been put into execution. They have put on sale tickets for games played on an open field and they relied on the spirit of the school to support them. Their reliance was not placed in vain. The student body took hold with a will and upheld its reputation for its excellent school spirit and responded readily to the new enterprise. The tickets for all the games sold well and as a result a considerable sum of much needed money was turned over to the treasurer of the Athletic Association. Manager Kerrigan wishes to thank the school through The Sagamore for its fine support of the team in both the practice and league games.

# All For a Lark

M. C. PARKER, '09

"YOU'LL go, Bob?"

"You bet your life I'll go! You don't know me if you think I'd miss a lark like that! Besides, think of seeing Betty! Say, Dick, she's——"

"Oh, I've been there, myself, so don't waste your breath! I know all you'd like to say, but cut it out this once, to please me, and do that theme. It's got to be in by ten tomorrow. Here's the stuff—now write!"

Bob took the pen, wrote a couple of lines, stopped, gazed steadily at the inkstand a moment, then broke out:

"Say, Dick, do you think a light wig or a dark one will look best? Honest, now!"

"Is that theme done? No? Well, you better hurry or there'll be double cause for wigs! Now hustle!"

So Bob fell to work and for ten minutes there was silence in the room. At last he threw down the pen, but with a lurking suspicion of doubt.

"Er—it's done, Dick! Not much good, I guess! Ollie says ——"

"Hang Ollie! What's the subject?"

"The Depths of a Woman's Eyes!"

"The WHAT? Dep—Say, Bob, are you crazy, or what?"

But Bob had fled, and Dick smiled as he heard the air of his tune, "I may be crazy, but I ain't no fool."

"Queer duck," mused Dick. "Love-sick, I guess. He'll get over that!" And with this final thrust he settled back for a good-night smoke. Half an hour had passed when Bob burst into the room.

"It's all arranged, old boy! I've just left Raymond's. The wigs will be here at four tomorrow; golden hair for you, with two braids down the back. You're going as Marguerite, and I—O you couldn't guess—as Juliet! Ro-me-o, Ro-me-o, wherefore art thou! Is that a dagger I see bef——"

"You're twisted! You take poison—not a dagger! Give me a match!"

"Oh, well have it your own way! 'Death conquers all,' so what's the use. Gee, but I'm getting wise!" And upon this he shut off the lights, lounged into a chair before the fire, filled his pipe and watched the rings sail upwards. The room became blue and hazy, the pictures on the walls disappeared, the fire-light burned low, flickered, sputtered, died to ashes—and then, from out the rim of one circling, smoky ring appeared the face of Betty Rutledge, girlish and winning. But suddenly the ring broke, blurred, vanished. Bob shook himself and glanced at Dick.

"Say," he began, "I've just been thinking——"

"Don't," rejoined Dick, "it's fatal!"

"That it would be a pretty bit of news if we got discovered. Suppose the governor picked up the morning paper and read, 'Daring Masquerade of two Harvard Students at a girls' fancy dress ball given Christmas eve at the exclusive Electon School. Both boys expelled, etc.' Sounds nice, doesn't it! Gee, I'd hate to rile the governor——"

"Any more than usual, Bob?"

"Well, may be! But after that last escapade things would be rather hopeless."

Then again appeared the face of Betty. The eyes danced, he read in them an open challenge, and mentally he accepted it. The room faded, the smoke coiled itself into weird shapes. Bob was in the land of pipe dreams.

. . . . . .

"Number nine, Western avenue," and Dick pulled the door of the taxicab to with a bang; then swore.

"What's wrong, now?" from Bob, otherwise Juliet.

"Oh, in the first place I've left that jewelled fan on the pipe rack, and secondly, about half that pesky train of mine is on the step!"

"Well, pull it in! That's a cinch!"

"Pull it in! Look at that hole! Probably five dollars for damages—hang the thing, anyway—what's the use——"

"Ouch! Quick! Yank it out. There! Can't you save a fellow's feelings? Pins three feet long aren't any joke," and as Dick pulled out the offending member Bob gave a sigh of relief.

For the next few minutes they struggled with long elbow gloves. Dick's hands refused to go through the top part of his, and it was only with the united efforts of both that the things were finally coaxed into place. And even then what sorry sights! Finger-marks, tears, buttons off galore, and worst of all, a long slit around the first finger of Dick's right hand. But then on the whole the effect was better than might be expected. At this moment the taxi-cab slid in the snow, grazed the curb and stopped.

"We're in for it, now! Be careful and bolt, if it's necessary," cautioned Bob.

They paid the taxi-man, reached the steps in safety, pulled the bell and were ushered into the ladies' room. Luckily it was late and those guests who had come from outside, had left their wraps and gone below. Bob threw off his cape, turned to the mirror and started—he hardly recognized himself. As for Dick—he was a winner!

Just then a sweet little maid in black appeared and offered assistance. But she seemed rather amazed when Juliet, red in the face, turned about, gave her train a vicious kick, and literally "strode" from the room. It was only after Dick had delivered several lectures and given him the "glassy stare" in the rather dark seclusion of an alcove, that Bob finally controlled his feelings and announced himself ready to "descend." And what a time they had of it!

After the presentation they felt a bit easier, though how they did it was more than they knew, for as Dick declared afterwards, Bob's bow was the most "un-Juliet-est thing" he had ever seen. As for the management of their trains—well, there just wasn't any use talking! Several times Dick had turned angrily, a rebuke on his lips, as he had felt the faded tug of his skirt announcing the presence of somebody's feet. But when he turned and beheld a vision of

loveliness stationed on his wardrobe he relented, and once—O careless youth—he had lifted his jewelled headgear and actually murmured, "Beg pardon!" But somehow it was all passed over and things progressed wonderfully.

They danced, talked and basked in the smiles of their unknown companions. They admired one, passed comment on a second and were charmed by a third. Bob danced several times with Betty. How adorable she was, anyway. There was always that indescribable "something" about Betty that raised her above the rest of the girls—at least that's the way Bob argued it. In her presence that night Bob hardly trusted himself to speak, although his eyes expressed all that was necessary.

"It's a beautiful night, isn't it?" ventured Betty to Juliet as they ate ices in a dimly lighted, sofa-cushioned corner.

Juliet straightened, coughed and answered rather hoarsely—

"Bully!"

Betty didn't seem at all surprised, but simply smiled. Bob might have been annoyed had he seen it, but the frappé was all engrossing.

"Yes, it's glorious!" she continued. "Such a night for a lark!" casting a sidelong glance at Bob.

But he, poor fellow, moved uneasily, glanced towards the ballroom and ventured not a word.

"How girls enjoy such things as these and on such a glorious evening, is beyond me! Take boys, for instance. Imagine them dressed up like this—in these togs—it's absurd! Boys are so much more sensible!" and Betty laughed, the walls resounded and then came the echo from the ballroom.

As for Bob! His brain was in a whirl. His voice seemed lost. Every muscle in his body was strained and taut, and still she rambled on.

"You know I think it must be lots of fun to be a boy! To do weird things—pranks and such—only just think of being caught!" and Betty threw up her hands in horror. "My! I should hate to get

caught at pranks in *this* place, wouldn't you? Or perhaps you don't know Miss Ward! She's a perfect *bear*! And she's always on the lookout for jokes. Why, just tonight she called us all together and warned us about the dangers of fancy dress affairs. Intrusions and the like! But of course nobody would dare in this school as—oh! you've spilled your frappé all over that dress. I'm so sorry—here's my handkerchief. I must see my room-mate. But I'll be back——" and away whisked Betty, casting one last amused glance in the direction of Juliet.

For one moment Bob lingered, then he peered cautiously around, noted his utter loneliness, stood up, placed his glass on the seat, grabbed up his skirts, ruffs and all, and bolted for the front door. Dick could go to blazes! He, Bob, was going while the going was still good.

As he neared the door he heard a soft "hisst" and looking up he saw Dick on the stairway, his train slung over one arm and beckoning to him wildly with the other. One moment Bob hesitated, then bounded up the stairs three at a time. The floor above was deserted! They rushed quickly for their things. But it was too late. Already they heard footsteps on the stair. Acting was out of the question. They stood there simply men—no paint or garb could conceal the fact. They were trapped! The game was up and they had lost!

Then suddenly Dick turned, threw up a window, looked out and gave one leap. Outside was a fire escape. Bob followed, but his train—that miserable train—caught on a hook, ripped, and finally stopped him altogether. He jerked it free and pushed the window down, but again it was too late. He caught sight of an elderly woman standing in the doorway looking at him, abject horror and amazement depicted on her face.

"It's no use," called Bob, "someone's in the room and saw me. What'll we do?"

"Do!" snapped Bob. "What is there to do? I'm half frozen and this fire escape's a dummy and we can't jump! Let's go back and bluff it out!"

But there was to be no bluffing, for the window opened and an icy voice exclaimed—

"Come in here!"

Torn and tattered, mussed and confused, the two culprits climbed back into the room. To their horror they found not one "bear" but two, and very shamefacedly they stood, glaring from one to the other.

Well, there is no use giving all the details of the fall of those poor fellows. Take a well-informed person's word for it, that never before had they been brought so low as by the cold, scathing torrent of words from out the lips of "Miss Ward." At the end she pointed to the door. "Now go! But be assured this is not the end. To-morrow is Christmas! A rather unfortunate day for such pleasantry, but with us business is business, and for the good of our school we shall deem it a duty to see that your behavior receives its just reward. You will know our verdict by eleven tomorrow. Good-night!"

And they went—two sorry, bedraggled-looking objects, but at least happy in the fact that they had escaped from the "den of lions."

. . . . . .

It was Christmas morning. The sun's rays fell in slanting lines across the floor of Bob Dutton's and Dick Mayo's room. In one corner of the place was a pile of stuff that looked suspiciously like satin gowns and other women's apparel. On the table were dance orders, torn gloves and two wigs, on the pipe rack hung a jewelled fan. The whole place was in great disorder; in fact, seemed dangerously beyond repair. In a chair by the window sat Bob, glaring at the wall opposite. Near him stood Dick. Two gloomier looking objects it would have been hard to find on that glorious Christmas morn.

"Well, our days are numbered, now!" ventured Dick at last.

"O dry up, can't you? We've hashed this thing over for the last eight hours. Your view of the matter doesn't count, so shut up!"

Again there was silence in the room. Then suddenly Dick turned, picked up a book from the table, flung it across the room and announced—

"I'm going home! You can stick in this hole if you like. I can hear the verdict at home as well as here, and besides I'll be nearer the governor for the final shot," and to emphasize the matter he kicked the pile of satin stuff in all directions.

Bob looked up, glanced at his room-mate, but made no comments on the suggestion.

"Well-er—good-bye! Suppose you'll drop in and give me the news and perhaps——"

"Good-bye!" snapped Bob. The door clicked and he was alone.

For an hour longer he sat in the wrecked room, brooding over the night's escapade and its consequences. They had started out for a lark—they had ended in a muddle. As for Betty, well, there just wasn't any use thinking of her. He was "down and out" in that direction. Then, too, it was Christmas! The folks expected him home to dinner. They would be jolly glad to see him. There would be presents—and this was the news he had to carry home.

Just then came a tap at the door. Bob mused on. The tap was repeated. Bob's thoughts were most engrossing. Finally there was a suggestive kick. The persistency of the visitor was remarkable.

"Oh, shut up, and leave that door alone! This isn't the stage entrance. You've got the wrong house!"

"Special delivery, sir, special delivery!"

Bob's feet shifted. He clutched the arm of his chair.

"Well, bring it here and be quick about it, too!"

The door opened slowly, a tiny fellow peered in, glanced at the dishevelled room, handed the letter to Bob, and muttered "Gee!" then fled.

Bob glanced at the envelope, saw the Electon monogram, groaned, tore it open, pulled out the letter and began to read:

Mr. Robert Dutton, Dear Sir: Last night you and your friend,

Mr. Staton, were caught masquerading in the guise of girls at our school dance. The law is very strict about such things and we are forced to retaliate. Our verdict is below—

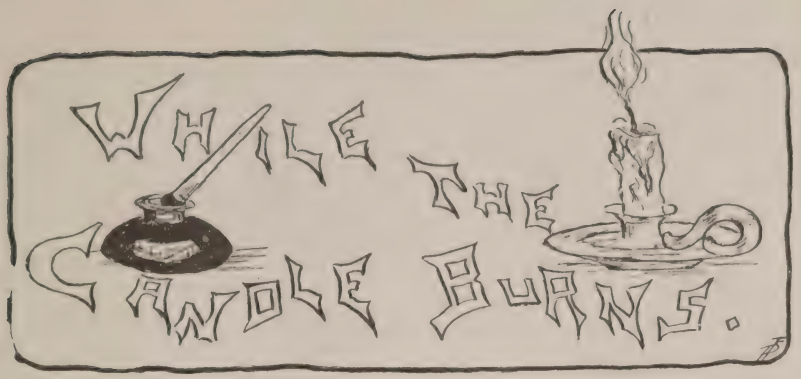
Here the letter broke off, the handwriting changed, and this is what appeared:—

Dear Bob—I simply can't go on. I feel so guilty!! You see, the wdole thing was a joke last night. I recognized you almost immediately and planned with my room-mate and friend the little "game." They "made up" while I talked to you about the "bear," Miss Ward, which was just part of the plot. Do you remember? Then I left you—that was their cue—but when they appeared you had flown. Naturally they turned to the dressing-room. You know the rest. We really meant to keep the ruse up to the last, but you seemed to be so completely taken in and so plainly at a loss that—well, I just didn't have the heart to spoil your Christmas. You'll explain to Mr. Staton, won't you, and I do hope you'll find it in your hearts to forgive me. In case you should, my room-mate and I would be very happy to have you and Mr. Staton join us at a box party to see Gillette. The party is my aunt's. Yours in conspiracy, Betty Rutledge.

Bob crumpled the paper between his fists, jumped from his chair, kicked the mass of torn satin into the fireplace, threw the wigs in the corner, then sat down, smoothed out the crumpled sheets and perused the epistle again. But this time he didn't treat it as before, Instead, he folded it carefully, placed it in its envelope, then—well, I hate to tell you, but he actually kissed that senseless envelope, murmuring:

"Forgive you? You? Why, Betty, you're a QUEEN! Forgive you——"

Well, as for the rest of course we don't *know*—but we can imagine!




## A Summer Memory

By Hilda Vallandigham

WE had all gone on a picnic down the river. There were six boats and canoes. We had started out directly after luncheon and paddled across the lake, down that beautiful winding stream until we reached the rapids. We landed on a piney point overlooking the narrow, gurgling brook, and had our picnic. It was a real woodsman's kind; the guide made the fire—and the fire of an Adirondack guide is a masterpiece, indeed—and the rest of us cooked—ourselves as well as the dinner. After all was ready we sat around the blazing fire, and *my*, how good things tasted! We had forgotten the knives and forks, but we had our fingers, and any way, it was almost dark.

We were waiting for the moon to rise when it gradually dawned upon us that it was past moonrise, and that it was getting cold and damp. In fact, a heavy fog was rolling in upon us, which, combined with the smoke of the forest fires which had hung over the country in its ominous dullness for several weeks, made everything appear very far away and the moon disappear entirely. As we went down to the boats the bushes were wet and cold and our canoe felt clammy. Hetty and I went ahead. The mist was dense; on either side of the river the gray, spectral tamaracks stood on a hazy, dimly outlined, bank. A muskrat dived off a log into the water

with a splash—we were sure it was a bear. 'Way behind us we heard the muffled voices of the others and when we reached a bend we waited for them.

It was strange to watch the fog getting thicker and thicker, until the opposite shore was a mere gray line, hardly distinguishable. Ahead there was nothing but gray space. A blue heron rose near us and flapped away into the dim distance, squawking hoarsely as he flew. At last the others caught up—for one boat-load had started the wrong way and had tried to convince the others it was right. You can do mighty queer things down a winding stream, especially on a night like that, when everything looked like nothing.

We kept together now; that is, one directly behind the other, for it was too narrow to go abreast. When we reached the broader part of the stream we hoped to find it clearer, but not at all—it was a great deal denser, and we saw that if we were not pretty careful we'd all spend the night in our boats with nothing but the fog for a blanket. So we crept close to the shore, in mortal dread of running on some jagged snag, following every little bend, thus greatly increasing the distance. We could see absolutely nothing—yet we all had *very* decided opinions as to our whereabouts and got into quite lengthy discussions on the subject. It seemed as if we were paddling along in the midst of a big, wet cloud, far away from anything—which was really just about the case. Occasionally the absurdity of the situation struck us and we laughed and sang, but most of the time it was just work, work, work.

All of a sudden we saw a light spot high in the sky—it was the moon! I saw the boat next me, the occupants no longer like ghosts, but real, live people. "Why, *there's* the island!" someone shouted, and sure enough, a dark mass ahead proved to be land. As we went on the moon grew brighter, and when we reached the island it was a glorious night, clear as a bell, with the northern lights chasing one another across the heavens. It was beautiful, but a crackling fire in the living-room was better.

# A Modern Duel

MACFARLEY was a Scotchman. But he was also a Freshman at Johnston College, a combination which could not work harmoniously; for who ever saw the Scotchman who was not equal to anyone else, in his own opinion, and who ever saw the Sophomore who did not consider himself much superior to anyone else, especially if the person with whom he was comparing himself, was a Freshman?

For the first week at college, Macfarley had marched around the campus with his head as high as a Junior's and had asked no foolish questions, as Freshmen are usually expected to do. One day, towards the end of the second week, three Sophomores stopped him on his way to a recitation and ordered him to tell where he lived and what his "Pa" gave him for pocket money. Macfarley's blood boiled within him, but he answered the first question; the second, however, he refused to answer. He even informed his inquisitors that he would see them in *Jericho* before he told them.

That caused trouble for Macfarley. From that time on he was never left in peace. He was escorted to recitations by a dozen or so Sophs who seemed to be very fearful of his health. At the table he was asked if he would not have milk to drink, and if he could butter his own bread. Finally, one day, just as he was lifting a glass of water to his lips a Soph close behind him popped a lithia tablet into it, telling him that the tablet was a sure cure for gout. He thrashed the Soph off hard, but this didn't give him much satisfaction, for he was immediately ejected from the building by the authorities, which, of course, was quite right.

That evening on reaching home after a hard day of work he found tacked on to his door the following notice:

Dear Freshie: Be ready to receive friends tonight at ten o'clock. If you don't have a good punch ready for us, by thunder, we'll show you how to treat a Soph decently.

Although the letter began ironically, and ended in a threat, it struck Macfarley at the wrong time for him to make light of it.

"I've had all I'm going to stand from those beggars, and if they come here tonight they'll have to lick me so I can't stand before I'll do anything they tell me."

And he glanced around the room at the different kinds of swords with which it was decorated. There was the old family claymore which his father had trained him to use, not because the lad would ever have a chance to use it, but because he had been taught by *his* father, Macfarley's grandfather, and so on back for many generations. The sword was made of the best steel and had graced many a battlefield.

. . . . . .

Ten o'clock! Bang, bang! Someone was pounding at Macfarley's door with a club.

Macfarley marched to the door and threw it wide open, bracing himself at the same time for the rush which he expected would follow. But none came. There was something about the Freshman which showed the five men outside that a fight was to be expected, not submission.

"Come, kid," said one, "have you got that punch ready? Best for you if you trot it right out."

"I don't know you, and haven't anything to give you," said Macfarley, getting angry.

One of the men produced a whip. "See this?" said he, shaking the whip. "Well, you're going to get a good thrashing to pay up for the one you gave Billings today unless you behave decently and fork out that punch, double quick. See how it feels!" He raised the whip and struck Macfarley once—only once, however. With a bound Macfarley jumped to the side of the room and, grasping the first implement which came to his hand, struck back. Not till the man yelled did he realize that he had struck with the ancestral claymore; luckily, with the flat of it and no serious harm was done. But the Sophomore was in a rage.

"You think you're smart with your old sword," he cried. "But if you dare give me one, I'll cut you in half."

Someone grabbed Macfarley and said in his ear: "Don't, O don't fight him! He's the best foil fencer in the college."

But at the same time another person cried out: "Pooh, the Freshman's a little sneak. He won't dare!"

But they were mistaken. Macfarley stepped to the wall and whisked down a second sword, very nearly a copy of his own. He cast it in front of his antagonist and said: "There's a sword, do *you* dare use it?"

Before anyone could stop them they were at it, and when they had once begun none dared try to stop them. Fighting with edged swords! No child's play, this. The ring of the steel was sharp and clear in the room and it froze to the heart every person there—except the fighters, who fought as if to the death.

Suddenly one of the onlookers cried out: "Get the police. It must be stopped, or one will be killed." Immediately he and another darted off.

To a man who knew the art of fencing it was exceedingly curious, because Macfarley was an expert with the broadsword and his antagonist an expert with the foil—two absolutely different modes of fencing. Macfarley did not know the correct mode of parrying his adversary's lunges, for his art dealt only with cuts. His opponent, on the other hand, fencing always as if he held a foil in his hand, lunged entirely on his attack and only escaped Macfarley's cuts and blows by quickness of eye and body.

At the beginning, Macfarley fought with more coolness than his adversary and pressed him hard with girdle, check and arm cuts, though unable to reach his body. The other fenced rashly, and tried force attacks, beats, flaconnades and presses; but he could not seem to hurt his enemy until, with an unexpected change of method, he resorted to a "volte coup," a trick common enough to foil fencers but Greek to a man who had merely studied the broadsword. His point slipped past Macfarley's guard and struck.

Macfarley felt the thrust, which merely struck his left shoulder, no more than a pin prick; but, seeing his adversary extended in a

full lurge, he raised his arm for a stroke on the sword arm which lay so near his. Should the claymore fall with its edge on the exposed wrist, the man would be maimed for life; at the very moment of the fall the thought of the crime which he was committing flashed across the boy's mind and struck into his soul. He was too late to stop the blow, but with incredible quickness he turned the sword on his hand, and only the flat of it descended on the unprotected sword arm of the other. That blow was enough, however. The sword of his opponent dropped clattering to the floor and he, yelling with the pain of the blow, missed his aim.

At that moment the cry was heard through the hall, "Here come the police and the proctor, git!"

Macfarley forgot then all his dislike for his enemy; he grabbed him and thrust him into his closet for hiding. One of the other two men rushed into Macfarley's chamber and, disregarding clean sheets, jumped into bed and went fast to sleep, of course. The third had to content himself with the china closet for a place of refuge. He succeeded in disappearing, however, and when the officers of the law arrived with the proctor of the dormitory all the evidences of the fight which they saw, was an old claymore which lay on the floor in the middle of the room.

My! Wasn't studying particularly interesting to Macfarley just then?

When the police had gone off, after asking a few questions as to what had been going on, and hearing that Macfarley had been merely trying a fencing bout with a comrade for exercise, the three Sophomores reappeared from their respective hiding places. Macfarley's opponent, whose name was Washburn, came over to him with his face full of friendly feeling.

"Say, Mr. Macfarley," he said, "you're all right. If anyone says you're not, you send him to me and I'll tell them about a fellow who was decent enough to keep the enemy who had insulted him from being fired out of college."

# News Notes

The marriage of Miss Claribel Moulton to Mr. George Waterman of Chicago took place at the Church of the Advent, Boston, on the twenty-fifth day of October. Miss Moulton did not forget the High School at this time, and invitations to the wedding were sent to the faculty and also to those pupils who had had the pleasure of attending her classes in former years. Miss Liden was maid of honor, and a cousin of the groom best man. After a wedding breakfast held at the home of Dr. Smith on Marlborough street, the couple left for an extended honeymoon.

Harry Collins was elected captain of the Senior football team but declined the office, and William Norton was appointed in his place.

Robert Emerson, who made his "B" last season, was captain of the Junior football team this year.

Sheldon Brady was elected, by unanimous vote, captain of the Sophomore football team.

The Freshman football team was captained by Philip Johnson and managed by Kenneth Henderson this season.

The Chemical Laboratory came very near being the scene of what might have proved a dangerous fire on October the twenty-first. It appears that Miss Smith had ordered a consignment of chemicals to be brought up to the laboratory, among which were phosphorus and sulphur. The expressman put the sulphur in one bottle and the phosphorus in another and both into a wooden box. On arriving at the laboratory, he flung the box into the sink, where it fell with a crash, breaking both bottles. These two chemicals formed an ideal combination for fire, since the slightest friction, or even a ray of sunlight might have ignited the chemicals, the box, and even the laboratory. As a remedy, or rather a preventative, for such accidents, we would suggest that all expressmen take

Chemistry, or that such chemicals be labelled "Dynamite! Handle with care!"

Following is the complete list of Freshmen Class officers:

President, Barron Brainerd.
Vice-president, Helena von Ladau.
Secretary, Esther Richardson.
Treasurer, Edward Manning.

J. Louis Keegen of the first class has been appointed manager of this year's baseball team. This is Keegen's second "term" in the capacity. May he have an even greater success than before!

Arthur Jacobs of the Junior class is to manage the B. H. S. track team this year.

The Art Metal Work classes conducted by Mr. Miller are proving deservedly popular.

Mr. Packard has been heard from by one of the Alumni. He says that he is meeting many prominent men in London. He has been honored by being asked to join many of the best known societies.

## DEBATING CLUB.

A general mass meeting of the Debating Club was held in Room 10 on the fifth of November. The meeting was largely attended, many standing throughout the session. Addresses were given by Mr. Hitchcock, Dr. Roberts, Mr. Case, and Mr. Peabody, and the occasion was made still more enjoyable by the presence of Newton Stern, the club's president during last year, and Richard Lehrburger, one of the Alumni, who kindly consented to come and address the gathering. The speakers were introduced by the president, Eugene Floyd, and were received with great enthusiasm. After the addresses were concluded, a business meeting of the club was held, at which a Rhetorical Committee of three was chosen, consisting of the following members: James Rudolf (chairman), Frank Mattson, and Burnelle Hawkins.

The musical program at the Norfolk teachers' convention, held in November, was furnished by B. H. S. pupils. The songs, rendered by the semi-chorus, were most effective; much praise is due Mr. Cole, the instructor. Miss Marjorie Rudolf, ex-'09, who is this year attending Miss Windsor's private school in Boston, kindly accompanied on her violin the girls who sang the "Angel's Serenade." The mandolin club should be given *magna cum laude* for the excellent showing they made with so few months of practice.

We are all sorry to hear that Louise Warren, '09, secretary of her class last year, is still unable to attend school on account of ill health.

Miss Grace Miller, who was with us last year as substitute for Mr. Brooks, has resumed her private classes at her home, 54 Auburn street, under the name of the "Brookline Culture Courses." Besides the classes in French and Art History under Miss Miller, there are one-hour-a-week talks on Literature, Current Events, English, Business Law, etc., given by special assistants, offering attractive opportunities to ladies who like to take up a few subjects each year. Those of us who have seen Miss Miller's circulars know how interesting these courses must be and we are glad to hear of their great success.

We are glad to see that the Friday morning talks have once more been resumed. In November, Mr. Comstock, a Latin scholar, interested in school works, addressed the school in a most interesting and amusing manner on the many changes from the old school times to the modern. The school will look forward to the time when once again it may greet Mr. Comstock.

December eighteenth, the Senior Social! The committee, consisting of Virginia Slagle, Ethel MacMillan, Henry Dunbar and Newell Thompson, with the class officers, have arranged a very interesting program of music, a little sketch, and dancing. All save the evening and come, for the Senior class will look for *you*.

On Friday afternoon, October 30th, the annual reception was tendered the entering class by the Sophomores. After a brief reception the class was welcomed by President Hann, '11. The mandolin club then gave several selections in the excellent manner characteristic of it. The next and last number on the program was an exhibition of legerdermain by Francis Wyman, '10, and William E. Chamberlain, Jr., which was admirably executed. Dancing then followed until six p. m., when the merry gathering disbanded.

In behalf of the Freshman class President Brainerd extends sincere thanks to the Class of 1911 for the delightful reception tendered it last month.

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III. Eng. C. Some wise Sophomore in describing the "Ancient Mariner" said that his beard was "tacked on." The twentieth century certainly has many improvements.

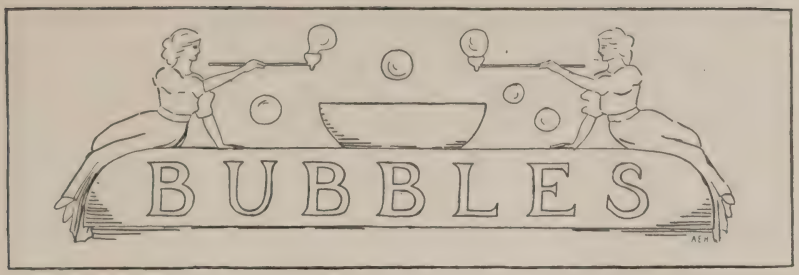
The writing of some of Dr. Roberts' pupils is said to be extremely ladylike. The doctor made the remark while passing Jones' desk in III. Latin A. We wonder why!

The age of the Nature-Fakir is not passed. A pupil in II. English A. talks of a "howling owl."

Brady (in English)—"He reasoned like a man and a clown." We wonder if Brady is an advocate of women's rights?

Hammer, in II. Latin A., translating one of Cicero's orations, speaks of Cæsar's great clemency in *preserving* a great number of men. Either Hammer or Cicero has a rather peculiar idea of clemency.

Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, lend us your eyes! Touch a match to your genius and let it burn. Write some stories, short ones, with lots of point and expression, compose a poem, something funny or serious, as the spirit moves you. Many of you are authors without knowing it. We are working to place in your hands a first-class paper and want your support. Perhaps you don't know how well your work looks in print. Try and see!




How would this do for our four classes?—

Freshman—A Comedy of Errors.
Sophomore—Much Ado About Nothing.
Junior—As You Like It.
Senior—All's Well That Ends Well.

Heard on the way to school:

Innocent Maid (speaking to Nichols)—"Have you 'The Heart of a Child?' " Poor little maid, little did she know him!

II. French B. Miss Ross—"Hubbard, translate!"

Hubbard rises, sways back and forth, pirouettes and sits down.

Miss Ross—"Well, Hubbard, what step was that?"

II. French B. Pupil (translating)—"The French are a petrified nation."

Somebody murmurs "not much!"

In Copper Work. Mr. Miller—"I should like to have Jones and Smith take beginners' work along with Schweinfurth and the rest of the new girls."

Say, ain't it awful, Mabel?

An elementary course in metal work might well be suggested to some of the pupils in II. Latin A, one of whose members spoke glibly enough of chain mail fastened together by golden nails, while another talked confidently of ships cast out of a single piece of bronze.

# ATHLETICS

## Football

### B. H. S. vs. POMFRET.

The defeat which our boys met on October 20th, at the hands of Pomfret School, was due to the crippled condition of our team Carr and Kerrigan being out of the game with injuries. Our boys couldn't score in the first half, but Pomfret made a touchdown and kicked the goal. In the second half our team played better, but could not score. We were unfortunate in losing O'Hearn, who was injured during the game. Pogue filled the vacant position, although it was a new one for him. Pomfret succeeded in scoring a second touchdown and also kicked the goal. And with a final score of 12 to 0 in favor of the Connecticut boys, the game was brought to a close.

### B. H. S. vs. DEDHAM.

Owing to the fact that Rock Ridge cancelled the game scheduled for Friday, October 23d at Griggs Field, a game was arranged with Dedham High. The game was interesting and the first half closed with the score 6 to 0 in favor of Dedham. In the second half Brookline scored a touchdown but failed to kick the goal. A few minutes later Brookline had the ball in Dedham's territory. Willets received the ball and ran some distance, skillfully avoiding every opponent who tried to tackle him. However, Denham claimed that Willets hurdled. According to the definition of hurdling in the football guide, Willets was "not guilty." But, inasmuch as Dedham could not agree with Brookline, the former withdrew from the field, thereby forfeiting the game when the score was 6 to 5 in their own favor.

## B. H. S. vs. BROWNE & NICHOLS.

On October 30th, Browne & Nichols, although they had not been scored on before during this season, were defeated by Brookline on our field. The visiting team was captained by an ex-B. H. S. student. With every regular, save Kerrigan, playing, the team displayed clock-like work. In the first five minutes of play, our boys carried the ball over the goal line. Receiving the second kickoff, the ball was rushed steadily over, for a second time, and then goal kicked. At this point, it was discovered that the yard lines were defective, being only seven yards in length. Brookline was called on to forfeit her eleven points, and the game proceeded. Our opponents gained the ball on a fumble and made a touchdown, followed by a goal kick. Brookline then got the ball, but lost it on the three-yard line. Here Browne & Nichols' punter dropped behind the goal to kick, but Driscoll blocked the kick. This resulted in a safety, counting two points for our team. Spurred on by the desire of recovering our lost eleven points, our boys ploughed through the line, scoring another touchdown, and also kicking a goal in the last minute of play. The lineup was the regular one except for Mason, who played quarter.

Final Score—B. H. S., 8; Browne & Nichols, 6. Touchdowns—Pogue, Bowker. Goals from touchdowns—Gallert, Bowker. Time—20 and 15-minute periods.

## B. H. S. vs. CAMBRIDGE LATIN.

In the first league game of the season, our team defeated Cambridge Latin by a score of 21 to 0. Gallert opened the game with a beautiful punt. Our opponents failing to gain ground, punted. Floyd received the ball, advancing it several yards. Then followed a series of direct rushes by Carr, Floyd and Pogue. Gaining steadily in these rushes, Pogue placed the ball over Cambridge's line. A goal was tried, but the wind carried the ball out of its course. With redoubled interest and determination, the game was renewed. Close, of Cambridge, kicked off to Jacobs. Then Willets carried the ball for a long distance down the field and it looked like

a second touchdown for us, but a Cambridge man tackled Willets and downed him. At this point Brookline was penalized fifteen yards, and Gallert punted. Ainsworth quickly ran down and recovered the punt. The ball remained in Brookline's possession and by steady line-bucking Floyd carried the ball over the line. When the ball was punted out from the goal line, to kick the goal, it was fumbled, so we lost our chance of scoring one more point. Once again Close kicked to Brookline. Kerrigan received the ball and gained twenty-five yards. Then Carr (you may readily imagine what happened when he got the ball), rushed the ball through the Cambridge line and gained thirty yards. Steady line rushes had been so successful early in the game that they were tried once more with the same effect, resulting in a touchdown, Captain Willets carrying the ball over the line. Floyd kicked a pretty goal. Again the Cambridge captain kicked off and our quarterback received the ball, advancing it several yards. Willets then took the ball and forced his way along for forty yards. By this time Brookline was pretty close to Cambridge's goal and Pogue carried the ball over the line. Floyd punted out to Jacobs and then tried a goal, but failed to make it. Brookline received the kickoff once again and gained considerable ground in the very beginning. Then we lost the ball on a fumble. Cambridge lost ground in trying to rush the ball, and their right half-back tried a drop kick. Kerrigan received it and immediately time was called.

When the two teams returned for play, Cambridge braced up somewhat. Kerrigan received the kickoff and after a few line plunges Gallert punted to Close of Cambridge. They tried a forward pass which availed nothing, for Pogue downed the man who received it in his tracks. Close punted again, Kerrigan receiving the ball. Gallert tried a place kick; Cambridge received the ball, but fumbled on a forward pass, Driscoll receiving the ball. Soon, however, Cambridge recovered the ball and tried a punt. Mason, who had taken Kerrigan's place at quarter, received the ball and advanced ten yards by clever dodging. Here Brookline was penalized for holding. Gallert punted to Cambridge, who couldn't gain.

So the ball was punted back to Mason. Our boys rushed the ball forward and got as far as Cambridge's 12-yard line when time was called. The lineup was as follows:—

| B. H. S. | C. L. S. |
|---|---|
| l. e., Ainsworth (Johnson). | r. e., Hodges. |
| l. t., Carr (Nichols). | r. t., Goepper. |
| l. g., Nadel. | r. g., Coleman. |
| c., Driscoll. | c., Burnham. |
| r. g., Gallert. | l. g., Hannigan. |
| r. t., Willets (Wesner). | l. t., Ireland. |
| r. e., Bouvé. | l. e., Parry. |
| q. b., Kerrigan (Mason). | q. b., Marrett. |
| l. h. b., Jacobs (Gifford). | r. h. b., Close. |
| f. b., Floyd (McGrath). | f. b., Mason. |
| r. h. b., Pogue (O'Hearn). | l. h. b., Granstein. |

Final score—B. H. S., 21; C. L. S., 0. Touchdowns—Pogue (2), Floyd, Willets. Goals from touchdowns—Floyd. Referee—O'Donnell. Umpire—Cooper. Field judge—Hoey. Time—20-minute periods.

## B. H. S. vs. NEWTON.

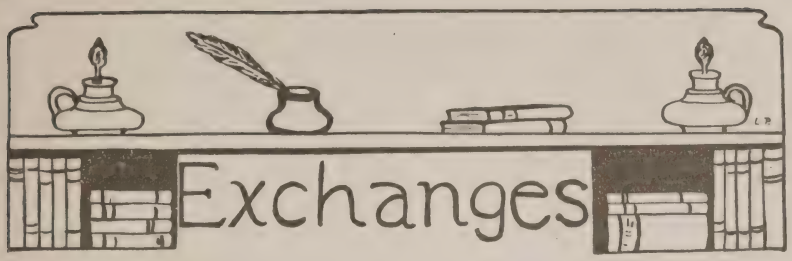
The second league game of this season was with Newton High and was by far the hardest fought game this year. Brookline met Newton on the latter's field on Friday, November 13th. Gallert kicked off to Newton High. Not gaining much ground, Newton punted, the ball rolling outside. Donahue of Newton recovered it and again punted. Kerrigan received the ball but could not advance it. After a few more rushes Brookline lost the ball on downs and immediately forced Newton back for loss. Then they punted and Driscoll broke through, blocking the kick; however, Newton recovered the ball. A successful punt followed, Ainsworth receiving the ball. Then by steady line plunging, Carr, Pogue and Floyd carrying the ball, we gained well. Gallert kicked and Ainsworth recovered the ball. Soon we lost it on downs, although we had rushed it to Newton's nine-yard line. Newton High could not gain, so punted, and Brookline returned the punt. Donahue made a gain of ten yards on a quarterback run, but there our boys held

them. They punted and recovered the ball. Then they tried a forward pass twice, gaining considerable ground on the second. Newton was then penalized for playing offside. They tried a forward pass unsuccessfully and then lost the ball on downs. Gallert kicked to Newton and they gained several yards. When the ball was passed by the centre, it was fumbled and Newton lost three yards. They kicked to Floyd and Brookline returned the kick. Newton gained on a long run. At this point time was called, neither side having scored.

In the second half, Newton kicked to Brookline. O'Hearn, who had gone in in place of Floyd, made a good gain. Jacobs, on a skin tackle play, made a long gain. Our boys rushed the ball to Newton's 10-yard line, where they lost it. Newton started back toward Brookline's goal. They punted to O'Hearn, and Gallert punted back to Newton. The latter returned it and also recovered the ball. They tried a forward pass; the ball touched the ground and Donahue recovered it. However, Newton was penalized and then tried an on-side kick. We secured the ball and Carr advanced it twenty yards. However, twenty minutes of play had just been completed and the game was called, with a final score of 0 to 0. The deciding game will be played at Newton on Thanksgiving morning and an extremely close game is anticipated. The lineup:—

| B. H. S. | N. H. S. |
|---|---|
| r. e., Bouvé. | l. e., Barrows. |
| r. t., Willets. | l. t., Davis. |
| r. g., Gallert. | l. g., Lynch. |
| c., Driscoll. | c., Slocum. |
| l. g., Nadel. | r. g., Carey. |
| l. t., Carr. | r. t., Van Tassel. |
| l. e., Ainsworth. | r. e., Beatty. |
| q. b., Kerrigan. | q. b., Donahue. |
| r. h. b., Floyd. | l. h. b., Dunne. |
| l. h. b., Jacobs. | r. h. b., O'Neil (Loomis). |
| f. b., Pogue. | f. b., Allen. |

Final score—Brookline, 0; Newton, 0. Referee—O'Donnell. Umpire—Hoey. Linesmen—Ritchie and Walling. Time—20-minute halves.




The Sagamore has had the pleasure during the last month of welcoming again many old friends. May they continue to come!

The following have been received during October: Academy Monthly, Artisan, Clarion, Courier, Gazette (2), Graphite (2), Jabberwock, Minute Man, Panorama, Red and Blue, Review (Cambridge), Review (Newton), Review (Tech), Saint Paul's Life, Spectator (5), Southern Workman (5), Trinity Tripod (6), Vexillum, Williams Record (8).

Does it not seem to you, Artisan, that the place for editorials is before that for stories? This might also apply to other of our exchanges. "If the coat fits, put it on."

The Minute Man, Concord, is a trifle too obvious to pass by. A more subdued shade of orange would certainly be less a menace to one's eyesight. The paper itself is very good.

The High School Panorama is very cleverly gotten up. It is a credit to your editors and school.

We fail to find an exchange column in the Newton High Review. This is doubtless due to the early date and we shall hope to see one next month.

The Cambridge Review is the kind of a paper we like to receive. It is thoroughly interesting and greatly enjoyed by everyone.

We have been impressed this month by the unusual number of stories with the so-called sad ending. They leave one with an unsatisfied feeling at the best, and it does not seem to us they should have a place in a school paper. Where are all the good old-fashioned stories with the happy endings?

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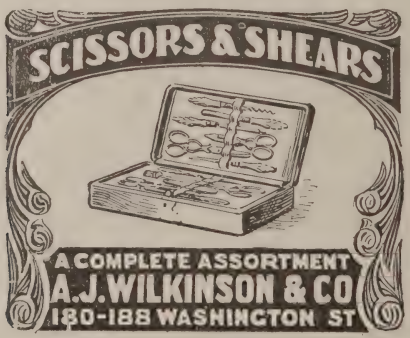

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Volume 15 JANUARY, 1909 Number 3

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# THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XV JANUARY, 1909 NUMBER 3

## Editorials.

BROOKLINE High School Alumni Association. Why not? Every year some thirty or more graduate from this school, and as they pass out from the old brick building for the last time and enter into the great world of trade or continue in the paths of learning at some higher institution, they are liable to forget their debt to old Brookline. There are but two alumni associations out of all the numbers who yearly graduate. One is the B. H. S. Club of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This club was organized in the fall of 1906 by the members of that graduating class who entered the above institution. Although still young, the club has proved a great success and has supported the Brookline High School in every way in its power. They have attended our athletic contests and cheered their hardest for the old school, they have subscribed to The Sagamore and have helped us out with alumni notes; in short, they have done their best to keep alive the spirit of 1906.

A short time ago The Sagamore received a letter from them encouraging the founding of a B. H. S. Alumni Association, and as true support rings in every word of the letter, we take the liberty of publishing it.

*To the Editor of The Sagamore.*

Dear Sir:—The B. H. S. Club of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology would like to express, through the columns of The Sagamore, its attitude toward a B. H. S. Alumni Association. The club thinks that such an organization is possible and, if properly managed, both profitable and enjoyable.

The oldest member of the B. H. S. Club graduated but two years ago, however, and it therefore hardly feels that it is its place to take the initiative in such a matter. It would be very glad, nevertheless, to receive suggestions from any of the older Alumni and it stands ready to heartily support any plan which may seem feasible.

Yours very truly,

Donald V. Williamson, *Secretary.*

While this B. H. S. Club is flourishing at Tech, there is another association at Harvard which has proved a great success. The Sagamore extends to both of these its best wishes and assures its hearty support to any plan for establishing a much needed Alumni Association.

---

## A Contrast

The sky is as blue as the water,
  The water as blue as the sky;
On the surface of one clouds are floating,
  Like spirits they gently pass by.

On the other the smiling sun sprinkles
  Its handfuls of glittering gold,
And the wavelets close crowded stir gently
  As though wishing their thanks to be told.

. . . . . .

The swish and swirling of ocean
  On a rocky headland high;
And the heaping up of the curling waves
  Against the angry sky.

# The Tragedy of the Forest

By EUGENE B. FLOYD, '09

THE pale glimmer of approaching dawn appeared in the east. Then, gradually, a rosy tint crept up the sky, heralding the coming of the sun. A blanket of new fallen snow covered the trees, mantling the forest with white, and a gentle rustle and snapping of twigs betrayed the early rising of the wood folk. Here and there a chipmunk scampered along, now dashing up a tree, now pausing on a branch to scold and chatter before continuing his search for a good breakfast. From the top of a lonely pine came the harsh call of a crow standing sentinel for his band. From a clump of birches a whir-r-r-r sounded as a partridge rose and sailed majestically away. A feeling of cheerfulness and joy was in the air. Joy and peace reigned supreme.

Suddenly a faint plop, plop, sounded in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came, and from among the trees burst a man on snowshoes. He seemed to have traveled far and fast, for his breath came in gasps. Still he sped on and on, till at last he came to a little log hut. Smoke curled up from an improvised wood chimney, speaking of warmth and security within. An appetizing odor of fried meat was in the air. The fugitive did not notice any of these things, but pounded hard on the door with his mittened hand. The door was opened quickly and a man appeared, rifle in hand, with a startled expression on his face.

"What's the trouble, Pierre? I didn't expect to see you here again so soon," said the inmate of the hut as soon as he recognized the newcomer.

"Queek, Monsieur Craig!" replied the other, between gasps. "I come to warn vous dat dos Indians du Companie Nord'ouest come pour vous."

"For me, Pierre? How far behind are they?" demanded Craig.

"About une heure, monsieur," was the answer.

"Time enough for a few preparations, then. Come in, quick! and rest while I get ready."

Swiftly a small pack of dried meat, tea and flour was made up. Both men took a few mouthfuls of the cooked meat, fastened on their snowshoes, and were off in the opposite direction from that in which Pierre had come. A few minutes later a party of Indians came swiftly along. One glance into the hut and they, too, were off, following the broad trail left by the two men. One Indian only remained behind to fire the hut.

All the morning the chase continued, till at noon Pierre showed signs of exhaustion; for he had traveled forty miles at top speed with only a ten minute rest. "Leave me, monsieur. Je suis très fatigué."

"Leave you to be shot after the warning you gave me? Never!"

"Je suis content, monsieur."

"Come! come! Allons! I'll carry your rifle. Five miles further and we'll reach the Hudson Bay Company's post, then we're safe."

They started on, but slower than before.

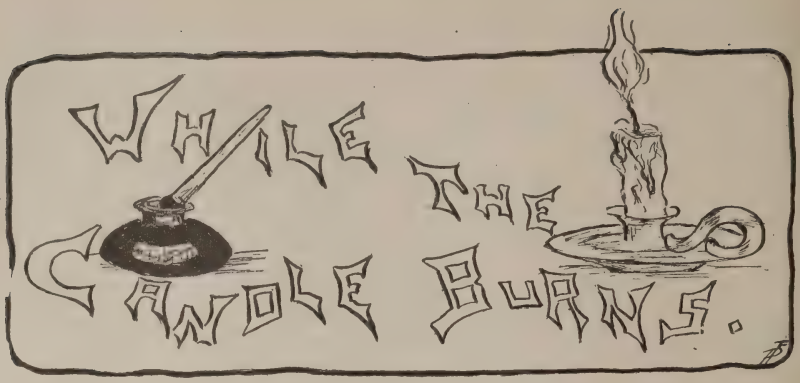
Meanwhile, the sky was becoming overcast. Grey clouds formed and the sun disappeared behind them. The wind began to blow, gently at first, but with increasing violence. Snow began to fall in fine, hard particles, which cut into the skin.

The Indians were gaining slowly but surely. Always keeping their steady trot, they were lessening the distance between the fugitives and themselves. Pierre was becoming more and more feeble. Three more miles were covered, till the two parties were only a quarter of a mile apart. The snow now raged so furiously that it was difficult to see. Suddenly Pierre stumbled and fell. Utterly worn out, he had fainted from sheer exhaustion. Craig labored in vain to pull him to his feet, but his efforts were futile. Then he quickly dropped down and curled up in as small a bundle as possible, thinking his pursuers might go by without noticing him. Minute after minute went by and no one came in sight. Slowly Craig felt a stupor coming on; fight as he would, he couldn't

overcome the desire to sleep and soon he, too, was stretched out beside his friend who had risked his life in the attempt to save him.

The snow increased in depth; the air was still white with the flakes, and great drifts formed in places. No signs of life were to be seen in any direction. All that day and night the storm raged.

In the morning the wind had died away; the snow continued to fall gently, but at times the sun glimmered through the banks of scurrying clouds. Everything took on its usual peaceful appearance. A chipmunk peered out, realizing that the storm had passed. In a clump of pine trees surrounded by dense underbrush was a small mound of snow, a mile further on was a larger one,—the graves of pursuer and pursued. In the distance loomed up the stockade of the little Hudson Bay Company Post, the goal aimed at but not attained. The stern God of the elements had taken a hand in the struggle and had conquered.




# The Race of One for Many

By ELINOR DRISCOLL

DISCHARGED from the office as a switchman on account of negligence, revenge in his heart, Matt Donovan slowly sauntered down the tracks one winter's evening, unheedful of the raging blizzard. The shrill call of the seven-thirty express brought his wandering mind back to the world around him. Slowly he turned and shook his fist at the oncoming train. But in an instant his clenched fist dropped to his side and all feeling of revenge died from his heart, for he saw by the headlight of the approaching train that it was on Track 5. To his experienced eye he knew that this meant a wreck within a few minutes; for stationed half a mile above on the same track were freight cars, which had arrived there late that afternoon.

Quick as a flash he turned and ran with all his speed towards the station. Would he arrive there in time? Would all those people be killed who had entrusted their lives to the engineer unconsciously nearing the approaching danger? These thoughts lent to Matt supernatural strength and endurance. He redoubled his efforts. A glance upward showed to his strained vision the dim lights of the station rapidly growing brighter. With a final dash,

gathering all his remaining forces, he rushed panting into the station, seized the danger signal, before the eyes of the astonished night-clerk, and rushed madly across the platform waving the lantern in front of the oncoming train, then but a few yards distant.

With a great snort and pulling of brakes, the giant engine came to a standstill, and the engineer jumped down from the cab, angrily demanding the cause of this delay. Breathless, Matt explained, and many a "Thank God" went up from the hearts and lips of the engineer and crowd of passengers who had quickly gathered. In a few moments, the great train was again lumbering safely on its journey, while Matt was quietly seeking his home.

The next day foreman Bryant, who had discharged Matt, was informed of the man's work. He appreciated, perhaps, more than any one else the heroism of this deed; for he could understand the struggle that must have ensued within Matt's breast. But what was the outcome of all this in regard to Matt? Was he restored to his former situation? No, but what was far better, he was given a higher position. His race for the Many had brought success to the One.

# The Phantom Ship

IT was two bells in the morning and my watch on deck, along with an old Swedish foremast hand. All about, night hnng her veil of blackness, intensified by a cloudy sky which blotted out the stars.

The light evening breeze had long since died out, and we two stood just aft of the foreshrouds silently looking out into that great unknown. I wondered what others might be doing on that world of waters. The Swede was impassively silent. Suddenly he clutched my arm with a terrible grip, the grip of horror. Following his outstretched finger I saw something which sent the shivers up and down my spine. From up to wind'ard there came a white shape—the hull of an old Dutch trader. Great towering spars she had, and from her long yards hung white sails. Not only were her hull and sails white, but the whole vision was ghastly, and what made the apparition more terrifying was the fact that her sails were bellowing and straining as in a gale, when in reality not a breath stirred. Not a soul was seen on deck. No one stood at the wheel, but that great ship plowed her way swiftly and silently on, on, until she at last melted away in the darkness.

I remained spellbound and stared at the place where the vision had vanished. Looking at the sailor I saw on his face a look of abject horror. Then I saw his lips move while he hoarsely breathed, "The Flying Dutchman." —X.

# The Wreck of the Satellite

All day the glass had been falling
And now 'twas growing cold;
The sun, a fiery bloody globe
Had set in a sea of gold.

But now that sea was an angry black,
Each wave was capped with white,
And on this tossing, heaving waste,
Rode the good ship Satellite.

Close reefed she was and clawing off
A bleak shore on her lee,
While the skipper stood by the weather shrouds
And watched the tossing sea.

"Come on, you devils, do your worst!"
He yelled with all his might.
And shook his fist at the white-capped waves
Which beat his Satellite.

The sea it seemed to hear his boast,
And ever fiercer grew;
While the wind in shrieking, whistling blasts
Through the tarred taut rigging blew.

Slower and slower went the ship
Half-staggered by the gale.
'Twas "douse the main and flying jib!"
And still 'twas too much sail.

Fiercer and fiercer blew the wind,
The skipper's face grew pale,
And the crew, with life belts 'bout their waists,
Clung fast to the weather rail.

And ever off to leeward,
A rocky death did lie;
Wreathed in mighty surf and foam
Which leapt up toward the sky.

Nearer and nearer, and still they fought
To keep from that deadly shore;
But Neptune's hand ruled wind and wave
"Yo, ho!" the surf did roar.

The skipper shook his mighty fist
And cursed again his luck;
And then with a shock, a heave and crash
The Satellite had struck.

The seas, they leapt the weather rail,
The masts went by the board.
She groaned and shuddered, stove and sank,
While the seas in triumph roared.

The breakers tore her limb from limb
And hurled her bones broadcast;
The good old ship had fought her fight
And fighting breathed her last! —X.

# News Notes

With the approach of winter the hockey season is in evidence once more. Here's success to Captain Collins' team of ice artists!

The story "A Modern Duel," which appeared in the December issue of The Sagamore, was written by Ben Roberts, '09. It was a fine bit of narration taken from life, and is deserving of great praise.

On Wednesday, November 11th, the senior class in clay modeling visited the Art Museum, the purpose of the trip being to see the work of Robert Gray Barnard, which was on exhibition for a limited time only. After viewing the collection, permission was given the class to see the work of the art students, which was displayed in the office of the Museum. The class also had the pleasure of seeing the students at actual work, working from a live model. Beside being interesting, the trip was also very instructive.

On Friday, November the twentieth, the school had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Mason, the director of the Municipal Gymnasium, give a very interesting talk on his travels of last summer, especially in relation to two great athletic events, the International Festival of Gymnasium Instructors at Munich, and the London Olympic Games. Mr. Mason related in a very entertaining manner some interesting facts about both events. In regard to the friction between the American and English press because of the alleged unfair play of the meet officials, Mr. Mason said that England's mistake lay in appointing exclusively officials from her own country in an international affair. Mr. Mason was vigorously applauded, and we hope that he will address us again in the near future.

On December fourth Mr. Brooks kindly consented to give the school a short account of his recent European experiences. His trip, which covered a space of fourteen months, had been productive of many interesting incidents. He spoke of many varied experiences in different European countries, among which was a

very funny description of a fire which he had inadvertently set in his lodgings in Paris, France. He also told of the French schools and how they differ from our own, and of his amusing experience in teaching a class of French boys an English poem. In conclusion, he said that he was very glad to be back again in the B. H. S., and the applause he received was a sure indication that the school was very glad to have him.

The report of the treasurer of the Athletic Association concerning the financial standing of the association at the end of the football season was very encouraging, showing a marked gain over last year at this time. This speaks well for the school support when we consider the scanty state of the treasury at the opening of school this fall.

Brookline's oarsmen are to have Franz Niccolls, '09, for their captain this year.

## DEBATING CLUB

It was the usual afternoon for debate, but this particular program was more attractive than usual. The Mandolin Club made its second public appearance and rendered a fine selection. Then Alan Hay came forward with one of his ever popular monologues, which took the assembly by storm.

The question for debate was: Resolved, that it was good policy to send the fleet out of home waters. Niccolls opened with some well-stated facts, showing that much naval knowledge was gained by the trip. He pointed out that the United States' sailors acted like gentlemen and reflected credit upon our country. Carver replied that the United States insulted Japan in sending this fleet to their waters at a time when the two nations were slightly at odds. Also he argued that our ships lost target practice, which is the most important part of naval manœuvres. His delivery was not as good as that of Niccolls, but his arguments carried weight. The affirmative was then resumed by Brown, who spoke with good effect. He laid stress upon the fine treatment received by the fleet at the hands of the foreigners, especially in Japan. This contradicted in a measure the argument of the negative concern-

ing the insult to Japan. Russell, for the negative, finished with a strong speech in which he showed the needless expense of sending the fleet abroad, the dangers on the way from bad weather and icebergs. He said that the home defence was very much weakened, and that any small country could do great damage along the coast.

The speaking from the floor was rather one-sided, only Barnet and Gallert putting up arguments for the negative, while Keegen, Talbot, H. Brady, Rogers, Hawkins and Sawtelle sided with the affirmative.

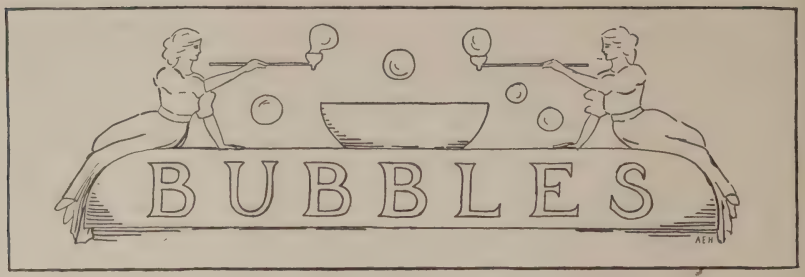
Niccolls opened the rebuttal and overthrew several of the opposing arguments. The debate was closed by Carver.

Richard Lehrburger, Harvard '12, kindly consented to be critic for the afternoon, and although much was complimentary, his few criticisms were just, especially when he said, "There is too much tearing down and not enough building up of arguments."

Mr. Snow, who was judge of the debate, gave a very interesting talk, in which he said that the presentation and delivery of the affirmative were the better, but that they had failed to fire their big gun, the argument that a practice cruise to the Pacific was worth all the expense and the little risk, for in case of invasion the western islands would certainly be first attacked and the fleet would then be forced to round the cape, which if it were the first time might involve difficulties. Therefore, from point of excellent arguments, the debate was given to the negative.

Members of the school, take notice!

Alan Hay and Pollard have settled a great question. Before an enthusiastic crowd of students they convinced the judges that it was best that the further extension of the use of the Niagara River above the falls for industrial purposes be prohibited. In vain did Barnet and Knowlton argue that Messrs. Hay and Pollard were mistaken. When the signal was given by the chairman, the house took up the battle and words fell fast and lively. Here, too, the affirmative were victors. After Louis Keegen had rendered his criticism, Eugene Floyd, chairman of the Board of Judges, announced that the affirmative had won.




II. Algebra B. The problem is to find the number of men and women in the company, and the result is, $x = 17\frac{1}{2}$ (men).

Mr. Case—What is the trouble with that result? Ans.—You cannot have half a man.

Collins—Yes, you can have $17\frac{1}{2}$ men because—

Mr. Case—But there are no *boys* in this company, [so you cannot call half a man a *boy*].

So Mr. Brooks tells us: It takes three in Paris to shoe a horse, one to hold the foot, the second to shoe the horse, the third to "shoe" the flies.

As one lone fellow was practicing hurdling at the Olympic games, he fell, and this remark of an Englishwoman was overheard: "Oh, what a pity he should have fallen, he did have such a good chance of winning."

Heard in III. Eng. B. Miss Knowles—"What does plangent mean?"

Stone—"'Plain-gent'? Oh! tailor, of course."

Hay, translating in II. French A, spoke of a "loving curse." "Oh, yes," said the instructor, in deep scorn, "Curse me, mother, before I go to war."

Morse in II. German translates for "Oh, those beautiful children's stories," "Oh, that beautiful nursemaid." The law of association is surely in evidence.

Teacher—"What is a telegram?"

Bright pupil—"A message sent by telephone."

How we scorn old-fashioned customs, to be sure!

Miss Ingram asks Hunter the meaning of the proverb, "An eye for an eye."

"Why," said Hunter, "it means if you have one eye, you must have another to go with it."

"Why," said the teacher, "it's only 58° in this room. Someone go and get Mr. Cole(d)," meaning, of course, Mr. Cook. How about Jack Frost?

Who swallowed the mercury? Spitz.

Brady, in II. English A, declared that when a man is rich he loses his soul. We wonder if Brady would take the risk if a couple of hundred thousand were offered him!

One day Rudolph, trudging towards school in a pouring rain without an umbrella, was accosted by a friend who asked him the reason for his extraordinary conduct. "Oh," said Rudolph, "we have plenty of umbrellas at the house, but I don't like to wear one."

Gleason, in I. English B, said that "Hiawatha" was an Indian idol (idyll). Lucky Longfellow couldn't hear him!

# Alumni Notes

Malcolm Price, B. H. S. '06, M. I. T. '10, is vice-president of the Technology Tennis Association.

Ralph Torry of the same class is one of the two class directors of Tech '10.

William J. O'Hearn, '06, M. I. T., '10, is manager of the Technology hockey team.

Ibrahim F. Morrison, Dartmouth 1911, is now a member of the class of '11 at Technology. Morrison was on the winning sophomore relay team this fall, and is a promising candidate for the news staff of The Tech.

L. C. Cooley is class director, and managed the Tech 1911 relay team this fall.

Dennis F. Mahoney is devoting his time to an advanced course in descriptive geometry at Tech.

George Churchill Kenney and L. Gordon Glazier have been elected associate editors of The Tech. Kenney is reporting for the Boston Record and Advertiser and is secretary of the dinner committee of the new Tech Union. Glazier is on the staff of the Boston Journal and Hearst's Boston American, and 1st Lieutenant of D Co., M. I. T. Cadets.

Donald Reed Stevens is class representative on the Institute Committee, and a member of the news staff of The Tech. Stevens won third place in the furlong dash in the handicap fall meet.

Wesley J. Seligman, B. H. S., 1908, was elected class representative on the Tech athletic association. Seligman was one of the crack men on the sophomore relay team, and won second place in the 220-yard dash in the fall handicap meet.

Florence Hallett, '05, is resident instructor in music at Wheaton Seminary.

Marjorie Henry, '04, and Hazel Henry, '08, sailed for Europe on the Romanic October 27th for a year's study in music and French.

Frances Carver, '08, is second mandolin on the Vassar Mandolin Club.

Carl Wetherell, '04, is teaching in the Morristown School, Morristown, N. J.

"Dunnie" Dexter, '04, captain of last year's Harvard baseball team, is working in a brokerage house in Boston.

Dana Sylvester, '03, has recently been admitted to the bar, and is practicing in Brookline.

Herbert Greenwood, '08, is working in the Brookline National Bank.

Walter Cady, '08, is working for the Provident Life Insurance Co.

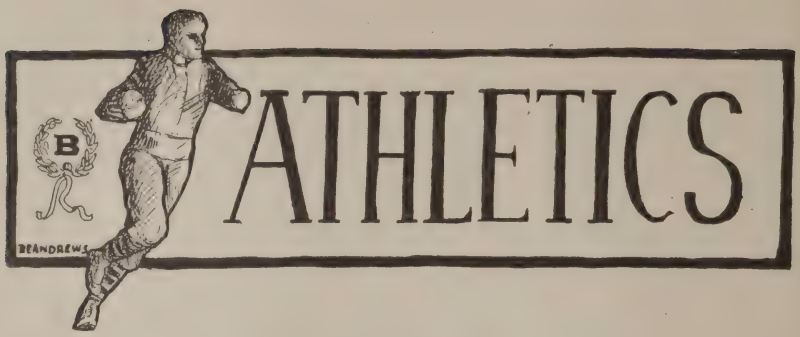
"Honey" Faxon, '08, is doing stunts at Harvard in his well-known character of coxswain. Faxon was cox. of the Mt. Auburn St. crew, which won the inter-dormitory championship in the annual fall bumping races on the Charles. On November 11th, Faxon, as coxswain for Weld Boat Club, had the honor of being awarded the Weld insignia for defeating Newhall in the club race.

Beatrice Batchelder, '08, is attending the Sargent School of Gymnastics, Cambridge.

Dorothy Gooding and Lorune Creveland, former B. H. S. pupils, are taking a course in kindergarten work under the supervision of Miss Wheelock.

Marjorie Rudolph, ex-'09, is this year attending Miss Windsor's private school in Boston.

Our friend, Cherry Head, is attending the Hamilton School in Washington, D. C.




## BASKETBALL

After careful consideration, the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association voted to dispense with basketball as a school sport. Several difficulties have arisen which brought about this decision, and, although regretting the loss of the game, we acknowledge that such a step was a judicious one. First of all, we are at a disadvantage as to playing the game on our own premises. The old gymnasium for the boys, as well as the girls' gymnasium, has been given over to the commercial department. As a result of this change, there is no place available for exclusive High School work along the line of basketball. An arrangement might have been made to hold practice in the Municipal Gymnasium, but no public games could be held there. Second, it has been a matter of discussion as to whether we were not attempting too great a variety of athletics. So it was decided to eliminate basketball from our list and devote more time to track work. Mr. Carrell feels confident that we have some good track material which is at present undeveloped, and he hopes that by devoting more attention to that branch of athletics we may bring about better results in that line. So it is to be hoped that although we lose the one team we may improve the others.

## FOOTBALL

Once again we are forced to bow to Newton High School as the football champion of the Preparatory League. Of the three teams

contesting for first place, Cambridge Latin was the weakest. The struggle was then between Newton and Brookline. These two teams were tied for first place until Thanksgiving Day, when Newton captured the coveted title by kicking a goal from the field. The game was an exhibition of the cleanest football that has been seen on the gridiron this season. Both teams deserve great credit, and Brookline has reason to be proud of the splendid showing which her team made. The players who made the team and those fellows who came out for the team and stayed out for it, although they did not make the regular team, are to be warmly commended for what they have done. And to Mr. Carrell, who worked so hard to develop a winning aggregation, we extend our sincere thanks.

Now for the game itself. Newton received the kickoff and, not being able to advance the ball, kicked to Brookline. For several minutes the ball was kept traveling back and forth in successive punts. Newton finally tried a forward pass. Donahue received the ball and made a long run. It looked like a touchdown for Newton, but Brookline displayed her remarkable line strength, and Newton, holding the ball on Brookline's 6-yard line, could not advance an inch. In the next rush, Newton was forced back. Brookline got the ball on downs and advanced it 15 yards. Here Gallert kicked to Newton. The kick was returned, and our boys gained a fair distance. Gallert punted to Newton, but the latter could gain nothing. Brookline forced Newton back several feet. The latter then tried an end run, on which Donahue gained some twenty yards. Newton then tried a forward pass. It was a pretty pass, rendered even more so, for Brookline, when "Peter" Carr jumped into the air and picked the ball from its course. He could not advance it, however, as the whole Newton team was upon him. O'Hearn then carried the ball forward for eleven yards. At this point time was called.

Both teams returned for the final issue with extreme determination, and the spectators were wild with enthusiasm. Newton kicked to Brookline. Gallert punted and Newton made a long

gain. Then they tried a forward pass. The ball went outside. Brookline recovered it. Newton got it on a poor pass. Then Donahue, Newton's star, kicked a goal from the field. The ball just escaped the cross beam, giving the championship to Newton. However, there was hope still for Brookline. Newton kicked, and Kerrigan received it. He then made a forward pass to O'Hearn. Then Brookline tried line plunges, though Newton received the ball on the 25-yard line. Newton tried a punt, but "Jerry" Driscoll broke through and blocked it, though Newton recovered the ball. They punted, the ball went outside and Brookline got it. Brookline kicked to a Newton man, who was downed in his tracks. Newton tried an onside kick. The ball went outside, but was recovered by Kerrigan. However, it was too late to defeat Newton, as time was immediately called. The summary of the game was as follows:—

| NEWTON. | BROOKLINE. |
|---|---|
| Barrows, l. e. | r. e., Bouvé. |
| Davis (Pratt), l. t. | r. t., Willets. |
| Weaver, l. g. | r. g., Gallert. |
| Slocum, c. | c., Driscoll. |
| Cary, r. g. | l. g., Nadel. |
| Van Tassel, r. t. | l. t., Carr. |
| Gallagher, l. e. | l. e., Ainsworth. |
| Donahue, q. b. | q. b., Kerrigan. |
| Dunne (Loomis), l. h. b. | r. h. b., Floyd. |
| O'Neil, r. h. b. | l. h. b., O'Hearn. |
| Allen, f. b. | f. b., Pogue (Brady). |

Newton, 4; Brookline, 0. Goal from field—Dunne. Field judge—McGuire. Umpire—Noble. Referee—Burley. Time, 20-minute periods.

Thirteen members of the football squad have been awarded a "B" by the Athletic Association. In addition to this award the regular "subs" have been granted a "B 2d" in recognition of regu-

lar attendance at practice and faithful work in scrimmage. The members of the first group are Captain Willets, Kerrigan, Ainsworth, Carr, Nadel, Driscoll, Gallert, Bouvé, Jacobs, Floyd, McGrath, Pogue, O'Hearn. Those receiving the "B 2d" are Johnson, Niccolls, Wesner, Haven, Mason, Harry Mason, Hammer, John Brady, Hugh Brady, Sheldon Brady, Hawkins, Dexter.

On Friday, December 5, a cross-country race was held under the supervision of the "Boston Journal." The course started at "Tech" field, running to Chestnut Hill near the estate of Larz Anderson, and terminated at the Tech Field. Captain Whitney of B. H. S. Track Team won the race, his time being 17 minutes and 17 seconds, which was faster by a minute and a half than the record made last year. When the first mile of the course had been covered, Whitney took the lead and maintained it throughout the race. Besides Whitney, Brookline High was represented by Brady, Stone, Ness, McDonald, Chandler, Slocum, O'Hearn, Wyman, Shedden, Mason, Kennedy, Kelly, Hann, Dexter and Hall.

A class in advanced gymnastics has been organized by Mr. Carrell. The organization will be known as the "B. H. S. Tumbling Team." Already it has received the sanction of the Executive Committee, and it promises to prove a most interesting feature. The class began practically with the public exhibition at the gymnasium on Nov. 28, and on that occasion presented a splendid appearance. It is hoped that every fellow who is interested in advanced work will consult with Mr. Carrell about joining the class.

On returning from the Christmas vacation, Captain Whitney of the track team will issue a call for candidates and indoor work, coached by Mr. Carrell, to begin work immediately. There is a great deal of material which will constitute a strong team if every

fellow will enter upon the work with earnestness. About ten of last year's team will report this term, thus giving a good nucleus upon which to base the work of developing the new material. Let every fellow take interest in the work of the team and support this branch of sport, which will be the major indoor sport of the High School this year. The team is managed by Harry Mason, with Arthur Jacobs as assistant manager.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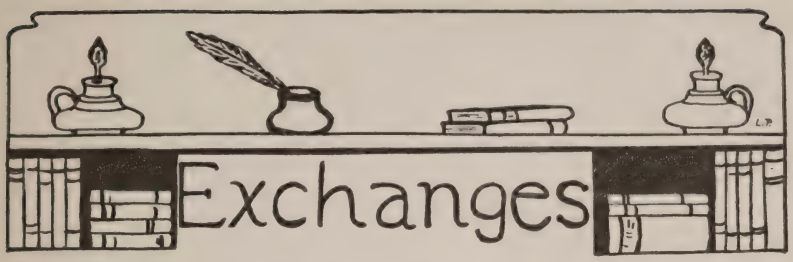


The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Bulletin, Courier, Daisy, Gazette (2), Graphite (2), Imp, Jabberwock, Kero, Megaphone, Oracle, Panorama, Purple and Gold (2), Radiator, Record (2), Red and Blue, Review (Cambridge), Review (Newton), Southern Workman (2), Spectator, Thlinglet, Triangle (2), Trinity Tripod (7), Vexillum, Williams Record (7).

The editor was particularly pleased to receive, through the kindness of Mr. Packard, a copy of the Clapham High School Magazine, London, England.

In the November number of the Triangle, the story department lacks a heading. This is rather a shame, as that department deserves a little heralding.

Purple and Gold, your paper has the essential requisite, it holds the reader's interest. Your editorials are especially lively, *but*, (here is a decided criticism) there are several indications of carelessness in printing, and in one place the laws of punctuation are thrown to the winds.

In an offhand way we should say that "Quality, not quantity" was the motto of the Vexillum, which is very praiseworthy; but we believe, however, that a little more zeal might produce both.

The cover of the Eastern District Daisy is staring, to say the least. It makes one hasten to get inside, and as for the contents, good, but poorly arranged. The stories are scattered indiscriminately throughout the magazine in an impartial manner that would baffle any ordinary mortal. The exchange column is one of the redeeming features.

Welcome, Thlinglet, from far away Alaska. May you continue to come to us! We are glad to be kept in touch with our unknown cousins.

We read a criticism in the November Jabberwock concerning the brevity of our exchange column which interested us. In exoneration, the exchange editor wishes it understood now that it is not through any laziness of his or because he is disinclined to labor, but criticisms take space, space money, and money—but "a word to the wise is sufficient."


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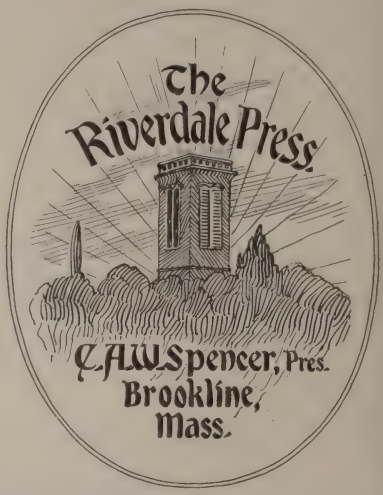


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Volume 15 FEBRUARY, 1909 Number 4

# The Sagamore

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# THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XV FEBRUARY, 1909 NUMBER 4

## Editorials

IN Europe as well as in the United States the year 1909 is notable as a great centenary year. One hundred years ago there was born in Germany the wonderful and world-famous composer, Felix Mendelssohn; in England the great scientist, Darwin, and the immortal Tennyson,—three great men, each supreme in his own sphere. But there is one man whose name is placed side by side with these three, who was neither composer, scientist nor poet. Yet he was their equal, if not their superior. Starting out at the foot of the ladder he set to work unaided to hew his way over a rough and stony path, each step requiring greater physical and mental effort than the one before. He had no advantages of wealth or position. All he had was his personality, his determination and his great heart. Many obstacles were thrust in his way, his love of country tested to the utmost, but his great gaunt figure with its plain, homely face was equal to every emergency.

At length he climbed the last step of the ladder and in placing him at the head the American people did what they could to show their appreciation of this man "with his malice toward none, with charity to all."

Then at the very height of his greatness he was stricken down and there passed away a man whose memory will continue through eternity, one who loved his country second only to his God and who gave up his life as a last great sacrifice. With reverence we write the name —Abraham Lincoln.

# What Lincoln Means to Me

ONCE upon a time I stood on a leafy roadway and peering through an opening in the trees, across a mirrored lake, up a mountain side, I beheld the majestic features of the Great Stone Face, so well known to all lovers of the White Hills. The sky beyond was dimmed by countless clouds, while a filmy mist settled itself comfortably about the base of the mountain. Then gradually, as I looked, the mist increased—rose gently, following the curve of the mountain side and reaching the top mingled with the light and darkness of the sky above. It was a mask, a covering, and yet, above and through it all, the firm, rugged features of the Old Man remained clear and distinct. It was a wonderful face I gazed on, so calm, compelling and peaceful. And while I gazed I thought of the changes that the years had brought to city, town and country, and yet how perfectly the profile itself had remained, year by year, more appreciated, more admired, and greatest of all, more personally loved. And that in a few words is what Lincoln means to me. He represents a standard infinitely far above me, yet a standard so truly great that even I can admire, love and reverence it. He was a man with an aim, and that aim he accomplished. Against the clouds of discontent, slavery and political strife he stands alone. The mists of years have obliterated the cruelties and shortcomings of the era, while clear-cut against the heavens we see only the rugged, sorrowful countenance of America's first citizen.

And America can well be proud to call him her "first citizen," for Abraham Lincoln stands for all that the United States admires and offers to the world,—success through personal effort.

"There's the marble, there's the chisel
Take it—work it to thy will.
Thou alone must shape the future;
Heaven send thee strength and skill."

And surely no man fought against greater odds than did Lincoln,

nor has any man received a surer, grander reward for the services rendered to his country than he. Suppose for one moment, if you can, that Lincoln never existed. Imagine the situation to-day. Slavery, bondage, strife, and perhaps war. As it is, America is in a state of prosperity, and it is largely due to the efforts of Lincoln. Therefore peace, quiet, prosperity is what Lincoln means to me.

And besides all the rest, those little human touches that make his memory so dear, rise far above his political achievements in making him so personally loved by Americans.

The story is told of Lincoln's last interview with his old law partner before he left for Washington to take up his presidential duties. They were in the old office and Lincoln, turning to his partner, asked, "Say, Bill, how long have we been together?"

"Over sixteen years!" was the reply.

"And never a cross word! Eh, Bill?"

Bill shook his head slowly, then Lincoln, glancing at the sign over the door, said:

"Let it remain there undisturbed, Bill! Give our clients to understand that the election of president makes no change in the firm of Lincoln & Hendon. If I live I am coming back sometime and then we'll go right on practically in the same way, practicing law as if nothing had happened."

And that in a few words gives the keynote to Lincoln's whole existence—his utter lack of "ego," his feeling and sympathy for those about him.

But darkness is covering the Great Stone Face. I catch one last glimpse of the majestic features, the rest is a mere *feeling*. And so it is with Lincoln. He was there—he lived—I cannot see him—but I feel his power and I glory in his great life—his noble death.

# Abraham Lincoln

High in the whole world's Hall of Fame
There is no finer, nobler name
Than that of Lincoln. Who so great
Is there in all our glorious state?
What better man? What braver life?
Who felt so keen the woes of strife?
Ah, martyred president! we know
What you were glad to undergo.
Such trials, bitterness and care
As freedom's champion you did bear.
We realize what your work has meant,
A leader to the Union sent,
To help her in her hour of need—
Yours was a simple, kindly creed:
"Do but your best and, if you can,
Comfort and help your fellow-man.
Love country as the base of all,
Heed her command, and if she call
Be there to answer her straightway."
Such men as you, we, fervent, pray
Will rule and watch our glad free land,
Will teach us all to understand
How every one—no chosen few—
May serve our flag, be loyal, true.

S. T. G., '10.

# The Man and the Boy

STEWART Woodward yawned and lowered his paper; then he yawned again and threw the paper from him with a jerk.

Two days and a night of sleeping-car travel had not affected him favorably; he was tired and cross; the news in the morning's paper was already stale; and just across the aisle a small boy of six was keeping up a stream of shrill, useless remarks.

"There ought to be a law," the man muttered, staring fixedly at the bobbing brown curls.

"What makes the trees go so fast?" piped the child's voice.

"They don't move," gruffly replied the woman beside him, without raising her eyes from the sleeping baby on her lap. "We're moving."

The child's eyes widened and Mr. Woodward suddenly leaned forward that he might get a full view of the little fellow's face. Then, remembering that he disapproved of the child, he turned away his head and drew back again. The quick motion, however, had caught the boy's attention and for a few seconds he looked steadily at the man who tried his best to appear unconcerned by the inspection. At last the boy turned away, exclaiming,

"I don't think I like it. I'd rather be home in West—"

The voice broke off suddenly; but Woodward, turning quickly, and looked up in time to see the woman lay a rough hand over the boy's mouth, giving, as she did it, a furtive glance around the car. The child's eyes from above the hand looked steadily at Woodward, but the latter was hardly aware of them, for he was staring at the woman, who leaned toward the boy and whispered a few words in his ear. The child's eyes, still on the man, widened with a look of alarm and fear. Becoming suddenly conscious of their appeal, Woodward started up involuntarily; then as he realized what he was doing he sat down and began to cough violently. But the child with quick understanding smiled and his brown eyes sparkled with light. The woman dropped her hand quickly, turned in the

direction of the child's gaze, and looked at Woodward suspiciously. His first impulse was to turn away hurriedly; but, instead, he squared his shoulders and gave the woman look for look. She, under his frowning eyes, soon glanced away and began to fidget with the baby.

"I wonder who she is," thought Woodward, idly noting her large red hands. "Can't be their mother and looks like a mighty poor nursemaid. Why, the train's stopping! And she's going to get off! Humph! Probably I shan't ever see the little chap again."

He broke off abruptly. "What do I care, anyway," he snapped, half aloud. He slowly turned his head from the group, shut his eyes, settled himself in a comfortable position facing the window, and was soon fast asleep. He was only dimly conscious of the train pulling out of the station.

The minutes flew by and the distance flew by; more than that he did not know. Suddenly there was a touch, a timid touch, and a small voice saying, "Please." Mr. Woodward started, turned quickly, and rubbed his eyes. The small boy stood beside him—the very same small boy.

"What do you want?" the man blurted in astonishment.

"Please," said the small boy, "she hasn't come back."

"What?" asked Mr. Woodward, scowling, but with a feeling other than anger lurking in his eyes.

"No," said the boy mournfully, "she hasn't come back."

Mr. Woodward looked at the boy steadily for a second, then he cleared his throat.

"Come in here," he said grudgingly, "and tell me what you mean. You say the woman and the baby are gone?"

"Yes," answered the child, sideling up close. "She told me to wait and she'd be back in a few minutes. I think I saw her outside the car, but she hasn't come back and it's a long time."

"Humph," said Mr. Woodward; "humph!"

The child stood looking at him gravely. At last the man felt forced to speak.

"Well," was his encouraging remark, "what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," said the child, "you tell me."

"Humph," said Mr. Woodward again. "Where do you live?"

"In Westfield," answered the child, directly.

"Um—where is that?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Well, no more do I. We'll have to find out. Why are you traveling here?"

"Why," said the boy, "why—I was up visiting the baby on the hill and she—" giving a timid glance in the direction of the seat he had been occupying—"came along and started to take the baby on a journey, so I came, too. She didn't want me to come, but I came."

"I can imagine it," remarked Mr. Woodward. "Ah—and what is your family like?"

The child looked at him, puzzled.

"Your mother and father," explained the man gruffly.

"Oh," said the boy. "There aren't any. It's uncle and aunt. It's a white house."

"I understand," answered the man inanely. "And I suppose you have good times?"

"Yes," replied the child gravely. "There are lots of us; only," the voice grew wistful, "I don't really belong there, and sometimes —I'm lonely."

The child leaned against the man, who cleared his throat sharply, but did not move. Neither spoke until the boy began in his turn.

"Are you ever lonely at your house?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Woodward without thinking, "we are lonely —all the time."

"Oh!" murmured the boy, sympathetically. "Aren't there any little boys?"

"No," said the man.

"And," continued the child, "nor—nor any little girls?"

"No," said the man looking straight ahead, "no."

"I am sorry," was the child's sympathetic whisper, and silence fell again. Then the child touched Mr. Woodward's arm. "Perhaps," he said timidly and wistfully, "perhaps—if I was at your house——"

Mr. Woodward started and shook the child off almost roughly.

"Don't!" he commanded. The child shrank back and at the sight of its wide, hurt eyes the man felt suddenly conscience-stricken. "Jove," he said, reaching out his hand for the little fellow's. "I didn't mean that. I—I—"

But the child, accepting the unuttered apology, smiled faintly and moved close again.

"It doesn't matter," he said kindly with an odd, grown-up air. "Perhaps—perhaps you were tired. I don't mind."

The boy leaned against the man, perfectly content; and the man drummed on the window sill with his fingers. A shrill, sharp whistle from the engine broke into the silence. Mr. Woodward moved.

"I guess," he said haltingly, "that I'll get up and go and see the conductor about you. You won't mind, will you?"

He rose without waiting for an answer, quickly at first, then slowly, as if he were loth to leave the little chap even for so short a time.

"I wonder," he mused, walking down the aisle; "I wonder. The little fellow seems to be an orphan; we could see about that later, however. Mary has always been *lonesome*; and she has always said—." Suddenly a change went over him. "What a fool I am," he declared with a rough shrug of his shoulders, "mourning over a strange boy. Why! of course, the woman and baby are here somewhere. I'll find the conductor and give the boy back to them."

His resolution was timely; for the door of the vestibule opened and in came the conductor, bluff and red-faced. Mr. Woodward

hailed him; told his story of the lost woman and baby and of the small boy, and asked what were best done. The conductor watched him narrowly through the whole recital and finally asked what kind of a woman. "Tall, sullen, and dressed in grey?" Woodward nodded.

"Well," said the other, "she got out of this car at the last station as you thought. I happened to see her. When did you say——"

He stopped and stood listening. Then before Woodward could understand the trouble, he had dashed open the doors and stood on the car platform. By that time Woodward also saw that the train was stopping at a place where no stop was scheduled. It jerked to a standstill before a tiny station. The conductor leaped angrily to the ground in order to learn the cause.

Mr. Woodward hurried back to his seat. As he leaned across the boy he saw two long, lank men rush at the conductor. One on each side of him, they seemed pouring some tale into his irate ears. Suddenly Woodward saw the conductor turn and sweep one glance along the car windows. His eyes stopped at that through which Woodward himself was peering. Then beckoning fiercely, the conductor started off, the men following. Woodward, still looking out of the car window, frowned darkly, he knew not why. The little fellow with his ready sympathy looked troubled, too.

It was only for a second. The conductor came down the car, his eyes fixed on the small boy; but when close by, he turned his attention to Woodward, who, roused by the steps, had turned.

"This is the man and the boy," said the conductor to the two following him. "Hurry!" he added, speaking to Woodward. "Down with your things and out with you. Your game's up!"

Woodward straightened himself slowly. Then he gave a challenging glance to each of the three men.

"Explain!" he said.

One of the slim men stepped up.

"I arrest you," he said.

"In the name of the Spring Hills police force," prompted the other.

"Here," cried the conductor, "I can't keep the train any longer. They arrest you for kidnapping that child. Here's your bag; there's your coat. Now off with you."

"Don't you touch me!" cried Woodward, backing into his seat. "I'll fight the first one that does!"

The tall men put their hands quietly into their right hip pockets. Woodward ground his teeth.

"There's something wrong here," he said more quietly. "I don't know what; but you don't get the child—he's mine!"

"Yours?" said the conductor. "Why, friend, let me tell you that he's the son of Mr. William Mortimer Stone, the millionaire."

Woodward's face went white. "What?" he said. "What?" For a moment he was dazed; then he turned to the child. "Are you?" he asked. But a pair of strong arms enveloped him; two wiry men sprang at him and he was helpless.

They laid him on the station platform; they put his belongings beside him. The representatives of the police force held the child greedily, one hand each. The conductor from the steps of the moving train waved his hand. But Woodward, as he lay on his back on the dirty boards and looked into the blue sky, was thinking. Under the stress of circumstances all false thoughts and pretenses were brushed away. "I can't have him," he thought, "and I want him; I really want him. Mary would want him, too. We can't get along without him, either of us; but we've got to; yes—"

The conversation of the two captors began to penetrate his mind.

"Say," one was remarking; "we've made a haul this time; the boy *and* the man. Big reward out for both. Lucky the telegram came in time for us to flag the train."

"It was, that!" answered the other. "And now supposing we telegraph back and say we've got 'em and will bring 'em; that the boy's still alive and talking. Bill, you go into the office and tell them that."

Bill, the station master, evidently complied, to judge from the heavy footfalls, the amount of dust rising into the air from

the planks, and the slam of a door. Soon the click-click of the machine began.

Woodward was fully aroused, and rolled over on his side. His first look was for the child standing between the tall slim guards. Woodward, by way of appearing cheerful, frowned.

"Don't feel bad," he said, trying to employ a tenderness grown rusty from long disuse. "I'll see you out of this and safe home with your father." The child smiled wanly.

"But it isn't father," he contradicted with a weary shake of his head. "It's uncle and aunt. It's a white house."

"You're forgetting," said one of the detectives unexpectedly. "Your father is Mr. William Mortimer Stone."

"The millionaire," added the other.

The boy's eyes grew round. Gravely he raised them to the first speaker, to the second, and then lowered them to Woodward's face again.

"No," the little fellow said with the same mournful shake. "He isn't mine; he belongs to the baby."

Woodward, startled with the suddenness of it, stopped frowning. The child, seeing it, smiled very faintly and, as if hoping to help keep the frown away, went on. "I was visiting the baby who lives in the big, big house, when the woman came. She wanted to take the baby; but the nurse had told me to take care of the baby a minute, so when the woman took the baby I came, too. She didn't want me to, but I came."

There was silence. The two slim men stood crestfallen. Stewart Woodward lay quietly on the rough floor, but had he known the love and new-found tenderness that was beaming from his eyes upon the boy he would have turned over on his back and frowned at the sky. As it was—

A sudden exclamation sounded from within the station. The station master burst out, a piece of telegraph tape in his hands:

"Say," he cried, "but you fellows have made a mistake! The boy they want is a baby, 'bout ten months old. This one here

isn't any one—just an orphan. His folks ain't particular 'bout seeing him. You'd better untie that man; bet you he didn't have anything to do with the kidnapping."

One of the detectives stepped toward Woodward, but the other intervened.

"We're going to keep the man," he said threateningly. And then the two, forgetful of their duty, began to indulge in a little private conversation and by play. The station master, seeing that the guardians of the peace were no longer guarding it, took their duties upon himself and went over to the prostrate Woodward.

"Which train shall I flag, sir?" he asked when Woodward was at last free; "the train up or the next one down?"

Woodward stood thoughtfully brushing his clothes and did not answer. Presently he straightened and stood looking across the even plains. The boy sidled up close to him and also looked into the distance, as if trying to make out secrets that he was too young to know. After a second Woodward turned to the boy and, looking the little fellow straight in the eyes, held out his hand. The boy returned the look steadily and suddenly bursting into a smile put his own small hand in the man's big one.

Then Woodward turned to the station master.

"Flag the next train back to Westfield," he said simply.

A. E. H., '09.

# News Notes

The Sagamore extends its heartiest greetings to the debutantes of the season, the Misses Ruth Faxon, Irene Snow, Dorothy Taylor and Agnes Ward of '07; Frances Carver, Dorothy Page, and Marjorie and Constance Homer of '08.

At the first regular meeting of the Brookline High School Club at Harvard, several new students in the college were elected regular members, and several teachers of B. H. S. honorary members. The officers for the ensuing year: R. A. Potter, president; Ralph S. Marshall, vice-president; and Richard C. Floyd, secretary and treasurer.

On Friday evening, December 8th, the class of 1909 held the annual "Senior Social" in Shailer Hall. A large number of pupils attended and the affair proved a great success. The opening number on the program was a well-rendered piano solo by Miss Marion Feeley; then followed a selection by the Mandolin Club; two numbers by the Senior Trio came after this, followed by another selection by the Mandolin Club, while a piano solo by Carl Barnet completed the first part of the entertainment. The second part of the program was a playlet, entitled "A Little Tiff," with the following cast of characters:

Edith ..... Ethel MacMillan
Nancy ..... Esther B. DeMerrit
Teddy ..... George B. Roberts
Finnegan ..... Eugene B. Floyd
Gubbin ..... Moses F. Carr
Dusty Rhodes ..... Gordon F. Gallert

Ethel Truette was prompter.

It was exceedingly funny, and the parts admirably taken, and so did not fail in eliciting a generous round of applause from the audience. After the play was over, the hall was cleared and there was dancing till twelve o'clock, at which time every one departed for home well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Francis J. O'Hearn has been elected captain of the B. H. S. football team for next year.

Gardner Whitney is captain of the track team.

On Monday, December 21st, Mr. E. F. Collier of our town gave the school a delightful recitation of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" during the assembly period. Mr. Collier has the power of putting his audience from the start into the spirit of his story, and although he talked for an hour and a half, he never once lost the attention of his hearers.

Brookline High was most successful at the recent swimming races held in Mechanics Hall in connection with the Sportsmen's Show. Among the prize winners were Lawrence Johnson, Philip Johnson, Fay, Jack and Francis O'Hearn, O'Day, Hickey, and Hill. The relay race between Winthrop, Revere, and Brookline High Schools was won by Brookline by half a length. The members of Brookline's team were Wesner, Howe, O'Hearn and Johnson.

Brookline was represented in the fly-casting by Niccolls, who succeeded in getting a number of prizes.

Members of the High School also participated in the rifle shooting. Capper and Niccolls qualified as Junior marksmen of the National Rifle Association, while a team of High School boys got fourth place from the nine Massachusetts teams entered.

A Girls Glee Club has been formed under the direction of Mr. Samuel Cole, who is kind enough to devote his time to all those having the fifth period open on Fridays who wish to join the club. The Boys Club is under the management of Mr. Snow.

The following have been appointed members of the Senior Class Photograph Committee: Ethel MacMillan, Agnes Schlemm, Eugene Floyd and Davenport Pogue.

At a meeting of the Senior class the following were appointed class day officers: Gordon Gallert, class orator; Newell A. Thompson, Jr., ivy odist; Louis Keegen, historian; Albert Kerrigan and Ethel

MacMillan, prophet and prophetess; Anna Holman, poet. The words and music for the class song are to be held by competition, Mr. Cole, Mr. Snow and Miss Spaulding acting as judges.

Edward J. Stewart, Jr., '10, has been elected assistant manager of the baseball team.

For the Senior Social $93.25 was taken in at the door and cloak room, expenditures being $65.45, there remaining $27.80 clear profit, which is to go for the Senior Dance.

## DEBATING CLUB

The first open debate of the year was held January 14, 1909, in the Lecture Room. President Floyd called the meeting to order. After the report of the Rhetorical Committee, Gordon Gallert entertained the club and their guests with a splendid monologue.

The subject of the debate was: *Resolved*, That the President and Senators should be elected by popular vote. The affirmative was upheld by Louis Keegen and James Rudolph for the Seniors, and the negative by Alan Hay and Hugh Knowlton for the Juniors.

The affirmative was opened by Keegen, who said that under the present conditions a man in voting for the legislature has to consider two points, national and domestic issues, which is not fair, as in one issue he might think with one party, and in the other his sympathies might be the opposite. Also he stated that under the present conditions a man running for Senator need gain only two thirds of the votes of the legislators to be elected, but if he were to be elected by a popular vote he would have to gain a majority of the people. To these facts Alan Hay replied that it would not be wise to make a change in the Constitution except in case of vital importance, and that the Senate was designed to act as a conservative body of Congress, to check the rash acts of the House, and therefore should be elected in a conservative way. He delivered his arguments in his usual clear and forcible style.

Rudolph then took up the affirmative by saying that a change would broaden the field of candidates, as now the candi-

dates for President are generally chosen from the large doubtful states. He advanced another strong argument concerning the Electoral College. He stated that the Electoral College was established long ago, when there was no telegraph nor rapid transit, and then it was well adapted to the needs of the country, but now it is out of date. Knowlton's chief argument was that the average legislator is better fitted to choose the Senator than the average man.

The speaking from the floor was open only to Juniors and Seniors. Roberts, Barnett, Gallert, Grant, Carver and Mattson upheld the affirmative, while Talbot, Brown, Burleigh and Russell spoke in favor of the negative.

The rebuttal was opened by Rudolph for the affirmative, then Knowlton for the negative, who was followed by Keegen. Hay closed the debate with a strong speech.

The judge of the day was Mr. Wilbur J. Rockwood, principal of the Everett High School. Before rendering his decision he gave a little talk in which he said that a debating club was a fine thing for boys of the High School age as it taught them to classify their knowledge, and to express that knowledge forcibly. He explained that he had marked from this scale, delivery counting two points, arguments four, rebuttal three, and presentation two. He divided them in the following way:

| | Affirmative | Negative |
|---|---|---|
| Delivery | 1 | 1 |
| Arguments | | 4 |
| Presentation | 1 | 1 |
| Rebuttal | 3 | |
| Total | 5 | 6 |

Thus giving the Juniors the debate by the margin of a single point.

The next debate will be between the Freshmen and Sophomores. It will be held February 4, and will be open to the girls as well as the boys.

S. S., '11.

IV. Eng. C. Miss Spaulding—"What parts of the world do you connect with Irving's life?"

"Pupil—"Europe."

Miss S.—"The whole of it?"

Pupil—"No, only along the Hudson River."

Gleason, translating—"More shrill than the cry of a fly."

That's startling, to say the least. Perhaps he meant the dull roar of the sea gulls!

Heard on Greenough Street—"The thermometer was down to zero!"

Jacobs—"No, that zero you're thinking about was down on my Math. paper."

III. French C. Instructor—"I have discovered your brains now."

Well, that sounds good, but maybe she was joking!

III. English, reading "Silas Marner." Instructor—"What was the episode in Silas Marner?"

Voice from the depths—"'Eppie-sowed' potatoes."

One of Mr. Brooks' latest:

German III. Pupil (correcting sentence on the board)—"His uber needs an 'omelette.'"

Query—"Was he egged on to say it?"

II. English pupil, with a keen appreciation of Emerson's poem, "Humble-Bee," states that "Emerson has done very well in por-

traying the traits of the little *animal*." Biology class will be thankful for such a bit of information.

Zealous pupil, translating—"The evil sank down through the veins and 'vittles' of the State."

Philosophic instructor, to the class—"I suppose he means vitals."

## Alumni Notes

'99. Miss Maude Dutton, Smith '03, has announced her engagement to the Rev. Mr. Lynch, of the Pilgrim Church, New York.

'05. The engagement is announced of Florence Hallett, Wheaton '07, to Harry P. Forté of Springfield, Mass., Harvard '07.

'05. Another recent engagement is that of Steele Davison and Florence Lindsay, both B. H. S. '05.

'05. One more member of the class of 1905 has added his name to the above list, "Ted" Defriez, whose fiancée is Miss Grace Croll of Boston.

'06. "Sully" Sargent has won another honor. At the recent class election "Sully" was chosen President of the Junior class at Harvard.

'07. Charles Hann, four-time President of B. H. S. 1907, has been elected vice-president of Harvard '11.

'07. Dennis Mahoney has been successful in winning a scholarship at M. I. T.

'08. Mary Clark had the privilege of attending the wedding of the emperor's son, held recently at Berlin.

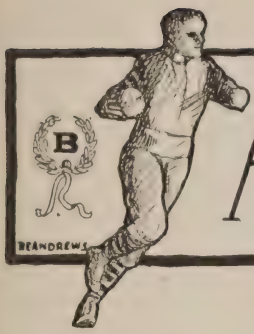
'08. A number of High School pupils and graduates had the pleasure of attending the coming-out dance of Frances Carver at the Algonquin Club, December 23d.

'08. Another recent debutante is Dorothy Taylor. Miss Taylor made her début at a dance at Gardner Hall, January 4th.

'11. Elinor Shute is attending school in Switzerland.

'11. Ansel Cady, so we hear, is now down for business. How Ansel must have changed!

'11. Gladys Wales has been chosen president of her class at Wheaton Seminary.




# ATHLETICS

Before the next issue of the Sagamore, Captain Dooley will have issued his first call for candidates for the baseball team to begin indoor practice. The team should be a strong aggregation this year, as many of last year's regular men will report again this year. All the fellows are urged to come out for the team whether or not they have made it previously. There is a good deal of baseball material which was in the school last year but was not available for various reasons. First of all comes the rule as to scholarship. Now is the time for the prospective candidates to look after any deficiencies in marks, so that when the season begins we may not be confronted by this difficulty which handicapped us so severely last year. Begin now to work off any conditions, so that we may start the season in the right way. There is no doubt but what we can develop a splendid nine if the boys will work with the coach to attain such a result. The schedule for the season is nearly completed and will be issued in the next number of the Sagamore.

Candidates for the track team were called out on Tuesday, January 5, and a large number of fellows responded. On the following day the regular work was begun. Mr. Carrell has initiated a different method of training and coaching the boys this season. They are taking a course in Indian club and dumb-bell work, which will lay the foundation for the hard training required later on. The candidates are classified as follows: 8 boys for the 1000 yds.;

6 for sprints; 4 for high jumping; 6 for the shot put; 5 for short distance, and 5 for hurdles. The team has been invited to take advantage of a new outdoor track conducted by the B. A. A., and arrangements are being made by which the opportunity may be available. The outlook for a fine track team is very bright. Here's success to Captain Whitney and his men!

On January 16th the Brookline High Tumbling Team gave an exhibition in advanced gymnastics at the Municipal Gymnasium. The exhibition was a splendid showing of difficult feats and was one of the best numbers of the evening. Later on, an exhibition will be given by the boys, at which the "Sailors' Horn-pipe" will be the leading feature. It was intended to give it at the exhibition on the 16th but inasmuch as the girls had fancy dancing, the boys' dance was postponed. The date of the coming exhibition will be announced later.

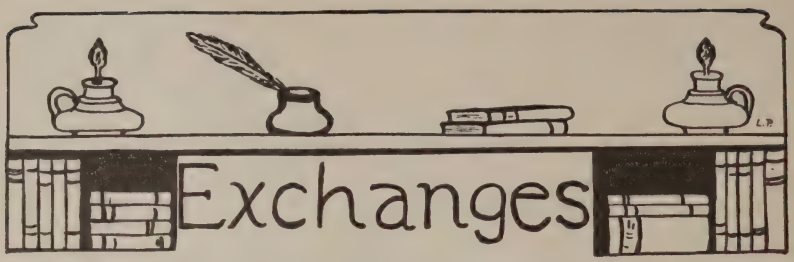
Brookline played her first game of the hockey season at Spy Pond. The game was fast and snappy throughout. In the first half of the game Brookline put up a splendid offensive game, keeping the puck in Arlington's territory the greater part of the time and scoring one point. This score was counterbalanced by Arlington in the first half. In the second period, Arlington assumed offensive play and scored seven points. The game closed with a final score of 8 to 1 in favor of our opponents. Trainer played well for Brookline, while for Arlington Murray and Scannell excelled. The teams were composed as follows:—

| ARLINGTON. | BROOKLINE. |
|---|---|
| Scannell (Frost), r. w. | l. w., Trainer. |
| Hill, r. c. | l. c., Rogers (Kennedy). |
| Smart (Hutchison), l. c. | r. c., Ainsworth. |
| Murray, l. w. | r. w., Mason. |
| Buckley, c. p. | c. p., Brown. |
| Pierce, p. | p., Cooley (Collins). |
| Münch, g. | g., Niccolls. |

Referee—Clifford. Umpire—Willets.

Several interscholastic meets are scheduled for the current month in which Brookline High Track Team will be entered. The first meet in which Brookline will be a contestant comes on February 13th, to be held in Medford. This is the Lawrence Light Guard meet and promises to be a spirited contest. The second meet falls on February 24th, and will be held under the auspices of Boston College A. A., at Mechanics Hall, Boston. Several of our boys are entered for this meet. Others of particular interest are the B. A. A. meet at Mechanics Hall on February 27th; the B.A.A. Interscholastic meet, the date of which is as yet undecided; and the meet conducted by the Preparatory League, the date and place of which are undecided but will be announced later.

The event which is bound to excite great local interest is the annual meet of February 22d. It has been held in previous years in the Town Hall, but this year it is hoped that the meet may be conducted in the Municipal Gymnasium. Tickets for the various meets will be on sale, and every one is urged to attend.




The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Artisan, Clarion, Courier, Crimson and Blue, Daisy, Gazette (2), Jabberwock, Madisonensis, Megaphone, Minute Man, New Trier Echoes, Radiator, Red and Blue, Red and Gray, Review (Newton), Southern Workman (2), Spectator, Sphinx (2), Trinity Tripod (3), Vexillum, Vox Studentis, Williams Record.

Although the general makeup of the Megaphone is good, we suggest that the editors print at least one long story. Six short stories with no long ones do not make as attractive a department as one where there is variety.

We would like to think that "An Oath" in the Crimson and Blue was a slip of the pen. But as the story takes up four pages, we are forced to conclude that the editors really meant to publish it. The theme seems to us rather beyond a High School paper; at least, a tragedy of that sort is a little out of place. We also note that "Au Tatle" is a serial story, a form which has been condemned again and again by schools all over the country.

Our old friend, the Radiator, comes to us this month in a new cover. The contents in every way live up to its attractive attire, while the literary department is far in advance of any other exchange we have yet received.

The editor gasped in amazement when he picked up the "Red and Blue." A nine-page exchange column is surely an enviable record. In fact, that department outshines all the others to such a degree that it almost seems out of proportion with the rest of the paper. The magazine will certainly be known by its exchange column.

Your cut heading the department marked "Jokes" is extremely clever, Red and Gray. The only criticism—a small exchange column for a very good-sized paper.

On the whole we are favorably impressed with the Sphinx. "The Modern Excelsior" is the best jingle we have seen in a school paper for some time. The paper could be improved by the addition of a long story.

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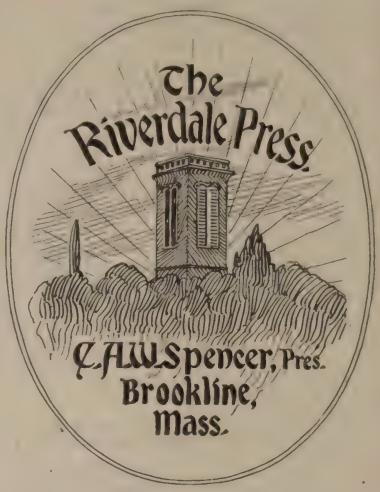


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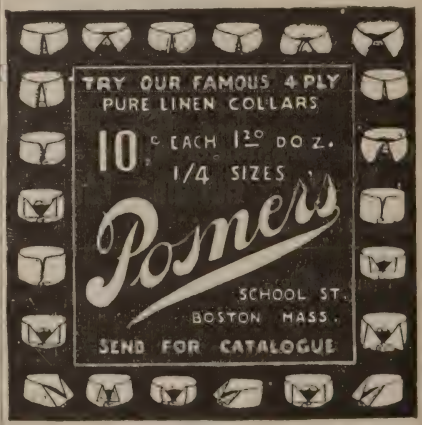

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1908

Volume 15 MARCH, 1909 Number 5

# The Sagamore

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# THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XV MARCH, 1909 NUMBER 5

## Editorials

NOW that we have seen our duty and have done it, let us settle down to the third lap of the great race. The freshman may cease to shiver, the sophomore may count his failures, the junior may look up his standing. Lastly, the senior may dream sweet dreams of a precious roll adorned with a white bow. And all may smile and breathe freely, for the mid-years have come like a whirlwind and like a whirlwind have struck and passed on, leaving the sun smiling above. The student who built his house upon the sand has been picked up and dashed to destruction, but he who erected his shelter on a rock has stood throughout the tempest and may continue in the paths of righteousness.

⊠ ⊠ ⊠

And now as the would-be ice artists put away their hockeys and skates, let the boys turn out and support the track team. Never has the outlook been brighter than at present, and as the sun softens the cinder track let us hope the squad will be larger than ever before.

Think of the Harvard, Yale and Brown schoolboy meets! Surely old Brookline should uphold her glorious reputation at all of these. Then think of our dual meet with Newton! Let us wipe out our last defeat with an overwhelming victory.

⊠ ⊠ ⊠

As winter slowly and stubbornly withdraws her forces, and smiling spring greets us once more, the time for baseball arrives. Captain Dooley will soon call out his team for practice,—a team which seems destined to do great things. Let the whole

school give its support, the boys by playing and the girls by attending the games. Show the spirit of the football season again, that spirit which is bound to win. Let us help in every way Mr. Carrell and Captain Dooley to turn out an aggregation which will capture the championship of the Preparatory League.

⊠ ⊠ ⊠

This month there is introduced in The Sagamore an innovation in the form of an alumni letter. We will endeavor to publish a letter of the sort every month in the alumni department.

---

## 1909

Here's to the Class of Naughty Nine,
A class which none surpasses.
Then let us quaff our cups of wine
And fill again the glasses.

Here's to our class, may it ever shine,
Here's to the Seniors true,
Here's to the Class of Nineteen Nine,
Here's to the buff and blue.

# "The Island Light"

"DICK," I said, looking over the railing of the wharf to where a boy, a chamois cloth in one hand, was vigorously trying to coax a shine out of a block on a little motor-boat. Dick glanced up from his work.

"Well?" he said, expectantly.

"What are you doing that for?" I inquired.

"Why, it rather looks as if I were trying to shine the brass, doesn't it?" he answered.

"Well," I replied, "I'll tell you right now that by the time we get to the island your shine will be a thing of the past; and supposing the salt water didn't spoil it, there would be no one to see it but old Barlow, the lightkeeper, so I should advise you to cut it out."

"Oh, well, if that's the case, here goes!" and with a sweep of his hand Dick stowed the polishing implements under one of the seats and clambered quickly up the ladder. "Why didn't you tell me all that before," he said, when he stood beside me on the dock, "instead of letting me slowly cook down there?"

"I didn't know where you were," I protested; "I thought maybe you were up at the store stocking up with provisions. Anyway, you haven't been greatly overworking yourself, so come along up and we'll bring down the stuff."

Half an hour later we were again on the pier, but this time our hands were full of eatables of all descriptions ranging from a watermelon to a can of potted ham. I clambered down into the boat while Dick handed me the provisions, all of which were safely stowed away under the seats with the exception of a bottle of ginger ale which failed to make proper connections, resulting in disastrous consequences to the shine on the pulley.

"Now," I said, when this task was accomplished, "beat it up to the house, will you, Dick, and fetch some sheets and blankets? You'll find them out in the front hall."

When Dick returned from his mission and the bedding was duly stowed away, everything was ready for the start. Dick took a flying leap into the cock-pit and seated himself at the wheel, while I cranked the engine, which started off promptly, as a well-behaved engine should.

The island where we intended to eat our supper and spend the night was about ten miles away, and as the engine was behaving well we calculated on making it in about an hour or so. The keeper of the lighthouse, a man of about sixty years, with a face tanned by exposure and a pair of twinkling blue eyes that in spite of his age had not yet lost their lustre, had formerly been a captain on a whaling schooner, consequently he had a store of yarns which he was always ready to tell to a willing listener, and we hoped to persuade him to share our supper and later to unburden himself of tales to his fullest extent.

As we arrived at the island and prepared to hitch the boat to the little pier, we found him sitting on the wharf and between puffs at his tightly clasped clay pipe, endeavoring to piece together the frayed strands of a fishing net.

"Hello, boys," he called, cheerily. "Throw me a line and I'll make you so fast that a typhoon couldn't budge you. So, going to spend the night and take supper? Well, you've struck a good place. Yes, I'd like to, after I've lit up the tower. It ain't often I gets a chance to take supper with any one excep' myself," and replying thus to our remarks, he tied the boat securely and helped us out with the stores. Then Dick and I followed, and all three of us started off towards the strip of sandy beach which we had hit upon as a desirable place.

When the supper was over, to the merits of which we had all three done ample justice, Dick and I stretched out on the sand while the old man produced his pipe and lit it. "Well," he said, "it was in '79 on a bitter, February night"—and he was started on one of his yarns. Hour after hour he talked on, only stopping occasionally to replenish and relight his pipe. And as he talked,

the moon rose slowly over the horizon and spread its path of light across the dancing waves. Each succeeding breaker flung its silver burden almost at our feet, while the sand, like a greedy miser, gathered it in. Now and then a schooner would drift across the path of light and for a moment we could even discern the dim tracery of the masts and the sails; but the next instant it would vanish into the wall of darkness which surrounded each side of the moonlit road, yet for some time we could still see the light on the masthead, which twinkled like an enormous star far out in the night. Once from out across the water there came the sound of voices.

"Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea—"

they sang, ever growing fainter and fainter, till at last they trailed off into silence and gave place to the monotonous murmurs of the ocean. The old man arose and knocked the ashes from his pipe. "Isn't this a great old place to spend one's life?" he said.

. . . . . .

Three weeks had passed, and I lay in bed one morning listening with a startled expression to the sounds of the breakfast bell. Suddenly I heard Dick's footsteps approaching my bedroom door. I expected to hear a volley of reproaches for my laziness, but instead he came into the room looking very much cast down. "Read that," he said, and flung me the morning paper. I glanced it over, and immediately my eye rested on the following paragraph:—

"Bradley, Conn.: Great interest is aroused here by the story which Lighthouse Inspector Thomas made public to the authorities of this town yesterday. Inspector Thomas, who has been recently appointed to his important office, stated that after his inspection of Bradley's Light yesterday morning, he found that the present keeper, Mr. Barlow, had been very lax in a good many points. He informed Mr. Barlow of this, adding that he would have to report it to the board, a step which might possibly result in Mr. Barlow's discharge.

At this statement, it appears that Mr. Barlow became greatly excited, and struck Inspector Thomas in the eye with his fist. Mr. Thomas said that Mr. Barlow attempted to strike him again, but he escaped before he could do so. Mr. Barlow was held in one thousand dollars bail, which was immediately furnished."

"Well, that is tough on the old fellow, Dick, isn't it? What do you say to our going out there this afternoon and trying to cheer him up?"

"Just what I wanted to ask you," said Dick, and thus it was arranged.

It was toward the end of September, and when we tied our boat at the pier on the island late that afternoon, the wind had risen almost to a gale, the clouds were gray and hung low over the water, and every weather indication pointed to the beginning of the equinoctial storm.

"We'd better hustle our visit," I said, glancing at the leaden clouds.

"You're right," said Dick, "I won't care to be beating it home about dark in such a storm as the one a-brewing."

Accordingly it was with hasty steps we approached the low, whitewashed home of the lightkeeper. I stepped up to the weatherbeaten door and knocked. There was no response. "Perhaps he isn't here," Dick suggested. I tried the handle, and the door swung back, revealing an empty room.

"Where do you suppose he's gone?" inquired Dick.

"You've got me," I said, disconsolately. "Perhaps he's gone to consult a lawyer; at any rate, he isn't on deck and I guess it's up to us to go back." I closed the door half to and paused, my hand on the knob.

"Say, Dick," I said, "it's going to be a devil of a storm and it will be pretty lonely for the old fellow sitting alone through the evening in this place thinking over his troubles. Let's spend the night here and cheer him up a bit. The folks won't worry about us. They know we're old enough to take care of ourselves. What do you say?"

"It's a go," replied Dick, "come on in!"

"I tell you," I suggested, when the door was shut behind us," "let's fix up a little supper for him to have when he comes in."

"There's no use talking," said Dick, "you'll miss your vocation if you're not a missionary or a slum-worker when you grow up. What do you know about cooking a supper?"

"Well, the easiest way to settle that question is to have a look at the larder, and then see what we can do with it."

And though we were neither of us what you might call culinary geniuses, we succeeded in turning out in the space of a quarter of an hour what we considered to be a most respectable supper.

Hardly were our preparations completed and the dishes laid on the table when the door opened, admitting a great gust of wind and Mr. Barlow. His clothes were reeking wet, which tended to increase the general forlorness of his appearance. His face looked haggard and worn, deep black circles were visible under his eyes, and one would have had difficulty in recognizing in him the hale and hearty old man of a few weeks previous; but his face lighted up with pleasure when he saw us.

"It's awfu' good of you boys to think of an old man like me," he said. "I had a rough trip across, and I was kind o' dreading the home-comin'. I'd 'a been mighty lonely this evening. You've come to spend the night, ain't you?" We nodded. "Well, that's good," he continued. "Let's eat the supper and afterwards I'll tell you all about what's happened. You'll be the first ones I've telled it to except the lawyer, and somehow it don't give you much satisfaction to tell anything to a lawyer," and his face clouded again. "It's going to be a dirty night," he mused, after a moment's silence, and as if in confirmation of this, the wind howled mournfully, while the patter of rain on the window panes became incessant.

The supper concluded, the old man took out his pipe, lit it and settled back in a chair, puffing fiercely while the gale rattled the window panes with ever increasing vigor.

"Boys," he said, "I've lived at this light up'ards of fifteen years. Sunshine or storm, I've climbed the stairs and lit it. Night after night when the storms was a-ragin' outside and beatin' against the tough glass, I've sat a-watchin' that light shinin' on so steady and thinking of the lights in the houses ashore and folks sitting around them all comfortable. And then gradual I'd begin to feel comfortable, too, a-sittin' here so cozy-like, and I didn't mind how loud the storm yelled nor how the waves beat agin the island. I loved it, for 'twas home; had been for fifteen year. Then along comes this inspector and tells me I might have to leave, and it came on me so sudden that I just slipped my cable and hit him. I was sorry when he'd gone, but it was too late then, and they'll make me go sure now and I'm too old to get anything else to do, an', an'—" Here the old man buried his head in his hands, his whole body shaking with his sobs.

The storm outside was raging now in all its violence. The wind shook the house, seeming each minute about to tear it from its foundations, while the gusts of rain beat incessantly against the window panes. Within, Dick and I sat in silence listening to the roar of the elements. Then suddenly I leaped to my feet. "Look," I cried, excitedly pointing towards the window. A gleam of light shot up athwart the black sky. Up, up it soared and then suddenly died out. The old man had risen to his feet, his eyes shining and his troubles banished for the time being from his mind.

"A rocket!" he cried, excitedly. "Some one's aground on Brown's reef. It's only a quarter of a mile from here. Quick, boys, we'll try to make it," and almost before he had finished speaking, he had pulled on some oilskins and rushed out of the door, while Dick and I followed. As we ran after the old man's vanishing figure, the blinding rain drove in our faces and the force of the wind nearly carried us off our feet. When we rushed on to the pier, Barlow, in spite of his years, had so far outrun us that he had already untied the dory. "Pile on," he said, authoratively, "I'll take the stern oars."

Luckily we had the only favorable weather condition such a night could furnish; the wind was blowing straight towards the reef. If it had not been for this we could probably never have made it. As it was, it required all Barlow's judgment to keep the great seas from throwing us broadside. When at last we drew near the reef he laid aside his oars and stood up to reconnoitre.

"It's a cruising launch as near as I can make 'er out," he shouted, "about a fifty-footer. There's a couple of men up forrard." Nearer and nearer we drew to the doomed boat. "Well, I'll be blowed," yelled the old man suddenly, "one of them men is that infernal inspector!"

. . . . . .

Well, we saved them! The inspector was the first whom Barlow pulled into the dory, and later Mr. Thomas showed that he was a true man. Maybe the wind and rain had blown his self-importance out of his brain, for he was game. It was a somewhat embarrassing position that the inspector found himself in when the five of us entered the keeper's house. For a moment there was silence and then stepping up to the old man he said, "I think I owe you a deep apology. I was only appointed inspector of lighthouses some two weeks ago and Bradley's was my first light. I'm afraid that I had too good an opinion of myself and came here with the intention of finding fault. I regretted afterwards what I said, but after our little trouble I didn't have the courage to come back, but I'll make amend, Barlow, you'll see. Will you forgive me?"

The old man, his eyes filled with tears—tears caused from quite a different emotion than those which he had shed earlier in the evening—extended his hand.

"Put 'er there, Mr. Thomas," he said. "God bless ye!" And Dick and I echoed his remark.

E. S. S., '10.

## Across the Causeway

OLD Sam Gale stuck his jack-knife blade into the stringer at the end of the dock with a vicious jab. It was evening in the little town of Marblehead, and he had his usual gang of associates about him on the old dock at the foot of State Street.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, "I've seed the weather when a vessel could sail over that causeway and never scratch her bottom. And," he continued, after a pause, "what's more, I've been on a vessel what's done it. Yes, sir, clean across. Seventy foot of dry land in fair weather."

He hesitated a second to let his speech sink into the heads of his weatherbeaten, horny-handed crew.

"Ye see it was this way. I was shipped with Tom Martin in the old Pontiac on a trip to George's. It was the middle of November, and after fillin' up with the fattest fish you ever seed, we turned her nose about and set out drivin' her for the market. 'Bout half way home we ran into a southeast gale. 'Twas about seven bells in the morning watch when it hit us, and we double-reefed the fore and main and doused the jumbo. Now we thought we'd come along all right under small sail like that, but no, sir! 'Bout the middle of the next watch all hands was called on deck

to douse the mains'l and set the trys'l. Later we took another tuck in the fores'l and set a No. 3 jib.

"'Lucky we got outer George's when we did,' says the skipper, when I come on deck to relieve him. 'There'll be bad doin's in there tonight, I'm thinkin', and I'm glad we're out here with lots of water under us. Well, Sammy, soak it to her and call me if it moderates.'

"He went below, and I tended to keepin' the vessel on her course, and I tell you it was some wet that night and cold—Lord! the spray froze the minute it struck. The old gal was jumpin' like a broncho and makin' pretty good weather of it, too. Pretty soon I feels a little wet touch on my face and I knew it wasn't spray. It was snowin'! It snowed all next day, and that night when we allowed to be pretty near Boston Light we couldn't see the length of the vessel.

"It was my watch on deck, and I tell you it was a dirty night and thick as mud. With a livin' gale pretty well aft, the *Pontiac* was yawing like a sick horse, and I called Jerry Nelson to lend a hand at the wheel. Things went on all right, when all of a sudden the watch forrard sings out, 'Breakers ahead!' At the same minute we was in it. I felt the vessel lift forrard and I gripped the wheel expectin' to feel her hit when she pitched, but she didn't. The next sea broke over the stern and I saw it take Jerry off his feet and carry him half the length of the deck. Me being lashed just nach'ally stuck and was about drowned.

"Durin' the next fifteen seconds I saw an exhibition of the worst seas I ever hope ter go through. Buckets, trawls, and then the dories went overboard. Everything that wasn't fast went shootin' over the rail, that is everything 'cept Jerry, who had took a turn of the foresheet around his waist, and then—as I live that sea suddenly disappeared and we were in calm water. At the same minute the skipper and rest of the boys came pilin' on deck. The skipper makes a grab at the wheel and shoots her up into the wind. Then, as she rounded to, all shakin', he bawls out, 'Git that

port anchor overboard,' and then as the chain rattled out of the hawser pipes we lowered away on the halyards.

" 'Where in—,' starts Jerry, but the skipper he roars out, 'We're in Marblehead harbor.' I was just figuring out our position, and reckoned that we'd been allowin' too much for leeway, and the arm of the protector swung over Marblehead just as we hit that surf, and I jumped for the hatch and here we be."

Sam shut up his knife and slid it into his hip pocket. "Yes," said he, "right across that causeway, and I suppose there's some who'd swear it couldn't be done.

"Well, so long, boys, I must be amblin' 'long home or the little woman'll be anxious." —X.

# Will it Come True?

BY E. THURSTON CLARKE

I HAD been thinking all the evening of the remarkable strides that were being made in air navigation and of the future possibilities of airships and aeroplanes.

It was nearly ten o'clock and I had been listening to the ticking of the clock for the last few minutes, waiting for it to strike ten.

"Click, click, click, click."

It sounded differently now—a soft, far away kind of tick. And what a strange clock—I had never noticed it before—almost like a face, but it was a clock—no longer—not a clock at all, but in its place stood one of the most extraordinary figures I had ever imagined. There was nothing ghostly about it beyond a vague kind of vibration, and the fact, which I at once noticed, that it cast no shadow. It had on a long garment, a kind of coat, which was fitted with a great number of pockets. Of large stature and overflowing with good humor, the ghost evidently possessed an abundance of energy and vitality.

I was unable to stir for some minutes, but sat gazing in wonder; but at last I managed to rise from my chair.

"Good evening," said the Ghost, in a most friendly way. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am the Ghost of the Future."

"Anything like Scrooge's ghost?" I murmured. "If so, I think I'd like to be excused from making your acquaintance."

"Oh, no, I only want to show you the changes that will take place in a few years. Is there any particular adventure you would like to experience?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried, eagerly. "A trip in an airship in 1950."

"Very well," said the Ghost smilingly, and taking a coat from one of his large pockets he threw it over me and said, "Place your hand on my shoulder, please."

I did so, and instantly the room faded away. We were in the broad daylight now. And what a strange world it was! First

of all I noticed the tall buildings and skyscrapers, which were three times as tall as those of the present day. Then in all the open spaces and even on the tops of some of the buildings were huge cradles built of iron and steel. These the Ghost explained were the landing stages. Looking skyward I saw, what I had long longed to see, hundreds of peculiar looking ships darting hither and thither. To be sure, there were roads, and fine ones too, but not a horse was to be seen. There were numbers of automobiles, very different from those of the present day, rolling along on these streets. The number of airships was much greater than the number of automobiles, however. And then the people! I will not attempt to describe them, as that would take too long. Let it suffice to say, however, that we would have to put a man, looking and dressed as they were, in a glass case. There were multitudes of people. So many in fact that there were three or four sidewalks in the city, built one above the other in tiers, to accommodate them. I stood for a long time, entranced, looking at this strange scene, until the Ghost spoke and said, "Come, it is time for us to go to the ship."

I laid my hand on his shoulder and again we flew through space, this time to an open field in which was a landing stage.

In this stage was the ship in which we were to take our trip. It was an enormous ship, fully three hundred feet long, of the dirigible balloon type.

We entered the ship by means of a gang-plank, and before it started the Ghost showed me all over it (we were invisible to the human eye). There was a saloon, dining-room, numerous bedrooms, quarters for the crew, and an engine-room. It was all finished in mahogany and luxuriously furnished. Hundreds of electric lights, hidden behind translucent plate glass, set in the ceiling, shed a soft light over all.

But that which interested me the most was the engine-room. Here were the electric motors for driving the ship and the dynamos for lighting, but nothing else.

"But where does the electricity come from for driving these motors?" I asked, in perplexity.

The Ghost smiled and opened a door which led into a small room. Here I saw a mass of wires and numerous strange-looking instruments. I turned again to the Ghost, and he explained.

"This is a wireless power receiver. The electricity is sent out by wireless apparatus at central power stations and received here. There is also a wireless signaling apparatus in this room. But come out on the deck now. We are going to start."

So saying, he led the way to the deck and I followed. In a few minutes we began to rise slowly and soon we were among the airships.

We saw about us now numbers of comparatively small craft. These the Ghost said belonged to the women and children and were called helicopters. He also explained that there were several classes of ships and different levels for each craft. There was first of all the level for the helicopters, next came the truck-ships and the ships belonging to the trade, then the slow-going pleasure ships, the fast pleasure ships, and last of all, and the highest, the level for the express trains.

We saw all kinds, manners and sizes of ships as we were ascending to our level. Our ship was classed as a fast-going pleasure ship, so we were quite high up by the time we reached our level. How strange everything looked! The people looked like dots and the buildings like blocks of wood. And how many airships! And above all what a strange sensation it was—this flying. A delightful, exhilarating sensation. We were going along at about a hundred miles an hour, yet there were many ships which passed us.

We flew on and on, and I was conscious of nothing around me,—conscious only of a feeling that I was flying through space. Finally I was awakened from my trance by the Ghost, who informed me that it was time we were returning.

"So soon? But how are we to get back from this great height?" I asked, in a mildly surprised tone, for I had become accustomed to wonders by this time.

"That will be easy. Do not be afraid. Do just as you did before," he replied.

I placed my hand on his shoulder again and we dropped, dropped, dropped, and then—I was in my chair with the Ghost in front of me.

"Goodbye," he said. "I hope you have enjoyed the evening." And before I could reply he began to fade away and—

"Click, click, click, click." It was the clock again, and there was I, in my big chair by the fire.

Mr. Brooks to slow pupil: "Did you look over these verbs? It seems as if you overlooked them."

Niccolls, in Physics: "Look at the gas bond. Something like running water."

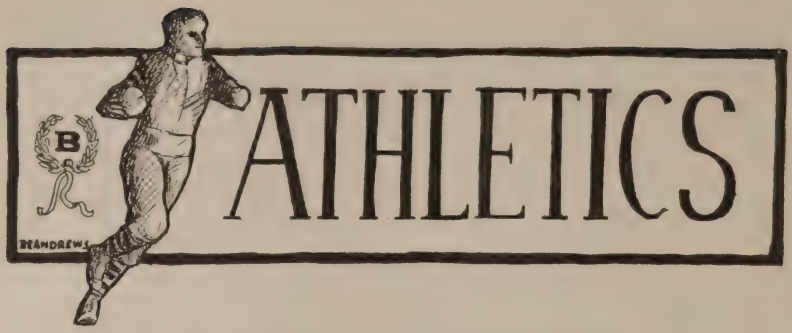
We were much enlightened by one of the speakers in the Freshman-Sophomore debate who said that the main trouble with the unemployed was that they had no work.

Ask some member of II History C who was the fourth Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. Case—"Explain it in English."

Pupil—"3x—y—"

Mr. Case—"No, no, we're not talking x, we're talking English."




## NEWTON *vs.* BROOKLINE

The second league game of the hockey season was played at Brae Burn pond on Friday, February 12th. As this game was to decide the superiority of the hockey teams, the game was hotly contested and the puck was kept moving every second. Both teams displayed fine work, Willets excelling for Brookline, while Hopkins and Washburn excelled for Newton. The summary of the game:—

| BROOKLINE. | NEWTON. |
|---|---|
| r. w., Mason. | l. w., Gorham. |
| r. c., Anderson. | l. c., Washburn. |
| l. c., Kelley (Kennedy, Kilmar). | r. c., Hopkins. |
| l. w., Trainer (Rogers). | r. w., Woods (Adams). |
| c. p., Willets (Bouvé). | c. p., Paine (Kelley). |
| p., Bouvé (Cooley). | p., Slocum. |
| g., Brown. | g., Converse (Jackson). |

Referee—Palmer. Time—20-minute periods. Score—Newton High School, 6; Brookline High School, 0.

## BROOKLINE *vs.* WELLESLEY

At the old Reservoir, Brookline defeated Wellesley High by a score of 1 to 0 on February 4th. Both teams showed clever playing. Whitney and Brown did well for Wellesley, while for our

team Rogers made the best showing. Kennedy made the only goal. The lineup was:—

| BROOKLINE. | WELLESLEY. |
|---|---|
| r. w., Anderson. | l. w., Wiswell. |
| r. c., Kennedy. | l. c., Rankin. |
| l. c., Kelley. | r. c., Whitney. |
| l. w., Kilmar (Rogers). | r. w., Webster. |
| c. p., Bouvé. | c. p., Ogilvie. |
| p., Brown (Cooley). | p., Ferris. |
| g., Niccolls (Brown). | g., Brown. |

Referee—Collins. Time—20-minute halves. Score—B. H. S., 1; W. H. S., 0.

## BROOKLINE *vs.* CAMBRIDGE LATIN

On January 29th Brookline and Cambridge Latin played a tie game of hockey at the old Reservoir. The game was the first of the league series, and proved fast and snappy. As indicated by the score, it was a close game, rendered even more so since two extra periods were played with neither side scoring. The lineup was as follows:—

| BROOKLINE. | CAMBRIDGE LATIN. |
|---|---|
| r. w., Mason. | l. w., Carver. |
| r. c., Trainer (Smith). | l. c., Hursch. |
| l. c., Kilmar (Kelley). | r. c., Davies. |
| l. w., Kennedy (Rogers). | r. w., Herbb. |
| c. p., Willets. | c. p., Graustein. |
| p., Bouvé (Cooley). | p., Merritt. |
| g., Brown. | g., Harrington. |

Referee—Davis. Time—two 20-minute halves and two extra 5-minute periods. Score—B. H. S., 3; C. L. S., 0.

## BROOKLINE *vs.* RINDGE MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

Brookline defeated Rindge Manual Training School in hockey by a score of 2-0 on January 27th at the old Reservoir. The

game was by far the best exhibition of hockey which our boys have given this season, and was full of interest from the very start. The only scoring of the game was done by Trainer, who got one goal in each half. The following was the lineup:—

| B. H. S. | R. M. T. S. |
|---|---|
| r. w., Mason. | l. w., Hubbard. |
| r. c., Kilmar. | l. c., Perley. |
| l. c., Kennedy (Bouvé). | r. c., Green. |
| l. w., Trainer. | r. w., Culhaine. |
| c. p., Willets. | c. p., Clarke. |
| p., Cooley. | p., Baker. |
| g., Brown. | g., Anderson (Fabian). |

Referee—Robins. Time—20-minute halves. Score—B. H. S., 2 R. M. T. S., 0.

## BASEBALL SCHEDULE—SEASON OF 1909

April.

Tues. 13, Roxbury Latin at Brookline.
Fri. 16, Arlington at Arlington.
Mon. 19, Alumnæ at Brookline.
Thurs. 22, Winchester at Winchester.
Sat. 24, Pomfret at Pomfret.
Wed. 28, Malden at Malden.
Fri. 30, West Roxbury at West Roxbury.

May.

Wed. 5, Dorchester at Dorchester.
Fri. 7, Tech. 1911 at Brookline.
Mon. 10, Noble & Greenough at Noble's Field.
Sat. 15, Norwood at Norwood.
Tues. 18, English High at Brookline.
Sat. 22, Waltham High at Waltham.
*Wed. 26, Cambridge Latin, place undecided.
*Mon. 31, Newton High, place undecided.

*League games.

June.

*Tues. 8, Newton High, place undecided.

*Fri. 11, Cambridge Latin, place undecided.

## BASEBALL

The baseball schedule has been completed, and is published in this number of the Sagamore. All games have been definitely arranged except the place where the league games will be played. If possible, these games will be played at the American League Grounds, Huntington Avenue. A definite statement will be given in the next number of the school paper.

All other games, with one exception, will be played either on our own diamond or in a neighboring town, and the whole school should turn out in large numbers, as the team needs the support of the entire school. We wish Captain Dooley and the team the greatest success.

The last of February Captain Dooley issued his call for baseball candidates, and a large number of fellows reported. Among the candidates several of last year's regular men were numbered, and the outlook for a strong nine is very favorable. Among the others we have Captain Dooley, Gallert, Mason, Kelly, Johnson, Carr, L. Johnson and McGrath. The team will rely almost entirely upon Carr to twirl the sphere. There is no doubt but that Carr is equal to the situation, but no team should rely upon one pitcher, however capable he may be. We would like to have at least two pitchers to alternate with Carr in filling that position. Gallert, who played behind the bat last season, is again in line, but will not maintain that position provided another candidate for that place proves worthy. Gallert's work in the field last year was remarkable, and he is needed there this year. Get busy, fellows, and come out as candidates for the battery positions.

Indoor practice is held in the Municipal Gymnasium by a privilege granted by Mr. Mason, to whom we owe many thanks.

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*League games.

## DUAL TRACK MEET, B. H. S. *vs.* LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL

In the first interscholastic track meet of the season, Brookline High was defeated by Lowell High on Saturday evening, February 13th, at the Lowell High School Gymnasium. Lowell was particularly strong in the track, whereas Brookline outclassed all in the field events. Captain Whitney clearly outran his opponents in the distance run. James McGrath needs special commendation for his plucky running. Captain Connell of Lowell captured the greatest number of points for his team, scoring 13. For Brookline, Dunbar was the first man in this respect, scoring 8. The final results were as follows: Brookline, 22 1-2 points; Lowell, 54 1-2.

# NEWS NOTES

Last month there was received from the Waseka school of Japan a "souvenir." T. Odauchi, who is closely connected with that school, wrote that the recent visit of the American fleet had given fresh stimulus to the gratitude of Japan towards America, who some fifty years ago obliged Japan by "opening her door." Also that the Japanese people were so enthusiastic in welcoming the fleet and men, that he took advantage of the opportunity to cultivate in his young students the feeling of human brotherhood. Thus the little "souvenir," consisting of pictures of the American fleet, collected and bound by those young students, comes to us as a token of good fellowship from the younger generation of Japan to the younger generation of America.

## DEBATE

The first debate of the new year was held February fourth. This was not only the sixth debate of the season, but the second open to visitors, and again the girls showed great interest. The meeting was called to order a little after three by President Floyd, who asked vice-president Gallert to take the chair during the literary program. After the report of the Rhetorical Committee the club was entertained by President Floyd, Benjamin Roberts and Albert Pollard. The subject was "Abraham Lincoln."

President Floyd made a short speech, in which he called attention to the wonderful breadth of sympathy of Abraham Lincoln, reading the letter to Mrs. Bixbee as an illustration of this trait. Next Ben Roberts read a poem on Lincoln, written by Anna Hol-

man of the senior class, while Albert Pollard of the sophomore class delivered in a dignified way the famous Gettysburg speech.

The question for the debate was: Resolved, That the vast fortunes should be checked by a graduated income tax. The affirmative was upheld by Eric Stone and Fred Barnet for the sophomores, and the negative by Barron Brainerd and Frederick Hussey for the freshmen. Eric Stone opened the debate and he was followed by the first member on the negative. After vigorous speeches by Barnet and Brainerd the debate was then open to the house. Sawtelle and Pollard upheld the affirmative, while Freeman Swett, Clark, Williams, Ferguson and Falvey spoke ably and well for the negative. The rebuttal was interesting, as each leader was quick to seize the weak points of the other. The debate was then put into the hands of our judge, Mr. Jocelyn, who rendered the decision in favor of the affirmative, by one point, the total marking being eight to seven. The meeting was then adjourned.

Among the most interesting events of the Brookline Municipal Gymnasium Exhibition on Saturday evening, January the sixteenth, was the work of the High School tumbling team and the dancing done by girls of the senior class.

The play for the annual dramatics has been chosen, and the task now remains to select the cast. The piece is entitled, "The Ladies' Battle," and is a translation from the French of Scribe and Legouvé.

Brookline's first interscholastic debate will be with Everett High School, occurring on Friday evening, March 5, in Shailer Hall. The subject for debate is: Resolved, that a nation advanced in civilization is justified in the interests of an inferior nation in asserting its authority upon that nation. Brookline will uphold the negative, which is to be in the hands of Gordon Gallert, Alan Hay and Philip Russel, while F. C. Gates, M. G. Hughes and C. D. Chandler of Everett High will support the affirmative. Mr. Franklin W. Hobbs will act as presiding officer, while the judges for the occa-

sion are to be Mr. Higginson, President of the Harvard Union, Mr. Howe, Headmaster of Wakefield High School, and Mr. Bartlett of Boston. There will be music furnished by the Girls' Glee Club of Everett High, the Brookline High School Mandolin Club and Miss Marion Feeley, also of Brookline High. Admission to the debate will be by ticket only.

Harry Dunbar greatly favored I French A by the loan of his graphophone, on which were played some of Mr. Brooks's best French records. Of course, this occasion was not only to afford amusement to the class but also to offer a splendid opportunity to hear and pronounce perfect French sounds.

Our old friend "Freddie" Tufts is expected home the latter part of this month.

There was a large attendance at the exercises which were held at the Town Hall Thursday, February eleventh, in honor of Lincoln's birthday. After a few opening remarks by Mr. Aldrich, the invocation was given by Rev. W. H. Lyon of the First Parish of Brookline. The principal address of the day was made by Col. Edward Anderson, who was familiar to most of those present. Colonel Anderson pointed out to us that many great men of all times had risen from poverty as Lincoln had done. He told us many interesting experiences of Lincoln, being a personal friend of his. During the exercises there was music, which was furnished by the Harvard quartet; the children also joined in some of the songs.

E. F. F.

# Alumni Notes

*To the Editor of The Sagamore:—*

When Daniel was thrown into the lion's den he consoled himself, it is more or less disrespectfully said, with the thought that if there was to be any after-dinner speaking he would unquestionably be relieved of the task. When I received your invitation to write a letter for *The Sagamore* the same feeling which actuated Daniel caused me to delay in writing, but I have become courageous and shall proceed to say a few words about debating. It would indeed be superfluous for me to remark that I appreciate the honor of the kind invitation to contribute to a paper on whose Board I served as associate editor for four years. Moreover, Brookline has a large and warm place in my estimation, and I am always willing, if I may, to help further the interests of Brookline High.

There is one misconception prevalent among boys, which I should like to correct at the outset, namely, that members of the debating teams have no red corpuscles. This is absolutely false. In past years the "sandiest" athletes of the High School have taken part in debating, and those who have not been members of athletic teams have shown the true sporting spirit. I believe that the Debating Team represents Brookline as no other sport does. It represents Brookline on the intellectual side, and a debate is nothing more than an intellectual contest.

Debating requires effort, training, and study. The Librarian at Harvard maintains that the members of the college debating team while preparing for the Harvard-Yale debate obtain a training equal to one full collegiate course. Not only does the individual gain much personal profit, but his efforts create competition, which increases the value of the performances, and raises the efficiency of all the members, both for the monthly contests and for life's activities.

There are some common mistakes which I should like to advise the new members to avoid: do not merely say a thing is true—prove

your statement by serious arguments, and give your authorities. Then do not attempt to demonstrate sixteen positive facts in ten minutes—take two or three strong points and prove them in a manner that will be remembered by your audience. In other words, do not scatter your fire; do not ramble; marshal your facts for presentation as a lawyer marshals his in court.

The maximum good in debating is secured by rubbing up against other men and having the critics rub up against you; and the investigation, organization, and presentation of your case in a careful, orderly, and complete manner gives you a training and power which is an essential part in the makeup of great men, both public and private.

If there are any timid fellows, I should advise them to "sail right in"; and they will be surprised to find out how easy it is after all. Besides, it is much better, I believe, to have your "stage" fright in school, where it makes little difference how many mistakes you make, than to wait until you enter college or take up your lifework. In this lifework it is of utmost importance to be able to express a thought in a clear and forcible way.

With best wishes for success to all,

CHARLES HANN, JR., '07.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 11, 1909.

'99. Miss Marion Hay was in the cast of "Her Great Match," presented at Whitney Hall, Feb. 18, 19.

'01. W. A. Quigley was married recently to Miss Connell of Dorchester.

'04. Paul Fanning was in Brookline recently on his way to the Philippines, where he has secured a position as a civil engineer.

'05. The engagement is announced of Edwin Morey, Tufts '09, and Miss Marion Patten Buxton of Nashua, N. H.

'05. Helen Dunbar has been elected to membership in the Spanish Club at Smith College.

'05. Edwin Morey, Tufts '09, has been elected President of the Evening Party Association at that college.

'05. Herbert Stiebel has been chosen leader of the Mandolin Club at M. I. T.

'05. W. J. Pettis was another B. H. S. graduate who took part in the presentation of "Her Great Match" at Whitney Hall.

'06. O'Hearn is putting up a good game at forward on the M. I. T. hockey team.

'06. Prentice Hatch, captain of the '05-'06 Brookline High Basketball Team, is left guard on the Tufts team.

'06. "Sully" Sargent was in the cast of the recent Tavern Club play.

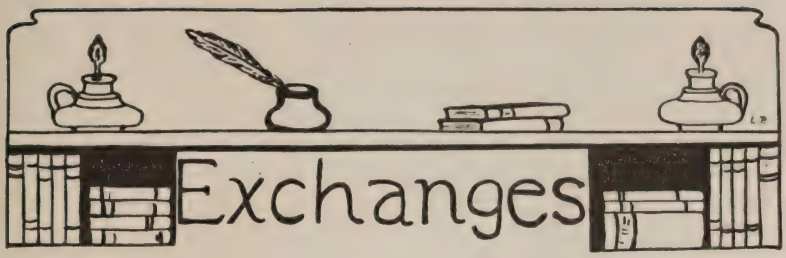
'06. Muriel Seeley, Smith '10, has been successful in gaining admission to the French Club.

'07. L. G. Glazier, M. I. T. '11, has been reporting the recent Evangelist meetings in this city for the Boston Journal.

'07. We are glad to announce the gradual recovery of Sherwood Blodgett after a very serious attack of typhoid fever.

'07. George Treadwell, Amherst '11, is again a member of the college relay team. Treadwell is also a member of the water-relay, which will represent Amherst in the matches at the Brookline Baths on March 3.

'08. Francis Boyd, captain of 1906 Brookline track team, was a member of the winning Yale freshman relay at the recent B. A. A. games in Mechanics Hall.




The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Adelphian, Bulletin (Montclair High School), Bulletin (Harvard), Courier, Crimson and Blue, Daisy, Herald, Gazette (2), Graphite, Jabberwock, Minute Man, New Trier Echoes (2), Oracle, Panorama (2), Register (2), Review (Cambridge), Southern Workman, Spectator (7), Sphinx, Trinity Tripod (4), Vexillum, Williams Record (4).

The Southern Workman contains a very interesting article on "The Americanization of Oriental Women." This is well worth reading; and, while it may not meet with the approval of all, it will at least find favor with one part of the school.

We are popularly supposed to benefit by the criticism of other papers. The exchange column acts as a mirror where we may see ourselves as others see us. When we already recognize our own shortcomings, it seems rather superfluous for an exchange to comment on those same defects. But we would like to know, Jabberwock, why you frankly admit the "unwieldiness" of your paper, and yet make no effort to correct it?

If you could be prevailed upon to part from that excruciating shade of orange, Minute Man, you would not only cease endangering the eyesight of your exchanges, but (we do not speak from entirely selfish motives) it would really be a great improvement to your paper.

"Off the Coast of Morocco," in the Oracle, is rather an exceptional story in both plot and development. The descriptions are particularly well written, while the story enjoys the distinction of being original. Our only criticism lies in the ending. The author may argue that there is none other possible, and even this statement might be open to criticism, but at any rate it is a pretty good plan to slide to conclusions that, as the saying is, don't leave a bad taste in the reader's mouth.

Have you any objection to exchange columns, Register? Yours seems to have been skipped this month.

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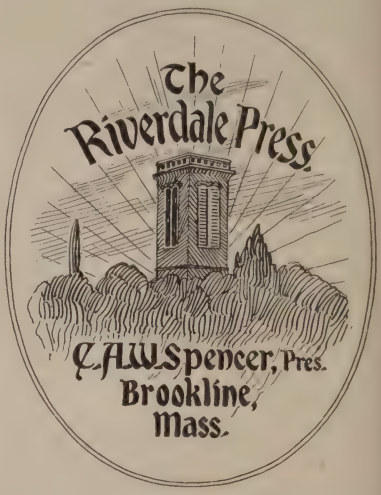


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Volume 15 APRIL, 1909 Number 6

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# THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XV APRIL, 1909 NUMBER 6

## Editorials

AS one walks through the long corridors of the High School building and hears the recitations in foreign languages, in mathematics, in English, he might suppose that that was all a pupil learned in the school; but let him descend to the basement floor and he will straightway discover his mistake by opening the door of the boys' old gymnasium. He will be astonished, no doubt, at what he sees, but he will be more so after he has investigated the work of the department.

The first thing that meets his gaze is a real bank with its gold-lettered windows and its brass railings. This is the Commercial Bank and in it work at their bookkeepers' desks five or six boys or girls, members of the class taking that subject. There are the discount clerk, the cashier, paying teller and receiving clerk. Each keeps his or her own books and statement of affairs. The business of a city bank is carried on in every detail by these several officials. Paper currency is in circulation, and each member of the class outside the bank has his own account and bankbook. The big ledgers of the bank are kept very carefully and if a mistake is made it must be rectified if it takes weeks.

Having inspected this part of the department, our visitor may step across the room to where the big oak desks are systematically arranged about one in the centre. This is the business house, where pupils get real business experience and learn to keep different books and understand the many transactions which arise. At the centre desk sits the manager of the department, a pupil who has proved himself proficient in his work and equal to taking charge

of the business. The other desks are all occupied by the different clerks of the house,—the Commercial Supply Co. Every class which comes down to this little business world has its own manager, its own clerks. Every morning the manager takes down his mail, which is arranged in a filing case, and if there is an order for goods, as there generally is, he gives the letter to the order clerk, who makes out a bill in triplicate, giving one copy back to the manager and the other two to the bill and shipping clerks. The transaction is entered in the sales ledger and credit ledger, the letter is copied into the big letter book, and the transaction is in every way completed.

This work is but a small part of the duties of the pupils, however. Each scholar in his personal bookkeeping study has his own books and files and bank account and a package of prepared invoices. In this work each pupil keeps all the books and carries out each transaction himself, making reports of his financial standing once in so often. The subject of notes, checks, drafts and all negotiable paper is taken up and put into practice. The pupil comes in contact with all kinds of legal documents and forms.

Besides this side of the business, there is a half hour each day devoted to penmanship, and wonderful results have been developed in short time, a few samples of which are shown in this number of The Sagamore. Mr. Colton has tried to develop the free and easy style or muscular movement, to take the place of the pinched square letters.

Then there is the commercial arithmetic, which includes all kinds of interest, bank discount and commission.

Now if our visitor can tear himself away and will walk down the corridor to the girls' old gymnasium, the sound of some forty typewriters will greet his ears. This is a joint department with the one he has just left. Here the pupils are instructed in the art of proper typewriting on the standard machines. This department is not only very useful, but is very interesting and correspondingly popular.

Take these two rooms together and you have a department unsurpassed for equipment and resources by any of its size in the country. Surely the pupils of the Brookline High School should be proud and grateful for such advantages as are given here for a business training.

---

## Who Is He?

Who is the man who made the fellows shout?
Who is the man who beat old Newton out?
Who is the man whom we never more will doubt
Is a winner?—Why, Shedden!

Who is the man who put "Daniel" in the shade?
Who is the man who a brand new record made?
Who is the man of the very highest grade?
Who is he?—Oh, Whitney!

Who is the man who outran Hartley fleet?
Who is the man whom Newton couldn't beat?
Who is the man who runs six hundred yards so neat?
Oh, yes! it's Jim McGrath!

Who is the man who made poor Newton gasp?
Who is the man who can hurdle all so fast?
Who is the man whom they simply couldn't pass?
Do we know him? Well, rather, Dunbar.

Who is the man who made "yellow" Barrows blue?
Who is the man who jumped like a "Kangaroo"?
Who is the man who won out for Red and Blue?
Why, that's Chandler.

—X.

# The Last Straw

By WEBSTER M. SAWYER

HE was a queer-looking object, that man who sat beside me in the car. At first sight I had all I could do to keep from bursting into laughter at the odd spectacle which he presented. But at second glance there seemed something pathetic about his look. Tall and gaunt, he seemed a veritable mountain among us ordinary mortals, and his stooped shoulders were far above those of any other person on the car. His clothes had evidently seen better days; they were shiny, yet they had no holes in them. The neat patch on one knee, however, showed me clearly that he had some one who cared for him. His cheeks were hollow and pinched and his brow deeply furrowed, and withal there was a certain something in that odd-looking countenance which bespoke a bright intellect. His face was smooth shaven and scrupulously clean, showing that he was as particular about his personal appearance as circumstances would permit. Indeed, from the nicely polished shoes to the carefully brushed derby, there was an air of neatness which prepossessed one in his favor.

Rather interested, I determined to follow this odd-looking character and learn more of him; so when, a few minutes later, the car stopped and he left, I followed. In order that he might not suspect my purpose, I waited until he had walked twenty or thirty paces and then followed him. His walk, at first, was brisk, as though he was desirous of reaching his destination quickly, but it gradually slowed down until he barely seemed to move. His head sank to his breast and he appeared lost in thought. After passing two or three blocks in this manner he paused before a bakeshop and after hesitating a moment, entered. I walked up and gazed in the window. My man was talking excitedly with a man in a white apron. I could not hear the words, but saw the baker angrily shake his head and point towards the door. My friend strode out, his dull eyes flashing forth the anger of the inner

man. I immediately guessed his story,—he was a poor man, out of work, and probably had a large family at home. He had attempted to obtain further credit at the bakeshop, but it had been refused him. My heart swelled with pity for the unfortunate wretch, and I hurried forward in order to give him a helping hand in his misfortune.

When I was almost upon him, however, he turned into a dimly lighted brick tenement house and mounted the dark stairs. He paused on the second floor, opened a door and entered. I crept to the door and listened, even though I knew what often happened to eavesdroppers. For several minutes I heard nothing and imagined that he had fallen into a sort of stupor, when suddenly he began to speak. What he said tallied exactly with my thoughts. His first words were these:—

"And to think that after all these years of struggling we must die thus. It's no use, I've tried everywhere to get work, but no one will give me any; and now, you, Annie, and our two little darlings there, must die of starvation, for the baker refuses to give me any more credit."

I could stand the recital of such woes no longer, and strode up to the door, knocked, and entered. There in the middle of a bare, unfurnished room stood a tall, erect young man with a clear, handsome countenance and wavy brown hair. He had on the same shiny grey suit with the patched knee, as my friend in the car, but outside of this and his great height there was little resemblance between the two.

"Wh-where is the man who came in here a few minutes ago?" I asked, in an amazed tone.

"I am he," was the smiling response.

"What!" I cried. "Why he was a much older man than you, and besides I just heard him talking to his wife. Ah! perhaps he is in the next room," and I took a step forward.

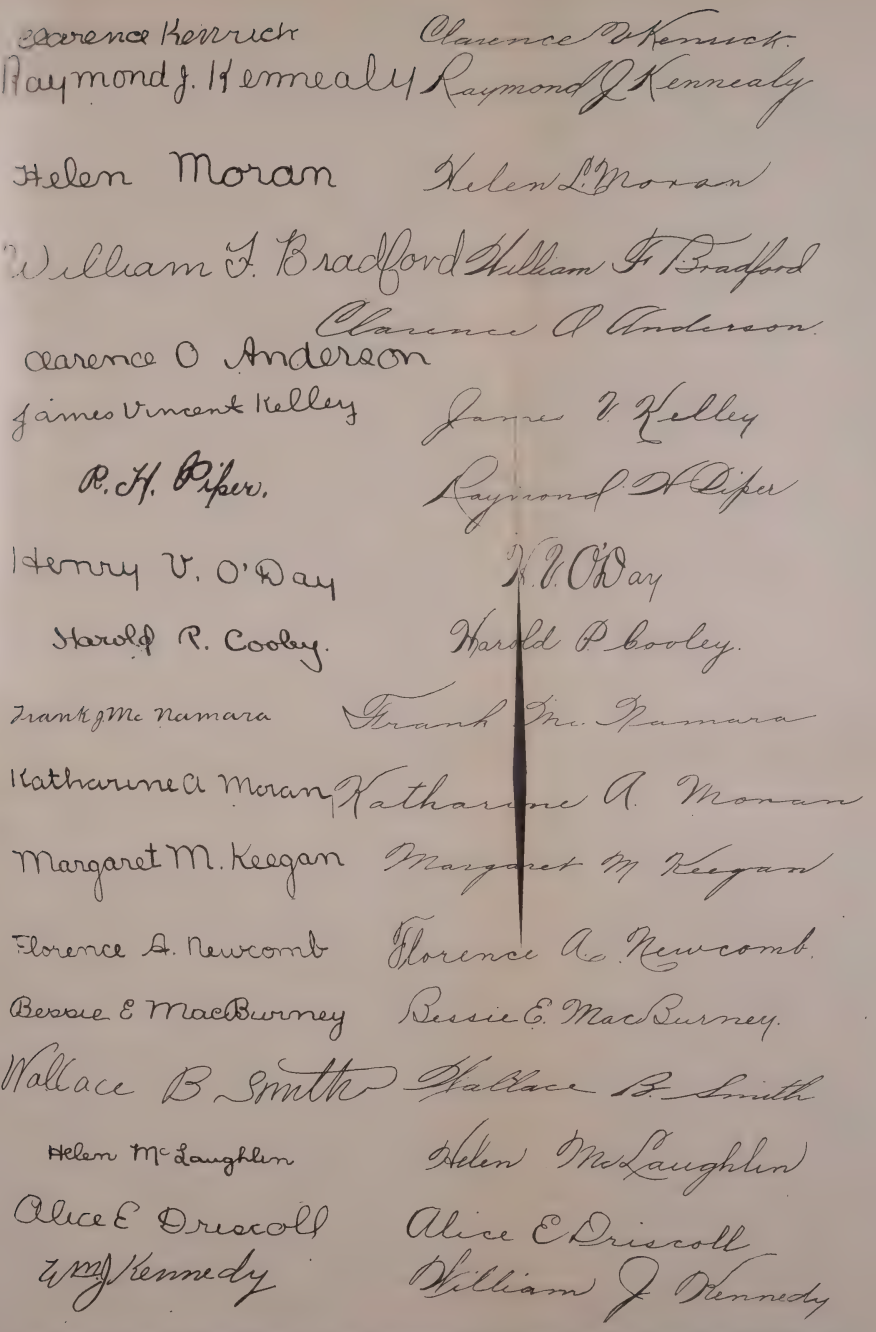
"Wait just a minute," said he, "and perhaps I can explain this matter to your satisfaction, although I fail to see why I should

after your following me home in such a manner. Well, I presume you meant well, even though you are a trifle dense." Here he smiled broadly at my discomfiture. "In the first place, I'm an actor. I am to be in the play which will be here next week, and this afternoon I went there for a rehearsal. My part is that of a poor man with a starving wife and two starving children. I was a trifle late today, and, as I was anxious to get home, didn't wait to change from my makeup to my ordinary clothes. The words which you evidently heard were a portion of my part, and I was merely rehearsing them. There, I guess that explains everything."

"But the baker?" I stammered.

"Oh," he responded, with another smile, "he owed me some money and I just dropped in to see if he wouldn't settle up."

I — — well, anyhow, like the historic friend of the "Ancient Mariner," I went home a sadder and a wiser man.



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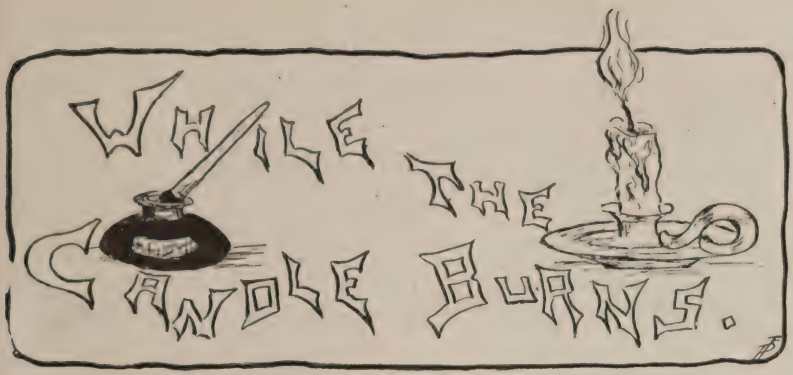


# Experimenting with Gravitation

By JAMES J. RUDOLPH

I HAD already been studying physics for three hours without moving, when I came to this problem in gravitation:—

"If 'A' jumps so as to leave the earth with a velocity of ten feet per second, how high will he go and how long will he stay in the air?" (Acceleration of gravity = 32′ per sec.)

My brain now refused to work.

"I wish there were no such thing as gravitation," I groaned, and began to wonder what would happen if such were the case. After my mind had wandered over the subject for some time, I resolved to try some experimenting for myself.

Before I could realize it, I was standing outside on the lawn in front of my jumping standards. The clear night invigorated me, and as the round, yellow moon directly overhead made it almost as light as day, the conditions for a record jump were ideal. I crouched, strained every nerve, and jumped!

Up! up! up! I shot with an enormous acceleration. I could feel the air rush by me with a terrible roar. I saw my home like a speck for an instant, then it disappeared, and the whole world below me looked like a great round ball which grew smaller and

smaller with increasing rapidity. Confused thoughts began to flash through my brain. "What was the matter? When would I start back?" But all was futile, I could not go back for there was no gravity.

"Would I ever stop? Or must I end my days flying through space with a prospect no more hopeful than that some day I might puzzle an astronomer on some distant planet?" I found it now difficult to breathe, and was shuddering at the thought of becoming a comet, when on looking above me I beheld the moon, not the small yellow one you know, but a big red moon with a diameter of fully twenty feet.

"Would I hit it?" I mused. "Yes, I was aiming straight for it." I would surely be burned to death in an instant on that fiery monster. But even while I thus pondered the moon grew still larger and the red faded into a straw color, and then before I could realize it, I struck. Of course you have all heard the theory that the moon is made of green cheese, but you don't want to believe it, for I was buried in a snow bank. After I had spent two hours digging, I finally got my head out. The sight that met my eyes is one that I shall never forget. As far as the eye could reach, extended a grand, undulated snow field, below me a smooth slope, above, a jagged peak and a round hillock, all sparkling under a golden sun. I was enchanted; such a sight had never met human eyes! I threw myself down on the solid crust and let myself slide. As I raced along everything sparkled like a sea of diamonds. Soon I struck a slight hump, which threw me into the air and away into space. The moon also possessed no gravity. I tore along, undergoing the same sensations as in my upward flight. At last I perceived a dark object ahead, and knew I was going to hit the earth. "Would I be killed?" I was weighing my chances when I found myself on good old earth.

As I stared about me, half dazed from my fall, I noticed that I was lying on the thick bear skin by my window, and I thanked my lucky stars that my window had been left wide open.

# The North Wind

By MARJORY SCOTT WARD

Oh, for the North wind! The rushing, roaring, boisterous North wind! Whistling down the chimney, shrieking around the corner, rattling the windows, banging the shutters, oh, he's a hearty fellow! As he rushes through the sky he carries on his back a bag of blinding snowstorms, sleet and hail, and all the while he speeds on, and on,—blowing and puffing as though he would like to extinguish the sun, who hides at his approach. The trees writhe and twist their creaking limbs, and shudder as he passes them. The birds huddle up together and try to keep warm, others fly screeching before him, terrified. As you see him in the sky he looks like a great gray cloud, ever rolling on and on, but when he gets nearer all you can tell him by is a blast of icy breath, a hoarse roar, a mighty shout, and then a wailing song. Oh, the roaring, blustering North wind. Hurrah, for him!

# Moonstruck

By THOMAS G. GLEASON

WE all know how time flies in pleasant company, how when somebody announces the lateness of the hour surprise is pictured on every face and every one says that he "must be going," but yet lingers, hating to break up the pleasant circle. So it was with me on this eventful night. My hosts tried to make me stay overnight but I declined. They told of witches that ride around on broomhandles when the moon is full, but I divined their intention of frightening me and prepared to go. Somebody snatched my hat and declared that I could not have it till next morning, but I laughed, and bidding them good night went out bareheaded. When they saw that I was bent on going, they repented and called to me to come back and get my hat, but I was obstinate and pretended that I didn't hear. I really didn't mind the walk through the deserted streets. I was, however, a little shy about meeting any one at such a late hour, hatless.

It was a rarely beautiful night; for what is so rare as a night in June with the full moon just risen in the east, the trees and bushes exhaling the fresh warmth of late spring and everything still except the night wind rustling through the foliage? My course led me past the High School. Its ivy-covered brick walls were bathed in white moonlight. There was room for a dozen witches in the thick clump of bushes at one corner of the building, I thought, and the soft, slow wind through the trees sounded like the sweeping of the historic brooms always connected with witches. If it had not been for this, I should have thought all under an enchanter's spell. The whole picture would have been ideal if only an owl representing wisdom had been perched on the tower instead of that weathervane. I looked up at the moon. It peered over my left shoulder. An ominous sign! Then somehow I slipped and fell. I cannot distinctly remember having got up, but yet I found myself hurrying up the steps, two

at a time. The front door was open and I entered. Inside all was veiled in darkness; only a square of moonlight came in at the window in the door. Instinctively I ascended the stairs to the right. At the top there was a little slit of light falling on a half-opened door; everything else in shadow. The door was that of my class room and I pushed it open. Enough light entered by the windows to show I had intruded upon a recitation. It was a revelation to me, and maybe a surprise to some of you, to know that there is a night school in our building. If you have doubts pay it a visit some night, only you may not be as fortunate as I to find the door open.

From every desk glowed a pair of yellow eyes. At the head stood the master with his back to me. He was a cat. They all were cats. I had intruded on a class of cats. For a moment I stood unobserved, then desiring to find out whether or not these were real cats, I growled like a dog. Instantly every cat dropped his book and sprung to the top of his desk with arched back, spitting mouth and fiery eyes. The bell rang. There came a rattling, grinding noise that shook the building to its very foundation.

Everything changed to broad daylight, and I was caught in a group of pupils hurrying to their seats. The clock pointed to half past one. It was time for the session to be over, and I took my place with the rest. We were dismissed. I went out as usual, and when I reached the front door I noticed that the corridors were deserted and that not a sound could be heard. This seemed rather queer, bearing in mind the accustomed rush to be first out of school. After a short delay I opened the door and went outside. Half way down the steps I turned and looked up at the roof to find out the cause of that shock. It was the moon that had carried away the top of the weathervane. The janitor had forgotten to hang out a red lantern, and the moon had run into it in the dark. I slipped and fell for the second time, and my poor head struck the hard flagstones at the bottom of the steps with a terrible thump.

When I came to I found myself lying in the gutter, my head swathed in bandages. Three bearded men were bending over me. One felt my pulse, and after having satisfied himself he put my watch in his pocket and said, "Moonstruck." Then they tenderly lifted me into the waiting ambulance. "Serves the fool right, going bareheaded on such a bright moonlight night," said another, as they slammed the door and whipped up the horses.

# NEWS NOTES

On Monday evening, February 22d, the Nu chapter of the Gamma Delta Psi fraternity tendered to a large number of High School pupils a most enjoyable dance at the Riverdale Casino. One of the most attractive features of the evening was the moon-waltz, the moon being represented by a transparency of the Gamma Delta Psi crescent. The dance was excellently managed and called forth much well-deserved praise from those who were fortunate enough to attend.

It is pleasing to note the success achieved by the "Gorgoza" concert which was given recently in Jordan Hall by the members of the Tau Beta Beta society in this school. The object of this concert was to start a scholarship fund for Simmons' College, and a little over four hundred dollars was cleared.

There are at present in the school library fourteen uniformly bound volumes of The Sagamore, the last three having been bound under the very able management of Newell A. Thompson, Jr., the present business manager of our school paper.

The brass weathervane on the High School tower is now completed and gives a decided improvement to the appearance of the building.

The cast selected for the play to be given at the Annual Dramatics this year is very fortunate in securing the services of Miss Marion Hay of Brookline as coach. Miss Hay is well known in Brookline amateur theatrical circles, and her aid will be greatly appreciated.

Well, we could scarcely hope for any better results in our first interscholastic debate. To speak colloquially, "Everett was a foeman worthy of our steel," and a little bit more. The question was: "*Resolved*, That a nation advanced in civilization is justified in the interests of an inferior nation in enforcing its authority upon that nation." Everett was represented by F. C. Gates, '10, M. Y. Hughes, '11, and C. R. Chandler, '11, while for Brookline, Gordon Gallert, '09, Alan Hay, '10, and Philip Russell, '10, upheld the negative. The three Everett speakers showed the effects of excellent training and were far-seeing in making their points, seeming to divine just what would be Brookline's line of defense, and had arguments to meet it. On the other hand, the speakers for the Red and Blue showed their ability as orators and brought forth their points in a very clear, concise, convincing manner, slipping up only in the rebuttal. The judges were Mr. C. H. Howe, Head Master of the Wakefield High School, Mr. L. L. Cleveland, Head Master of the Quincy High School, and Mr. Joseph W. Bartlett of Boston. After a long, serious conference in which they could not come to a unanimous decision, they announced Everett as victor. The affair was a great success from every point of view, and the speakers deserve our highest congratulations.

All will be glad to know that Gardner A. Whitney, captain of this year's track team, has been chosen vice-president of the Interscholastic League.

Mr. Aldrich recently presented the school with a most acceptable gift, the two well-known books, "Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man," by James Morgan, and "He Knew Lincoln," by Ida M. Tarbell.

The good old maxim, "Watch your opportunity," has been chosen as the Senior Class motto.

The Senior Class has decided in favor of Odin Fritz, 304 Boylston street, Boston, as its class photographer.

## DEBATING CLUB

On Thursday afternoon, March 11, the regular fortnightly debate was held in Room 10. The subject for the day was, "*Resolved*, that forest lands shall be exempt from taxation until the harvest of the crop." The affirmative was upheld by Hugh Brady and Dunbar, while Wallace Rand and Wyman spoke for the negative. Hugh Brady opened the debate for the affirmative in a convincing manner, arguing that the present system of taxation of forest lands is undesirable and unfair. Wallace Rand then took up the debate for the negative, stating his arguments along three lines. Dunbar, for the affirmative, was third speaker. His arguments were well chosen, and his presentation good. Wyman followed as second speaker for the negative. He spoke very earnestly and his arguments were good. The rebuttal for the affirmative, taken by Brady, was particularly good, while Rand made a very creditable stand for the negative. The following spoke from the floor: Affirmative, Keegen; negative, Carver, Gallert, Talbot, Berle, Mattson, Brown, J. Brady, Hussey, McGrath and Williams. The judges for the day, Rudolf, Barnet and Knowlton, gave their decision for the affirmative, which was also the vote of the house. Franz Niccolls gave a very able criticism.

On Monday morning, March 15, Mr. White of Chicago gave the school a most interesting talk on political economy or "The Art of Living," as he expressed it. He prefaced his remarks by telling us not to believe what he said unless we knew it to be true, and then proceeded to convince us of its truth. He dwelt chiefly on the "single tax," a topic with which few of us were familiar and about which we were all glad to learn. Mr. White enlivened his talk with many humorous anecdotes. At the conclusion of his remarks he was most vigorously applauded.

Jacobs, in II. French D—"'Toutes les filles cirer leurs petits souliers'—All the girls took off their little overshoes."

Mr. Joslyn, very much interested in his subject—"Put a centigrade thermometer into boiling ice—"

Talk about a nature fakir!

An absent-minded pupil in II. English A, speaks of "fire, a tree, or any other kind of animal."

The members of I. English X. were glad to learn from Miss Ridley's own lips the other day that she had never been "hauled up" in court.

Mr. Joslyn is explaining energy to I. Physics B—"Now, it's just like this, this rope is shortened by ½ $\pi$.

Feeley—"There's too much shortening in the pie."

In supporting the affirmative for woman's suffrage, a pupil writes the following: "Do not women do as much for the country as the men? Who are the greatest mainstays of the saloons?"

Question: Is the pupil confusing his French and English vocabularies?

Pupil, coming from Rhetoric class, to his companion—"Say, what are graphic sounds?"

Companion, listening to melodious strains proceeding from the graphophone in Room 10—"I should call them 'phoney ones.'"

Miss Ross: "Something active is par (Pa)."

Question: Is Ma always very quick?

Did we dream it, or did Chaffee really mention that he had an "Indian" motor-cycle?

Mr. Josyln, to a noisy study period—"Are you folks aware that the second bell rang some time ago?"

Just then the second bell did ring and the joke was on teacher.

Talk about freaks! "The curtain was raised and before them sat Signor at a table with a long beard."

Mr. Brooks, looking at the word "sevester" written on the board, says: "Your *sister* seems to be slightly lacking!"

## PREPARATORY LEAGUE MEET

Brookline's track team was never in better trim, nor was it ever more hopeful of victory than on the 24th of February, when Captain Whitney led his men to the contest with Cambridge Latin and Newton High schools. First of all came the trial heats for the 40-yard dash, each school winning a heat. Brookline captured the semifinals for second men, while Shedden of Brookline won the final heat. The most exciting and most interesting of all events came next, in the form of the 1000-yard, in which the three captains of the contesting schools were pitted against each other. Whitney of Brookline ran a beautiful race. For the first two laps he held second place, then he stole first place and held it against two Newton men and the captain of Cambridge Latin. The latter, who had been behind the Newton runners, passed them and strove hard to pass Whitney; but "Gag" was out to win, and with his characteristic persistence, he maintained his position and crossed the line first. It would be useless to attempt to describe the wild enthusiasm of Brookline, and even the defeated schools' supporters could not but admire Captain Whitney for the splendid showing he made; for not only did he win the race, but he broke the record previously made. Whitney's time was 2-28, while the record up to this time has been 2-38. The shot-put was carried by Cambridge, with Newton second and Brookline third, represented by Graustein, Allen and Gallert, respectively. Newton was victor

in the "300," but Hann came second for Brookline. Spurred on by the splendid victory of Captain Whitney, and encouraged by the other successful Brookline men, our boys monopolized the remaining victories. Chandler won the high jump, while Dunbar and Johnstone of Brookline tied Burrows and Nagle of Newton for second place. The "600" followed, and "Jim" McGrath, starting off with a good lead, maintained the position throughout the race. This event was almost as exciting as the 1000-yard, and was as pretty a race as Brookline has ever run. Whitney came close to taking second, but was just outdone by Hartley of Newton. In the hurdles (45-yard), Dunbar carried off the laurels, while Newton took second place. The meet was the most successful that Brookline has taken part in for many a season, and it certainly means a great deal to the school to have been so successful. The team deserves the warmest praise that we can extend, no small share of which is due to Mr. Carrell, who so efficiently and conscientiously trained the fellows to carry off so many honors. Hats off to Mr. Carrell and to the track team! A summary of points is given below.

TABLE OF POINTS

| | B. H. S. | N. H. S. | C. L. H. S. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 40-yard dash | 5 | 3 | 1 |
| 1000-yard run | 5 | 1 | 3 |
| Shot-put | 1 | 3 | 5 |
| 300-yard run | 3 | 5 | 1 |
| High jump | 7 | 2 | 0 |
| 600-yard run | 6 | 3 | 0 |
| 45-yard hurdles | 5 | 4 | 0 |
| Total | 32 | 21 | 10 |

The baseball team is now well under way and is making rapid strides toward the desired results. Mr. Carrell is coaching the team and is confident that, with the coöperation of the fellows,

Brookline High will be well represented on the diamond this spring. About fifty fellows reported for practice in response to Captain Dooley's call. There will be of necessity a cut in the squad, but no candidate should quit until told to do so by the captain or coach.

Outdoor practice will be in order as soon as the playground loses some of its superfluous "moisture," and by the thirteenth of the month everything will be ready for the opening game at home with Roxbury Latin School. There will be four games played on our diamond, the others being arranged out of town. However, many of the games are in neighboring towns which can be easily reached; and there is nothing more encouraging at a baseball game than to feel that the school has turned out in large numbers to cheer for its representative team. Let the girls of our school grace these occasions with their presence, and there will be no difficulty then in obtaining a larger following from the boys of the school. Every one ready for the thirteenth of April!

The season for crew work has again overtaken us, and we find the candidates for places practising every afternoon in the municipal gymnasium. Thirty-six fellows are out for oars, while ten are eagerly awaiting the time for choosing coxswain. From such a number we may select a sturdy group to represent the school. The machines are kept busy every afternoon, and about the first of April Captain Niccolls will have the squad practising on the river. In spite of the fact that none of last year's first crew has returned to school this year, there is a good nucleus in the members of the second crew.

The dates for the annual spring meets have not as yet been definitely settled. The Harvard-Interscholastic will be held either on April 24th or on June 12th. The Brown meet will be held on May 31st, and the Amherst meet in June, although no definite date has been set.

The annual outdoor meet for interclass and grammar school contests will be held in May, the exact date to be announced later.

As soon as the weather and the condition of the cinder track will permit, outdoor track work will be started. Mr. Carrell will devote a part of his time to coaching the outdoor track work.

On Saturday, April 17th, there will be a cross-country run held under the auspices of the High School of Commerce of Boston. Brookline High is entered in the race, and hopes to come out with honors. The course will be as follows: Starting at the corner of Longwood and Huntington avenues, along the former to Harvard street, thence to Brookline village, and returning to starting point. Entries for this event will close on April 10th.

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## Alumni Notes

*To the Editor of The Sagamore:—*

With such a good example before me as the letter in your last issue, from my old friend and classmate, I am reminded that I must indeed strive hard to keep up with such an able pace-maker. Indeed, this letter is probably the longest article I ever wrote for The Sagamore which got into print, except for such perfunctory reports of athletic contests as I had the pleasure of writing.

The suggestion of "school spirit" as a topic brings to my mind many disconnected ideas which I entertain on the subject. From all reports there are too many boys down in their studies, a condition of things for which there is little or no excuse. If a fellow thinks enough of his school he will keep up in his work. I once heard it quoted of Yale that athletes there felt disgraced if they were prevented from competing on account of scholarship difficulties. I wish that feeling prevailed at Brookline High. In some cases it seems as if the fellows made an earnest attempt to keep up and were unsuccessful, but these cases are rare.

Owing to the low standing of two men in 1907 the Preparatory League track championship banner does not stand in Shailer Hall. The track team, this year, is to be congratulated not only

on its victory over Newton, but over "conditions." Do not let this difficulty stand in the way of two successful crews this spring. The material in the school with the right spirit can win this year, while at the same time new oarsmen can be developed for a year ahead if the squad is not "cut" too small. Then poor discipline is fatal to good rowing because a winning crew must be a smoothly running, well-balanced machine. Here, I speak from experiences, not always pleasant, covering three years.

To be of uniform quality, school spirit should be well-balanced, and too much stress should not be laid on athletics. For this reason, I was gratified to hear that the school basketball team had been abolished; in addition it would seem advisable for the track team to rest on its laurels and let the crew and baseball teams receive unstinted support. The school is not large enough to support many teams at one time. Continuing the discussion of a well-balanced spirit, I want to echo strongly what has been said in the past in favor of the debating team. It is a great thing, and will undoubtedly reach the top in such strong condition from its slow growth that it will stay there. On the scholarship side, apart from athletic eligibility, you can get plenty of good advice in school.

Speaking of advice, I hope few of you are at that age when "nobody can tell you anything," as the saying is. General Braddock suffered his famous defeat from that cause. Question for II. Hist.

Those of you who are going to college will find that the habit of keeping up with affairs at school, the habit of leadership, will bring you to new honors more suddenly than you expect. You cannot always foresee success, but it may be just around the corner. Men ahead of you have to drop out for various reasons, and then your turn comes to take their places. In High School this applies particularly to freshmen and sophomores. You are at an age when you can develop quickly and well in whatever branch of activity you set your minds. These things are easy to say, but hard to realize. Think about them awhile and try to apply them,

just for experiment. In closing, let me express the sincere wish that those of you who are coming to Tech will let us "old Brookline boys" know, as we would be very glad to assist you to learn the "ropes." LLOYD C. COOLEY, '07.

Brookline, March 14, 1909.

1900. Charles Lyon Chandler is United States Consul at Montevideo, Uruguay.

'05. H. P. Chandler, ex-'05, is working on the thousand foot level for the Quartet Mining Co., in Searchlight, Nevada.

'05. Harold Tomlin has been chosen for the leading part in the coming Pi Eta show at Harvard.

'06. Donald Williamson has been elected Vice-President of the Mechanical Engineering Society at Technology. Arthur Truette of the same class has been chosen Secretary of the society.

'06. Muriel Seeley, Smith '10, has been elected to membership in the Philosophical Club at that college.

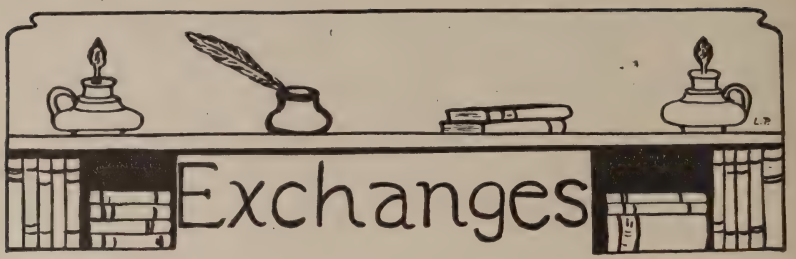
'07. Charles Hann, Jr., Harvard '11, has become a member of the Institute of 1770.

'07. Donald Stevenson is on the executive committee of the M. E. Society at M. I. T.

'07. G. L. Treadwell, Amherst '11, has been selected as Sophomore Swimming Director at college. Treadwell is also a member of the newly formed Amherst Press Club.

'08. Mary Clarke had lunch with Mr. and Mrs. John C. Packard while in Berlin.

'09. Charley Farnsworth, ex-'09, is employed at present in the office of E. M. Farnsworth Co.




The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Adelphian, Advance, Artisan, Bostonia, Courier, Gazette (2), Graphite, Jabberwock, Ledger, Megaphone, Minute Man, Penn. Charter Magazine, Radiator, Red and Blue, Review (Lowell), Review (Newton), Spectator (8), Southern Workman, Tripod (5), Vexillum, Williams Record (5).

Now that the football season is over and the gridiron heroes have disappeared, at least temporarily, from the horizon, the prodigies of the track have appeared with a rush. Stories, of such a character where the hero makes the necessary touchdown, or crosses the tape half a foot in front of his most hated rival, etc., etc., even though they be ever so well written, are *not* original.

"The Mile Event" in the Artisan doesn't even enjoy the distinction of being a new treatment of a very hackneyed subject, while, on the other hand, "A Modern Knight," in the Newton Review is an exceptionally bright, original view of the worn-out subject. In fact, the stories in The Review are a decided relief after the general run of harrowing stories the editor has been treated to this month.

It is rather too bad, Radiator, to make a change in your cover when that change is so much for the worse. The glaring white profusely decorated with gold which adorned the cover for the New Year number cannot compare for attractiveness with your last one.

The Ledger comes to us for the first time this month. We were especially attracted by the department headed "Snap Shots."

## RULES OF THE NEW FOOTBALL

*Rule I*

The "forwards" must wear handcuffs to prevent a chance of fighting;
The halfbacks must be muzzled to restrain them from biting;
The quarter must be chloroformed before each play exciting.

*Rule II*

Each player must be guarded by a trainer, two physicians,
Two umpires, a policeman, and eleven politicians;
A chaplain, too, must soothe him during frequent intermissions.

*Rule III*

Don't use rough language. Tempers must be smooth as any satin.
The gridiron's not a proper place to wrangle or combat in—
If you must use profanity, please swear in Greek or Latin.

*Rule IV*

To bar out all "professionals" we favor this appliance:
Each student is disqualified, despite his fierce defiance,
Who has not gained his Ph. D. in calculus or science.

*Rule V*

If some takes the ball from you, don't try by force to drop him—
Stand still and thunder "Halt!" three times, and if this doesn't stop him
Call up a constable at once and have the copper cop him.

*Rule VI*

A fullback who caught the ball, before he tries to kick it
Must take it to the referee and get a credit ticket,
Each coupon's good for seven yards (you must not bend or nick it).

*Rule VII*

In winning ends each player (a precautional provision)
Must wave a colored lantern as a guard against collision—
Disputes must be referred to the supreme court for decision.

—*Atlanta Journal.*

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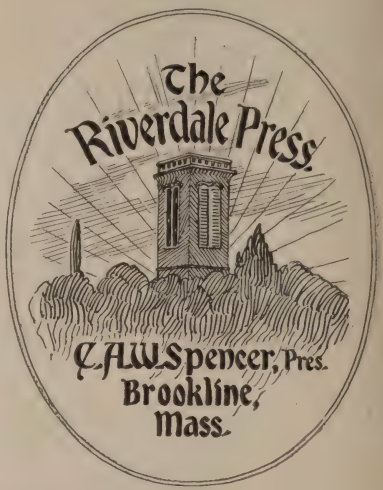


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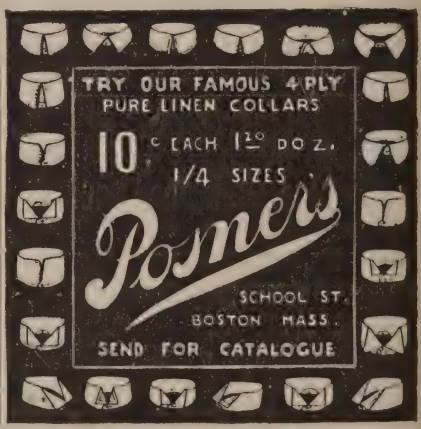

Volume 15 MAY, 1909 Number 7

# The Sagamore

**Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.**

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# THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XV MAY, 1909 NUMBER 7

## Editorials

THE Sagamore is one of the many school institutions which regrets the loss of Miss Lucy B. Ingram, Head of the English department, who left us April third to marry Mr. Topliff of Boston. During Miss Ingram's rather brief stay at the High School, she has done much to heighten the efficiency of the various bodies with which she has been connected. By her unceasing efforts the B. H. S. Debating Club has risen, step by step, towards the goal which she set, perfection. The Sagamore, too, owes much to her loyal aid; she corrected manuscript and encouraged pupils to write, just as enthusiastically as she urged them to speak in the Debating Club. Ever ready for a joke, she knew how to make her classes in English both interesting and instructive. Thanking Miss Ingram for her hearty support, and for the valuable work she did for it and for the school which they represent, the Sagamore Board extends to her its best wishes for happiness in her new home

---

Brookline now holds the championship of the Preparatory League in track; now let us strive for the title on the diamond. How can we, the main body of the school, help? By attending the games, especially the league contests! Last year the attendance at the league baseball games was shameful. We lost—of course we did; the team lacked the proper support of the school. This season the prospects for a victorious nine are very bright. Mr. Carrell has worked his hardest; the players have practised faithfully all the spring, even in vacation; and now, fellows, and girls, too, "it is up

to you." The team, with the school at its back, will surely carry the honors to the home of the red and blue.

Again, and along this same line, when the schoolboy regatta is held this spring on the Charles river, let every member of the school go down to Harvard bridge and cheer for the red and blue. Remember, when the crews pass under the bridge, pulling their very hearts out on the last stretch of that gruelling mile, a good rousing yell for old Brookline will put a little more strength into tired limbs, a few more breaths into gasping lungs, and confidence into every heart in the Brookline boat. "Come on, fellows, drive her through!"

---

Pupils, we are now entered upon the last lap, the hardest in the great race for knowledge. We may feel exhausted as we see the tape far down the home stretch; but now is not the time to falter. Let the leaders continue their good work and finish strong; let the stragglers seize this chance and make a last effort to finish. There are ahead of us but two short months; there is but one thing for us all to do, "Sprint!"

# The Machinations of the Imp

BY Jove, this is luck!" exclaimed Edward Hastings as he boarded the train, found his seat, and discovered that right across the aisle were two very pretty girls. Not that he was the kind of fellow to flirt with any good-looking girl he saw, but — well, you know it's nice to be near a pretty dress, and dainty shoes, and a chic hat, and the most delicious odor of violets. So Hastings was well pleased that his journey was not to be quite so dull as he had expected. He had been sitting there for some time, pretending to read the latest number of "Ainslee's," but in reality thinking of the good times he was soon to enjoy at the Richmond's house-party, when he suddenly became aware that the young ladies near him were talking in voices slightly raised above the ordinary conversational pitch.

"Yes," the older and prettier girl was saying, "I know we shall have a great time. There is going to be a jolly crowd there, for the Richmonds always invite such pleasant girls and fellows. Besides there are to be several additions to our old crowd. They say that Ned Hastings is great fun—I've heard he's good-looking and the boys say he's awfully popular at college. They're initiating him into one of the most select and well-known frats; I'm sure that speaks well for him! I—"

"But, that won't do you any good, Margaret," interrupted the other girl. She was younger and not nearly so pretty, but there was something quite as attractive as good looks in the saucy twinkle of her gray eyes and her laughing mouth. "You know we're only invited because we're old friends and Evelyn is afraid of offending us," she continued. "Here you're engaged—worse luck! for I *do* adore helping people to fall in love!—and you're supposed to be a model of propriety. As for me, why I'll be the youngest girl there —but I don't care! I always have a good time. Why, I think I could manage to raise the dickens in a Quaker prayer meeting, don't you?"

"Most emphatically, yes!" answered her sister laughing.

"Anyway, I'm glad I'm not old enough to be falling in love. It's all right to help other people, but as for doing it yourself—well, 'Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm free, no wed—"

"Hush!" Margaret whispered. "He's actually getting out of his chair. Why, I believe he's going to speak to us!"

"I beg your pardon," a voice was saying at Margaret's ear. "I beg your pardon for speaking to you, but I feel sure that you are Miss Leonard, and that you also are a guest-to-be of Miss Richmond, aren't you? I'm Edward Hastings and I am awfully glad to meet you!"

"How do you do, Mr. Hastings. This is my sister May, otherwise 'The Imp.' Now for a little apology of my own: you see, I knew who you were all along and—"

"You knew me?" asked Hastings in surprise.

"Yes. I have a picture of you at home—don't be startled. It's in a group of the boys taken in Dick Adams' room at college. The photograph isn't very flattering, but with Evelyn's description to aid me, I recognized you immediately. That's all. Only I thought I must offer some excuse for our talking in such horrid loud voices."

"That certainly is one on me!" said Ned. "I thought this was a remarkable coincidence and now you've spoiled all my nice little romance by having it all arranged before-hand."

"Not quite so bad as that," said Miss Leonard. Then, "Evelyn says you're something of a woman-hater. Are you? It seemed so for you didn't appear nearly so interested in your traveling companions as most fellows."

"Are you so sure I wasn't interested, Miss Leonard? A chap can't be rude, you know."

O nonsense!" exclaimed May Leonard. "Don't try to answer all her remarks with compliments. Margaret is a regular angler after pretty speeches, and the joke is, the fish—oh! not that you're one of course—always bite. Nobody ever compliments me. People seem to realize that my sensitive nature won't tolerate even

the semblance of a fib, so they never say nice things. Hard luck, isn't it?"

Hastings smiled. This child was certainly amusing. He wondered how old she was. Surely not out of High School yet. She was a truly refreshing type after the stupid girls he had met at the dances.

"Miss May," he said gravely, "I hope we shall see a lot of one another during the next week. You know there's usually a lot of "pairing-off" at a house-party, and I'm very much afraid that I'll be left in the lurch. Will you take pity on me?"

"Aye, Sir Hastings, an' welcome!" she replied gayly. "But I say, sis, here we are! Wake up! That conductor won't wait for you! He never was your sister and he's never had to wait patiently for you to collect your valuables and love letters. Here, Sir Hastings, get her out of this train, will you? Oh, that girl would try the patience of a saint!"

The train had not pulled out of the station before they were whizzing along a broad, level road in a large, blue automobile, limousine top, extra seats, and "all the comforts of home." After about five minutes of fast riding the auto stopped before a large stone house, set well back among the maple trees, its many lights shining through the bare branches across the snow with a pleasant homelike glow.

"Here you are sir," said the chauffeur, as he helped them from the machine. "Ring loudly, sir, for there's so much confusion in the kitchen they may not hear the bell right away, sir."

Before long, they were in the great, warm, cheerful hall, being greeted by a dozen people at once. Mrs. Richmond was a charming hostess and left nothing to be desired in the way of a cordial welcome. Mr. Richmond, a tall, jolly, boyish-looking man, was especially delighted to see Hastings; while Evelyn was so excited and happy that, as she herself said, "I could hug the whole crowd of you—it was so good of you to come!"

"That's a joke," cried May. "Just as if *we* were doing the favor to come to upset your house and drive the cook crazy for ten days.

Oh, you darling!" and with this she kissed Evelyn rapturously; then, hastily collecting her bundles, she followed Mrs. Richmond up the stairs. The others soon followed suit, with the exception of Hastings, who was still talking to Mr. Richmond when the auto returned with the last guest.

She was an unusually pretty girl—a perfect brunette, whose black hair and eyes showed off her rich coloring to perfection. At the first glance she seemed rather serious, but a second and more careful observation showed depths of fun and mischief in the sparkling eyes; and smiles seemed always trembling at the corners of her red-lipped mouth. As she stood in the hall-way, pulling off her gloves, with the red glow of a lamp falling on her face she certainly made a memorable picture. She wore a long fur coat, and the big lynx collar seemed to blend with her dark hair. The close fitting fur turban with it's brilliant red flower made a dash of color which Ned Hastings carried in his mind for several days. But Mr. Richmond was speaking.

"Why, how do you do, Margaret? Welcome to our house-party! The rest are all dressing for dinner—they grew rather tired of waiting, so they left this young man and me to do the honors. Margaret—Mr. Hastings. Ned—Miss Gould. Now I must find my wife and send her to you. You will excuse me?"

. "Certainly, Mr. Richmond," said the girl. Then turning to Hastings, "Do you know, I've heard a lot about you? and very nice things, too. The girls tell me you're quite a renowned personage at college, making the football team and winning medals, and—"

"Oh, please don't!" interrupted Ned quickly. "And now to turn the tables, I've heard a lot about you. But all the things they say don't half do you justice. I—"

"Well, well! what's this? A mutual admiration society?" exclaimed Mrs. Richmond as she ran gaily down the stairs in time to hear the last of Margaret's speech and all of Hastings'. "Come, Margaret, you must be tired. James"—this to a servant—"show Mr. Hastings his room. Good-bye till later, Mr. Hastings."

After dinner when all had gathered in the living-room, much laughter was caused by two placards tacked up in opposite corners of the room. The one around which the fellows were gathered, was as follows:

"That ye may know all the maidens by this directory:
Beatrice Adams—tall, talkative, and twenty.
Blanche Crosby—loved by all.
Margaret Gould—pretty and unengaged (at present.)
Margaret Leonard—pretty and engaged.
May Leonard—you can't miss her if you try! ('The Imp.')
Evelyn Richmond—last but not least, for she weighs more than any girl in the crowd.
If there's anyone you haven't met, introduce yourself!"

The girls were inspecting the following:
"Dick Adams—with the true air of a Senior at Harvard.
Ned Hastings—the pampered pet of a football-loving crowd, and of pretty girls.
Francis Macy—who, despite the name "Frankie," is an athlete and a good fellow.
Jack Wainwright—the good-looking and adoring slave of every woman.
Harry Weston—a Latin shark who is full of fun.

"I say, Mrs. R., we need something lively after a dose like that!" exclaimed Francis Macy. "What shall we do?"

"I know!" cried Evelyn. "We'll make molasses candy and the boys can pull!"

"Great!" said all the boys, and they quickly descended to the kitchen.

. . . . . .

Everyone agreed that the ten days had been a great success. Skating, sleighing parties, theatricals, musicales, and fun of every description had filled each day to the very brim with excitement. "The Imp" instead of being a drag to the good times of the older

ones had been the very life and amusement of the whole company. Her funny remarks kept everyone laughing, and altogether she was a great success.

"I tell you that girl will be a belle, some day," remarked Ned Hastings to Margaret Gould one evening.

"I agree with you," she answered. "She's a mighty clever youngster and knows how to keep things going. Well," turning to the others, "what celebration have you planned for tomorrow evening?"

"Why, where have you two been? We've decided that long ago! At least May has, for she says that it's absolute foolishness to celebrate New Year's eve with anything but a masked ball. So a masked ball it is! Early tomorrow morning we'll go to town for whatever materials we need and then we'll work the rest of the day. Mamma will fit out the boys for she has loads of old costumes that will be just the thing. Now don't tell each other what your costumes are to be for that will spoil all the fun. We'll invite a few outsiders and that will make it harder to guess who's who."

The next morning as they walked briskly to the village, Jack Wainwright took May aside and whispered with a very mysterious air, "I say, Imp, will you do us fellows a favor? I can't tell you why, but what you're to do is, find out in a very quiet way what kind of a costume Margaret is going to wear tonight. Don't speak to us today, because we don't want to excite any suspicion. Just write a careful description of the dress and tell James to give the paper to me. You're a brick, May!" and he was off before she could answer.

"The Imp" was puzzled. What were they plotting? And which Margaret did they mean? Oh, surely Margaret Gould. What did they care about her sister? for May had a very human habit of underrating those nearest and dearest to her, and it seemed only natural that her sister shouldn't count for much.

It did not take May long to write the following accurate description of Margaret's gown. "Loose dark red dress, tied around the waist with a gold cord. Red roses and gold ribbon in the hair.

If you want her at any special time I'll coax her up to the cozy corner at exactly 11.15. M. L."

This note was read by five fellows who were gathered in the library anxiously awaiting the result of May's cleverness.

"Gee, that's all right!" they cried in unison. Then Jack turned solemnly to Ned.

"Edward Hastings," he said in slow, measured tones, "this is the last barrier between you and the Pi Gamma Epsilon. You have on all former occasions proved yourself worthy to become a member of this sacred fraternity. Now comes the supreme test. You will find your sealed orders under your door at 6.15 this evening —obey to the letter and the coveted frat pin is yours to wear until you become engaged to a young lady approved by the club, when it must pass into her keeping forever!" At the conclusion of this formal speech, Ned was hurriedly ushered from the room. Then Jack wrote a note to May. "Dear Imp—Bully for you—everything all right. Only make it 11.45. She must be there. Thanks! J. W."

At twenty-five minutes of twelve, when the fun was at its height, May, who had made a great hit dressed as a "slavey" managed to get Margaret Gould out of the hall . "Come," she urged, "I've got to get some more burnt cork. All the daubs on my face are coming off. You don't mind—that's a dear. I simply hate to go past that landing on the stairs alone. It's dreadfully spooky. Now you wait for me and if Romeo, or Sir Galahad, or any of those charming gentlemen come to call your attention to the beautiful silvery moon, I'll go down alone."

"All right. I'm glad to get out of that hot room. Now hurry!"

"I will. But if anyone comes to keep you company, remember, unmasking on the minute of twelve!"

Margaret seated herself comfortably, leaning back among the cushions quite prepared to wait for some time, for she knew how long it took May to "make up" properly.

At quarter of twelve, a tall fellow in the dress of a Roman Augustale, wearing a heavy black mask which concealed not only his

eyes but his whole face, ascended the stairs and with an air of "do-or-die" sat down beside Margaret. They talked for a while in low tones. His voice in particular was dropped into a hoarse whisper, so that she could not guess who he was.

At last he leaned forward and in a voice which sounded husky with emotion said, "Margaret, I cannot restrain myself any longer —I love you—love you madly. I can't live without you, dearest. Oh, will you be my wife?" He had seized her hand and was holding it tightly.

Margaret was angry and startled.

"What do you mean, sir," she demanded, trying in vain to snatch away her hand. "Do you think this a gentlemanly way to act? Why, I haven't the least idea who you are! Is it fair to take such advantage of me?"

"Margaret, it is because I love you! A man dares anything when he loves. It is a matter of life, happiness, or despair. Listen, I will tell you who—"

One, two, three, four, five—they snatched off their masks. Margaret gave a little cry, but Hastings jumped to his feet in amazement.

"Good Lord! Miss Gould! Will you ever excuse me? I—oh, I don't know how to apologize for all that melodramatic rot! It's all this darned invitation. I was to propose to Miss Leonard here tonight. The fellows thought it would be all the better because she was engaged already, and now—why, May Leonard—the kid must have made a mistake! She was to describe her sister's costume so we couldn't miss her and—"

"Oh, that girl!" Margaret almost wailed. "She did it on purpose! Did you tell her why you wanted to know?"

"No, she must have guessed; or else she did it just for the fun of causing trouble. Never mind! Will you forget it, and forgive me?"

"I gladly pardon your mistake, but the Imp's part in it—never!"

"Oh, don't be hard on her, Mar—Miss Gould. She's a dandy kid. Just think if she hadn't done it, I would not be having this delightful tête-à-tête with you now. I say, 'God bless the Imp!'

Several months later, after they had settled down to the ordinary routine of social life, Margaret and May Leonard called on Margaret Gould. Their hostess was wearing an extremely happy smile and a Pi Gamma Epsilon pin.

"Congratulations!" cried the Imp; then turning triumphantly to her sister, she said, "Didn't I always tell you I liked to help other people fall in love?"

S. T. G., '10.

## Lost at Sea

CAPTAIN John Saul of the Gloucester fisherman Pontiac took his little curly-haired boy on his knee and patted his straight little back.

"Ah, Tommy lad, it's a fine man you'll be some day. Ye've the makin's of a skipper in ye. Mind, Tommie, an able skipper."

"Do you think, father," said the little fellow looking up into his father's tanned, weather-beaten face, "do you think I'll ever be the skipper of a fine vessel like the Pontiac?"

"I hope so, son, by the Lord, I hope so," answered the old captain, "and she will sure be a fine vessel if she's as good as the old Pontiac. Aye, an abler vessel never floated."

A silence ensued and Captain Saul smoothed the curly locks of his little son with an air of pride and affection. Finally the child broke the silence.

"Father," said he, growing serious, "what would you do if one of your dories with her crew got lost in the fog and it came on to blow and you found them on the edge of a shoal?"

"Do? well, son, I leave it to you. What would you do?"

"Go in and get 'em," said the little chap, promptly.

The old skipper smiled. "And what if it was blowin' a livin' gale and there were breakers to leeward, close to the dory?" His voice was stern and the little fellow hesitated, "Why, I guess I'd go in just the same, wouldn't I?"

"Sure, you would," cried his father in evident relief, "else you'd be no son of mine. John Saul never deserted a dory while there was hope of saving the crew."

"But now you run along to bed and don't bother your head about those things yet-a-while."

That night Tommy thought long on the words of his father and made up his mind that he would be a skipper some day, and would have the finest vessel out of Gloucester.

. . . . . .

The glass was falling, had been falling all day; and the weather looked decidedly dirty. The able fisherman "Norman," Captain Tommy Saul, was running with started sheets no'theast an eighth east for No. 3 dory which was somewhere ahead in the waste of trembling black waters. Twenty years had elapsed since his father's prophecy. Now Tommy had his vessel; and proud he was as he stood just aft of the main shrouds and looked the length of her, diving into the rising sea.

"Let's see," Tommy was thinking half aloud. "We'll pick up No. 3 first. He ought to be just ahead. Then we'll ease off and run down to No. 7. Lord, it's pretty nasty for the—"

"Dory ahead, off the port bow," came the hail from the lookout aloft.

"Hold her off a hair!" called Tommy to the man at the wheel; and then, "How does she bear now?"

"Dead ahead!"

Ten minutes later the Norman rounded up alongside the No. 3 dory, and, the tackles quickly rigged, they hoisted her aboard and swung her into her nest.

Even while they were doing this, the weather thickened and the wind, already blowing hard, began to increase, coming in heavy squalls from the southeast.

Tommy ordered the fores'l lowered and furled, and a moment later the forestays'l. Then under double-reefed main and jib, he set out to pick up his last dory, No. 7. She would be about three miles down the wind on the wind on the outer edge of George's Shoals. Tommy put her east by north and sailed fifteen minutes. He should make them out soon, he thought; but no dory was seen by the lookout and Tommy got anxious.

"Suppose they had cut loose from the trawl and were set down on the shoal! God! They wouldn't last a second if they got into the breakers." Anyway, he kept the Norman going in toward the shoals in hope of getting a glimpse of the missing ones.

Suddenly the lookout hailed: "Breakers ahead!" And at almost the same instant, "Dory ahead, bottom up!"

Tommy strained his eyes, and on the top of a huge green sea he made out No. 7 . With the glass he saw a figure clinging to the plug-straps. Heavens, but she was near that deadly white line of surf!

Then the words of his father came back to him, "John Saul never deserted a dory while there was hope of saving the crew." Then he thought of his crew. If they failed and struck, there would be many widows that night in Gloucester. He turned to the men, many of whom were watching him expectantly.

"Boys," he shouted, "Billy Green is on the bottom of that dory. There may be fifteen feet of water where he is, may be less. Do we go in?" The answer came back in a roar, heard high above the gale, "Sure we go in!"

Nearer and nearer they rushed toward the dory and now they could all plainly see the white face of Billy Green as he clung to the plugstraps on the bottom of the pitching dory. With a thundering crackling of canvas Tommy shot the old Norman into the wind alongside No. 7. But even as she came to there was an awful shock and the crew were pitched off their feet. Another, and the masts went overboard. She was doomed!

Then above the roar of the sea came a voice, the skipper's voice. "Steady, boys, man the tackles and get the dories overboard."

The men sprang to their places, but before a hand could touch the falls, a huge green comber capped with a white froth swept the deck, carrying all but five overboard; another, and four more went. The skipper, lashed to the wheel box, still remained. Two more seas and the Norman broke in two; and Tommy, gripping the spokes of the wheel, sank beneath the angry seas.

When weeks and months rolled by and no Norman sailed past Eastern point, the Gloucester folk knew what had happened: Tommy Saul and his boys had gone to Georges to stay forever.

X.

# NEWS NOTES

Miss Ingram, who has been for several years head of the English department at High School, was married on Saturday, April 3, and has left the school permanently. During her stay at Brookline High Miss Ingram lent herself very earnestly to the support of the Debating Club and the school paper. She succeeded by her untiring efforts in raising the former from a very insignificant beginning to the recognized position which the club now occupies; and in her the Debating Society has lost a staunch and sincere friend. Her work for the Sagamore has also been most helpful and the members of the board extend her their most sincere thanks for her assistance.

On the afternoon of March 25 the Debating Club made its last appearance for this year. The meeting was well attended despite particularly disagreeable weather conditions; and the enthusiasm evinced by those present showed what an important position the club has attained in the estimation of the High School pupils. Preliminary to the debate there were a few short exercises, consisting of selections by the High School male chorus and a recitation by Carl Barnet of the Senior class. The subject for the day was:

"*Resolved*, That the Massachusetts Legislature should accept the Recommendation of the Finance Commission for a new charter for the city of Boston."

Webster Sawyer, '09, and Pollard, '11, spoke for the affirmative; while Philip Brown, '10, and Talbot, '10, upheld the negative.

The speaking of both sides was extremely good, both in the first speeches and the rebuttal, which was conducted by Sawyer and Brown. The speaking from the floor was sustained and enthusiactic, the following members speaking: Barnet, Brady, Carver, Gallert, Hussey, Keegen, McDonald, Mullen, Pogue, Russell, and Sawtelle. Mr. Hitchcock, who acted as judge, gave the decision to the affirmative. The meeting concluded with cheers for the club and its officers.

At a special meeting the Debating Club elected the following members for its officers next year: President, Alan Hay; vice-president, Philip Brown; secretary, Hugh Brady.

Some time ago Mr. Carrell was presented with a handsome gold medal by the members of the track squad in token of their recognition of his able and earnest work in the various branches of school athletics.

Under the direction of Mr. Brooks, a French Club has been formed in the High School, to be known as the "Cercle Gaulois." The object of the club is to encourage conversations in French among the High School pupils, and also to give its members a good time at the meetings to be held once a month. Juniors and Seniors of good standing in French are eligible. The constitution of the club has been adopted and the following elected as officers: President, Keegen; vice-president, Miss Schweinfurth; secretary, Miss Holman; treasurer, Dunbar.

On Friday evening, March 26, the Iota Chapter of The Sigma Delta Psi Fraternity gave a small card party at the home of Edward M. Feeley.

Some time ago Mr. Hitchcock read the school a very interesting letter from Mr. Packard, who is apparently greatly enjoying his sojourn in Europe.

On Friday, March 26, Miss Frost of Brookline gave the school a most enjoyable little entertainment, consisting of recitations, interspersed with songs. One of the best liked selections was a humorous sketch, entitled "Public Day at a Country School House."

On the last day of school before the spring vacation, the Mandolin Club entertained the school during the assembly period with six well rendered selections. At the conclusion of the hour Mr. Hitchcock congratulated the club warmly on its progress since a year ago at this time.

The Brookline Club of Harvard University, composed of B. H. S. Alumni, recently presented the school with a set of Schouler's History of the United States under the Constitution, in six volumes.

The annual reunion of the Tau Beta Beta Society was held last month in Union Hall. The program was a vaudeville, the whole entertainment given by members of the club. The little sketch, entitled "For All That," written by Grace Kellogg, was one of the many interesting features of the day.

The Senior dance committee, consisting of the class officers and Miss Slagle, Miss Demeritte, and Rand, have been hard at work and hope to have a dance this year as successful as those of former years!

Dorothy Appleyard, ex-'09, was elected editorial editor of the girls' number, "The Purple and the Gold," in Ashland High, Wisconsin.

Our school library is steadily increasing. Lately it has received a set of Shakespeare's works, in forty handsomely bound volumes, also twelve volumes of modern drama.

Miss Lewis, who takes Miss Ingram's place, comes to us from Waltham, where she taught in the South Grammar and Bradshaw Stearns school.

Looking backward into the future! Pupil in II. French A:—"After that scene of by and by."

Gymnastics in Room 19. Teacher to Potter Trainer—"Draw a right triangle standing on one leg!".

Miss I—— says that the hardware business is a hard business to handle.

Comparison of Sick—"Sick, worse, dead."

Mr. S—— trying to explain the mysteries of the subjunctive mode—"You know, pupils, the Indicative is the mode of fact, and the Subjunctive of uncertainty. Now, if I hire a man to work for me, do I say: 'I *will* pay you, or I *would* pay you?' "

Pupil—"I *will* pay you."

Mr. S——"Certainly, because men can't live on *wood* (would.")

Just now the topic of topics is baseball. True, the American and National league teams are all-absorbing, but right here at Brookline High we have a team which warrants the keenest interest of every student and of all who are interested in amateur sports. Since the second week of March the well-worn net has been a famliar figure on the playground and the boys of the squad report for practice daily at 3 o'clock. Mr. Carrell is still with us, and every one is confident that his successful work in coaching football and track will be duplicated with the baseball team. There is every evidence of a winning team. The fellows are highly enthusiastic, and the spirit shown by them so far is commendable. Study conditions are as rigid as ever, but the fellows are working hard to meet them and are makng every effort to reach the standard. We have many of last year's men with us and have some very valuable new material. Here's success to Coach Carrell and Captain Dooley.

It has been decided to play the games with Cambridge Latin on Claflin Field, Newton. The annual game on Memorial Day with Newton will also be played at Claflin Field, while the game on June 8 with Newton will be played at the National League grounds on Columbus avenue.

Owing to the splendid training obtained on the rowing machines at the gymnasium, the crew candidates were well advanced in practice when the time came for work on the river, which began on April 3. Capt. Niccolls, Floyd, Pogue, Willitts, Collins, Cooley,

Dexter, Hay, Pelton, Gifford, Kraft, Murphy, Rowan, Stewart, Wright and Holland were chosen for river practice. The fellows are in fine condition and are preparing for a mile race with Groton School at Groton on Saturday, May 1. The contest will be a most interesting one, as Groton produces a first-class crew.

It is rather early to compare the ability of the different crews, but we may venture to state that, from the present outlook, Brookline and Noble seem to be the most promising crews on the river.

On Thursday, April 8, the High School boys under the direction of Mr. Carrell, held a most exciting "hare and hound" chase. Mr. Carrell and Haven Mason took the lead, and gained a long distance in the seven minutes' start which they were given. The course was an irregular one, winding its way to the country club, the reservoir, and through Chestnut Hill back to the High School. Not once did the hounds come within sight of the prey; and the hares returned and had a long rest before the weary pursuers put in their appearance. However, everyone felt the better for the long tramp.

On Monday, April 12, Captain Whitney called out the track candidates. The men will begin preparations for the Brown, Amherst, and Harvard meets. Special attention will be given to pole-vaulting and hurdling, and the outlook for a successful season is bright.

# Alumni Notes

*To the Editor of The Sagamore:—*

It is indeed with a keen appreciation of the honor that I accept your kind invitation, as an alumnus of the school, to write a letter to the Sagamore. While at the school myself; I often wondered why such an innovation as having letters from some of our graduates printed occasionally was not introduced, for it seemed as if, by a few words from those who had already trod the path we were treading, we might be able to avoid the mistakes and errors of our predecessors and also profit by their successes and achievements.

High School life is without doubt one long series of unexcelled opportunities for those who will only consider it in that aspect. An error, however, which many of us are likely to make is, that in endeavoring to meet these opportunities we may lay too much stress on certain ones, and thus tend to neglect others completely, The secret seems to me to lie in giving to each the time and energy which is due to it; in other words to develop ourselves on all sides, and not as a phenomenon in any one particular to the sacrifice of everything else. These opportunities extend in every direction—in studies, athletics, debating, dramatics, musical clubs, and last, but by no means the least, in the opportunity of making everlasting friendships, one which is of especial importance to those who at the end of these four years will have completed their education, not intending to enter any higher institution.

While in High School a student is invariably laying the foundation of what he is to be later on; and the habits which he then forms and the traits which he imbeds in his character will as a rule abide by him throughout later life. During our school days such considerations as these often seem of minor importance, or perhaps do not occur at all to some of us. After we graduate, however, and stop to look back and reflect on what we might have done, we begin to realize the seriousness of it all; but unfortunately, it is

then too late, for our chances have vanished; others have stepped in to fill our places, and the sad phrase, "Lost Opportunities," flashes to our mind.

Therefore, let us ever bear in mind the importance of making the most of our High School course, so that when these days are past we may look back and cherish them in our reminiscence as being among the happiest and most profitable of our lives.

With continued interest in all that pertains to the High School,

RICHARD C. FLOYD,

Cambridge, March 29, 1909.

'00. A recent visitor to the school was Lieutenant Charles C. Soule, Annapolis '04. Lieutenant Soule made the voyage around the world on the Nebraska.

'02. Philip Jacobs is one of the cast of "The Manœuvres of Jane," to be given at Whitney Hall on April 27.

'05. Will Pettis and Arba Skidmore are also in the "Manœuvres of Jane."

'05. Will Babcock, Yale '08, has been appointed Superintendent of Schools in one of the Philippine districts. Under his careful attention the district has risen, in less than a year, from thirty-second to fifth place.

'05. Edwin Morey, Tufts '09, is giving a series of lectures on engineering at the college.

'06. William O'Hearn, M. I. T., '10, has been elected captain of next year's hockey team. Bill played a fast game at right forward during the past season.

'06. Prentice Hatch, Tufts '10, by his speedy playing on this year's basketball team, has won the captaincy of the '09-'10 team.

'06. Sullivan A. Sargent, Harvard '10, was recently elected a member of the Student Council.

'06. Dick Floyd, Harvard '11, has been chosed to membership in the Dicky.

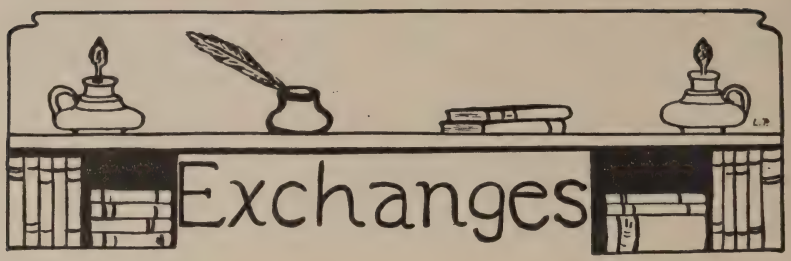
'07. Charley Hann, Harvard '11, has also entered the Dicky Hann has been successful in surviving the repeated cuts of the Harvard Varsity baseball squad.

'07. Charles Newton, Harvard 11, is one of the cast of the coming Pi Eta show.

'07. Oliver Andrews is working in a cotton mill at Lowell.

'08. Kathleen Page is another of our former stars who has a part in "The Manœuvres of Jane."

'08. Herbert Greenwood is attending the Evening Law School of the Boston Y. M. C. A.




The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Adelphian (2), Argus, Bulletin (Phillips Exeter), Courier (2), Gazette, Graphite, Imp, Item, Megaphone, Oracle, Penn Charter Magazine, Pioneer, Purple and Gold, Review (Cambridge), Review (Medford), Spectator, Southern Workman, Thlinget, Tripod, Vexillium, Williams' Record.

There is neither an Athletic nor Exchange Department in the Pioneer from the Reading High School. If some department must be omitted, it seems to us that a better choice might be made.

A very neat, well-gotten-up paper is the Medford High Review. The literary department is to our mind the least attractive part of the magazine, since the two stories, while fairly interesting, do not offer a great variety; with both founded on athletics, they seem rather a supplement to the athletic department.

The Bulletin of the Phillips Exeter Academy is, perhaps, not to be judged by the standard of other papers. It is quite evident that the paper is intended to serve merely as a school record, and in that capacity the Bulletin is beyond reproach. A few cuts as headings for departments would improve the general appearance of the paper,

Item: "For His Country's Sake" is admirable not only for the strength of the plot, but for the simple style in which the story is told. The author has made it more effective and, incidentally, more dramatic than any amount of melodrama could have done. The sketches and jokes are extremely clever.

The Exchange column of the Penn Charter Magazine enjoys the unusual distinction of being interesting. The editor has been kind enough to tell what he likes or dislikes about a thing, which greatly simplifies matters for the papers criticized. If only a few more editors would awake to the realization that their praise or condemnation is not in itself valuable! It is only by the statement of reasons that we can ever hope to profit.

## PASS IT ON.

The College President:

"Such rawness in a student is a shame,
But lack of preparation is to blame."

The High School Principal:

"Good Heavens! What crudity! The boy's a fool!
The fault, of course, is with the Grammar school."

The Grammar School Principal:

"Would that from such a dunce I might be spared!
They send them up to me so unprepared!"

The Primary Principal:

"Poor kindergarten blockhead! And they call
That 'preparation!' Worse than none at all."

The Kindergarten Teacher:

"Never such a lack of training did I see.
What sort of a person can the mother be?"

The Mother:

"You stupid child! But then, you're not to blame;
Your father's family are all the same."

The Philosopher:

"Shall father in his folks' defense be heard?
No! Let the mother have the final word."

—MEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

"A True Story," in the Megaphone is far beyond the ordinary run of high school stories. Clearly and forcefully written, each sentence leads up to a remarkably strong climax. "A Bit of the Country" is a very charming little sketch, which supplies the necessary contrast to the grewsome situations in "A True Story" and "An Alligator Experience."

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| Electrician | 1 |
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| Journalist | 2 |
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THE CLASS OF 1909.

Volume 15 *JUNE, 1909* Number 8

## Graduation Number

# The Sagamore

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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# THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XV GRADUATION, JUNE, 1909 NUMBER 8

## Address of Welcome.

EUGENE B. FLOYD.

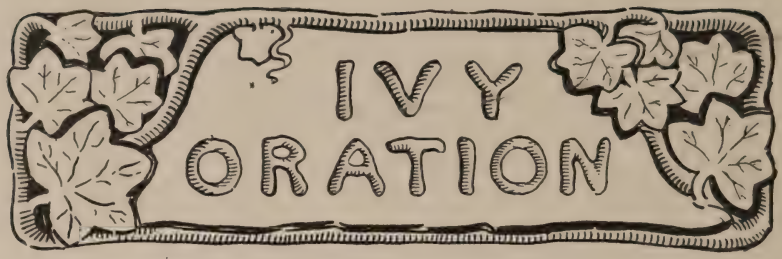
Friends:—

It is my privilege as President of the graduating class to extend to you a cordial and hearty welcome to our Class Day exercises. Today we turn into the home stretch of our four years' course, with the goal directly before us. Our class Day has arrived at last. Our graduation is in sight. We are glad that you have come to share our pleasure.

Classmates:—

Our sojourn here is about to end. As we go out into life, let us not forget the mental, moral, and physical successes we have won here. Let us profit by the failures we have met with in all these things in which we have engaged; and above all let us cherish the friendships we have made in Brookline High. Let us be as loyal to our school in the future as we have tried to be in the past.

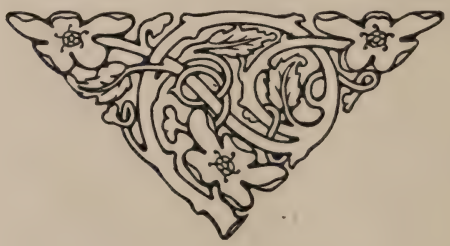
Once again, friends, in behalf of the Class of 1909, I welcome you.




NEWELL ALDRICH THOMPSON, JR.

We, the Class of 1909, are assembled here today to mark a single little spot which we may forever call our own. Exactly in the same manner as we are soon to leave the protection of our Alma Mater and start life upon our own resources, so is this tender sprig of ivy taken today from under the watchful eye of the gardener and entrusted to the care of Mother Nature.

Wintry storms will beat upon it; the summer sun will wither it; yet, symbolic of our future lives, may it stretch its tendrils higher and higher each year until it reaches that niche which marks perfection.



LOUIS KEEGEN.

THE sun never shone on a more proud and expectant group of youngsters than in September, 1905, when we, the components of this grave and reverend body, mounted the golden stairs to enter Brookline High School. But our glowing pride was soon to be chilled, for thick and frequent were the frosty glances and icy stares which we received from the arrogant Seniors. We were bewildered by the various designations, IV English C, IV Latin A, and other ambiguous assignments; and we wondered whether we were the first class or the fourth, for we didn't see why we should be honored as the fourth class when it was our first year. We were afraid to ask a Senior to help us in our confusion, but the Juniors and Sophomores lent us their assistance somewhat reluctantly. Soon we learned that the classes were numbered backwards, just like the years B. C.

We saw from the start that we were an unwelcome lot, and you can imagine our surprise when Mr. Hitchcock read the following notice in the hall:—

"All members of the Freshman class are most cordially invited

to attend an informal reception to be given by the Sophomore class on Thursday, October 17th."

Many of us took advantage of this opportunity to meet the Sophomores, but some feared it was a trap to ensnare us. We all realized the following day that those who had stayed away had lost an unusually good time, and were maintaining that attitude of suspicion toward the Sophomores unnecessarily.

We had already held our first class meeting and had succeeded in electing class officials; and I suppose that the Sophomores received us because we had had spunk enough to elect our own officers. Eugene Floyd was our president; Mildred Hammond, our vice-president; Agnes Schlemm, our secretary; and Irvine Elliott our "Bank Book."

Having advanced thus far, we began to demand recognition; and in obtaining a position for one of our girls, as reporter for the Sagamore, we began our career of brilliancy. Then we succeeded in having published in the Sagamore stories from Harry Dunbar and Ben Roberts.

We even ventured to do something in athletics, and played the Sophomores in football. Of course they simply overwhelmed us; but in spite of that, Fletcher and McNamara were put on the High School football team. These two were our only real athletes; but they were enough, they served; for Fletcher made the hockey team and broke the record in the shot-put at the Triangular Meet. At this juncture our laurels ended, for we lost the interclass hockey contest and also the basketball game. We had grown wise through our success, however, and after the mid-year examinations, which had sounded like a death knell to some of us, we picked up the fragments of our shattered class and bound them together, ready to meet the final onslaught in June. During the summer vacation, many of us were entertained by text books, and were treated to "exams" in September. But for all this, we came back doubly strong mentally if not numerically. Unfortunately one of our classmates had passed away during the Freshman year, and it

was with sad hearts that we had recorded in the Sagamore the death of Phyllis Johnstone, one of the worthiest of our number.

## SOPHOMORE YEAR.

In September, '06, we returned in high spirits. How we raised our chests and eyebrows, when, on the first day, Mr. Hitchcock said he noticed a decided improvement in the physical appearance of the entire school, especially of last year's Freshmen. We felt quite proud of the compliment; and without further ceremony we held a class meeting, while a corps of sergeants-at-arms was stationed at the door to keep out any over-bearing Seniors who might wish to intrude. We took Floyd as our president again. Miss Moore was chosen vice-president; Miss Elizabeth Wells, secretary; while "Brick" Collins was our financial agent.

We felt obliged to follow the precedent set the year before; so we gave a reception to the Freshmen. Of course it was far ahead of what had been tendered to us; and we took every opportunity to inform the Freshmen that we received no such brilliant welcome. Ours, we said, had been simple and informal.

The time for football was now at hand and we succeeded in getting honors for the class through the four fellows who made the team. We won the interclass game with the Freshmen, but were defeated by the Juniors.

In basketball we had one representative; and in track athletics we won four second or third prizes at the annual meet in the town hall. '09 won the relay race against '10. In baseball the class had four representatives, all of whom were fated to become famous in future years. Just at the close of the basketball season, some of our class-men decided to introduce a new game in our athletic circles, and the following notice appeared on the board in Room 20:

"All candidates for the marble team report in Room 20 at 1.30 to receive ammunition, and to appoint a cheer leader.

I. ELLIOTT, Capt.
J. L. KEEGEN, Mgr.
E. B. FLOYD, Treas."

The leaders of this new team were not loyally supported, and the result was—oblivion.

In crew, Howe was our only representative.

Just at this time in our career, the Debating Club sprang up after a long vacation. We did not realize then what it meant to us; but two of our number were wise enough to join, and showed by so doing that our class was, at least, in existence.

The Sagamore depended largely upon us for material. We had three representatives on the board. The stories of the paper were largely our work; and we even had two poems in print.

But these were not all our literary accomplishments, for we had playwrights among our number. Harold Cooley, Irvine Elliott and Louis Keegen wrote a series of "Petites Comedies" in French, in which Cooley was the villain; Elliott, le Beau; and Keegen, l'Acteur.

We had, also, a geographical genius in the history class, for Ben Roberts informed Miss Marshall one day that Rome was situated about twelve miles up the Nile. Of course she was delighted with that valuable addition to her knowledge.

The annual dramatics came around in April, and our class was there strong with two actors and stage manager.

In the Mandolin Club, Ben Roberts took part for '09.

We had slowly but steadily been growing popular socially and intellectually; and we departed in June with a determination to be even more famous when we returned in September.

## JUNIOR YEAR.

Two years older, but scores of years wiser than when we first entered school, we assumed the reins of government in the Junior class when we re-visited the school in September. We began well, at any rate; and, without any consultation with the Seniors as to when or where their class meeting was to be, we held ours, re-electing Floyd and Miss Moore, while Miss Warren was chosen secretary, and Keegen treasurer. The next matter of importance

was the football question. Who of '09 would make the team? There were six of our number who succeeded. In basketball we contributed three men. A class team was organized, and after a spirited contest between Frankie Nadel and Charlie Schweinfurth for captaincy, Frankie won out; but he finally declined the honor. In hockey we had Collins and Mason; in baseball we had Elliott captain and Keegen, manager, with four players on the team.

The Sagamore again looked to '09 for material, and we responded through four editors, an assistant business manager and four story writers.

The Mandolin Club this year was very good. Why? Because Ben Roberts, an '09 man was leader; and William Bryant of '09 lent his services with the giant fiddle.

The Debating Club was no longer an obscure organization and the class of '09 was instrumental in bringing it into light; Gallert and Floyd, served on the Rhetorical Committee; while seven others took active part. In the interclass debate, the Juniors, class of '09, won.

In Dramatics we had three actors, while Newell Thompson skillfully managed the show.

Miss Eisenhardt of '09 was the designer of the heading for the school stationery.

Our last days as Juniors were brilliant ones although our deeds of note were mainly abstract ones, and were not appreciated by the school. But to prove our conscientious work, I must state that while we were studying Ralph Waldo Emerson, in English, one Dana Burdett, B. H. S. '09, informed the English teacher that he just dreamed about Emerson.

## SENIOR YEAR.

September found us ready to come back to our last era of High School life and we were proud of the distinction which was ours in using the front door, for, in theory at least, it was exclusively for Seniors. We had visions of Freshmen running about with note-

books to take down what we did that they might remember and do likewise. Without hesitation we held a class meeting, re-electing Floyd, president; Miss Moore, vice president; Miss Boyd, sercetary; and Keegen, treasurer;. The first opportunity for us to shine was in athletics; and in football we were represented by Captain Willits, and ten other players.

A class in advanced gymnastics was organized by Mr. Carrell, and the Seniors had two representatives in it.

Hockey became as popular as ever, and the team relied on five Seniors for their services. As basketball had been eliminated, some of our stars were deprived of an opportunity; but this was made up in crew and baseball. The captain of crew and two others in the boat were Seniors. The baseball team was well sustained by '09 men. Dooley was captain, while the manager and five others playing on the team were Seniors. The team was an unusually good one, winning its first five consecutive games. Then came a reaction in the form of a cancellation, for owing to rainy weather, three games had to be cancelled. On resuming the games, a tie score, followed by three straight victories, resulted; and once more a postponement was necessary. But we went to the league games with a record unmarred by defeat. Our first league game was an overwhelming victory over Cambridge Latin with a score of 25 to 3, and last Monday we defeated Newton by a score of 6 to 1.

Athletics was not our only strong point. We just about controlled the Sagamore with Cooley as editor-in-chief; Newell Thompson, business manager; and four editors. Stories and poems were contributed by five Seniors.

This work lay along the serious line of life and we decided to do something recreative. Accordingly we prepared a most delightful entertainment for the Senior social, which was a profound success. We discovered some surprising talent and the affair was lauded by everyone present.

Something of a novelty was undertaken in the form of an inter-

scholastic debate. We must yield to the Juniors somewhat in this matter, for they had two representatives to our one. However, we made up in quality what we lacked in quantity, for we placed the burden of the debate on the shoulders of our reliable orator, Gordon Gallert. Although as a school we lost the decision, we felt that we had gained a great deal in meeting the debating team from Everett. Speaking of this organization reminds me that the Seniors were controllers of the club. All the officers were Seniors and two of the rhetorical committee were from our class. After a most successful season, the club was given over, a precious inheritance, to the Juniors. May they have as successful a season as the one just passed.

The annual dramatics called forth several Seniors, and the successful performance was due largely to the work of the seven Seniors participating.

The Mandolin Club, too, was an important factor at the dramatics and was most successfully conducted by Ben Roberts, '09, as leader, with William Bryant playing the 'cello.

The most impressive of all our social functions was the Senior dance in Shailer Hall on Friday evening, May 7. Beauty reigned supreme so far as the ladies were concerned and unusually attractive elegance marked the whole occasion. It was a most brilliant and successful affair and "all the world wondered." Surely the affair has never had an equal in society circles.

To '09 belongs another rather distinctive honor. Instigated by Monsieur Brooks, the class formed a French club, known as the "Cercle Gaulois." The club is now flourishing under the capable management of Mr. Brooks and the officers. This organization is another of the possessions which we reluctantly hand over to our successors. Finally the prize speaking came around, and Ben Roberts, '09, captured the first boys' prize.

Today we begin the close of our career as Seniors. We withdraw from our position not without hesitation, as we realize the treasures we leave behind, but we feel eager to enrich our lives with the

opportunities of becoming even more famous. Our modesty prevents our summing up what we have done during our four years' course; the summary must be left to our admirers; but we feel that as we step out of this world of secondary training, we carry with us memories which will ever be pleasant to reflect upon.

# The Pathways.

ANNA EVELETH HOLMAN.

At last we reach that hilltop,
  Which, to our watching eyes,
Has bounded all our hopings
  And filled our morning skies.
At last we see beyond it,
  Where, stretching broad and free,
A land of rising hills and plains,
A land of happiness and pains
  Lies wide from sea to sea.

Before us, leading onward,
  Unnumbered pathways wind;
And everyone among us
  His own path there will find.
But so they curve and mingle
  Before our dazzled eyes,
We cannot trace our way from here
Unto the far horizon clear,
  Nor mark how each course lies.

For some are part in shadow;
  And some lie most in sun;
And some have joined together
  To make of two paths one;
And some are smooth and golden,
  With pale-hued roses lined;
And some lead through untrodden ways,
Through stern, ennobling, toil-filled days
  To heights with laurel twined.

And though we may not journey
  As classmates, side by side,
Throughout the mystic country
  Before us lying wide,
Yet we are joined forever,
  In honor, truth and right;
And ever bound to Brookline High
That guards our paths where e'er they lie,
  Our memory and our light.

ALBERT E. KERRIGAN
Prophet

NEWELL A. THOMPSON, JR.
Ivy Orator

ETHEL MacMILLAN
Prophetess

ANNA E. HOLMAN
Poet

EUGENE B. FLOYD
President

J. LOUIS KEEGEN
Historian

HENRY F. DUNBAR
Words, Class Song

GORDON F. GALLERT
Orator

GRACE BINGHAM
Music, Class Song

GORDON GALLERT.

WATCH your opportunity. Yes, but how? Shall we observe with the eagerness of a cat watching its victim, or with the restlessness that characterizes the American people? Decidedly, No! The watching we advocate is more akin to consideration. This is not merely to see, but to observe with comprehension, using both keenness of insight and judgment.

In our country there are two distinct classes that observe opportunity; those that watch for their own benefit and those that look to the advancement of the world.

To the first group belong many capitalists, politicians and burglars. The selfish reach out for advantage either pecuniary, or that which fame and rank bring. They want material benefits and physical or intellectual joys. These are desired for self. The grasping tendency may be called business, but it is not fair. Now, really, what is the use of a selfish man? Few people like him; none admire him; and he fills no place in the world's economy.

Of course, it is only natural to look out for self first, but one does not live alone in the world. The other man stands near. The altruist is he who forgets self and thinks chiefly of the other. Like the selfish person, he may desire wealth, fame and rank, but only

so he can use them for the benefit of mankind. Moreover, he develops every chance to make the other happy. Hence, when an opportunity opens, he just questions, "Will it help my neighbors?" If so, I will accept it—as Mr. Root did when he gave up a large, well-paying practice to serve his country. Both the altruist and self-seeker, then, watch the tide of fortune, although with unlike aims.

Beside the watchers, both for selfish and altruistic purposes, is the indifferent person, like Clough when he made the statement, "There's nothing new and there's nothing true, and it doesn't matter."

Was it possible that Clough was in earnest when he spoke these words? Where was his ambition? Was he sane? If there was nothing new, there would be no inventions; the world would be stagnant and without advancement. No one can say but what the world has advanced. If there is nothing true, of course we need not believe the statements of that pessimist; and if it doesn't matter, why did he let himself live to give to the world such a message? Clough doesn't matter.

Neither does the life of anyone who is indifferent. We can forgive an oversight, but how can we be lenient with a person who sees and realizes the importance of anything and does not use it for improvement? Really, it is a crime to let opportunity escape. Unfortunately some are just criminal enough to see their chances and let them slip by. To the same despicable class belongs the man that says, "opportunity never visited me." It is quite possible that opportunity has visited him and he has sent back word "not at home." Of course, if he waited for opportunity to introduce itself or send up its card he may never have had a chance. Opportunity must be sought after, and one who does not seek will never find.

The show of indifference leads us to the question, "How can we recognize opportunity?" It is very easy to look back and say, "Well, if I had done something else, etc." But how can we recognize it? In the first place there are no rules of recognition. Of

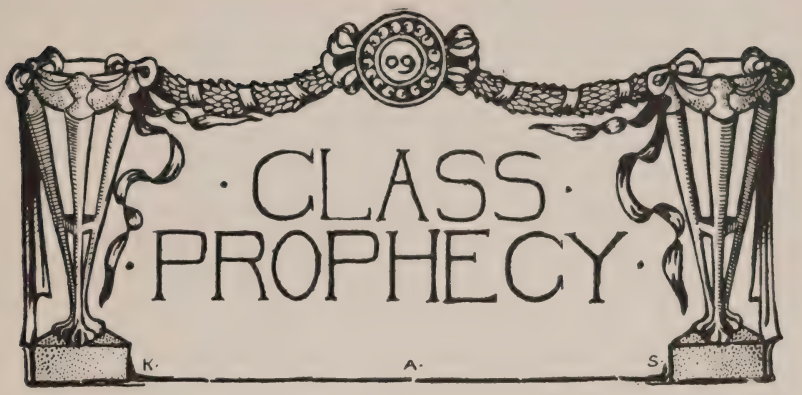
course, if in our lives we all had a great crisis or a "crux" as Lowell expresses it, we might easily choose. A sudden inspiration, such as Columbus had when he saw twigs and straws cast on the shore, may disclose opportunity. He felt inspired; he felt a new land awaited him on the other side. The small twigs remind us of the importance of trifles. Washington by keeping his notebooks neat rose from school boy to surveyor, to President. We can, also, be brought to realize opportunity by advice. Of course, there are all sorts of advice, but here is where the keenness of insight is necessary. We can be brought to realize good chances and our abilities can be made more pronounced by following good suggestions. Opportunity is ever present.

"They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in.
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win."

The way to determine opportunity is therefore through advice, inspiration, and a close observing of the little things of everyday life.

Opportunity declares:—

"I'm not for him who stands,
With folded hands,
Expecting me
To serve his inactivity.
I serve the active mind,
The seeing eye,
The ready hand
That grasps me passing by,
And takes from me
The good I hold!"




ETHEL MACMILLAN and ALBERT E. KERRIGAN.

Some of you know that it has been my custom during my High School career to trust implicitly to the inspiration of the moment at any critical time. Late, late, last night Ab. and I were pondering over the prophecy, waiting for an inspiration for the great work. We had about decided to leave the whole affair in the hands of Fate, when the year 1920 appeared before us. He remained but an instant and then vanished into thin air, leaving behind this basket, which he promised us contained everything necessary to fortell the future of our classmates. So now we ask you to come forward and receive the gifts that the year 1920 has sent you.

John Louis Keegen, a cane. "Doddering with age he creeps along." Louis, fortunate one, escaped all the pitfalls and temptations of youth, for he entered an old man's home upon leaving High School. Of course it goes without saying he plays the piano at chapel.

Virginia Slagle, a Jack in the Box. Whenever you want little Johnnie, you will find him right here, ready to pop up at your command—just like a jumping jack!

Marion O'Brien, tin pans. As it is customary before weddings to present the victim with a tin shower we take great pleasure in

presenting this to you, Marion, and hope your chemical experiments won't get mixed up with your first batch of biscuits, for his sake.

Edward Mullen, a dog. "Faithful unto death!" Mullen plays the part of the baying bloodhound in "Unc' Fletcher's Cabin" at the Gallert Museum.

Stewart W. Chaffee, a bed. "Sweet sleep, sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care." Chaffee peacefully dreams the hours away on his motorcycle. He has a record already of forty killed and injured. If he doesn't either wake up or forget to wake up, the undertakers will go on a strike.

Dorothy Swift, a toy telephone. In your school days you became so attached to the telephone that you finally decided to devote your life to it. Yes, you will be a telephone operator, sparing only evenings for canoeing.

Anna Howe, a cow bell. Anyhow, I think we'd better bell you to warn the populace of your approach.

Eugene Carver, a joke book. "Funny like a crutch." Carver is so funny that he is superintendent of a morgue.

Madame Wilhelminia Howlandia Tayloria, box of Frog-in-the-Throat. She is to be famous as a Grand Opera star, in the role of Marguerite. This will be partly due to the fact that Signor MacDonald will impersonate the bold, dashing Mephistoples.

James E. Willits, a tin horn. "If no one else blows my horn, I will." He will rule the destinies of men and nations. For he is the big chief "Wa, Wa." Incidentally he will make a living by peddling "Old Dr. Bull's Bottled Enthusiasm."

Thomas Dooley, a baseball. "For men may come and men may go, but its Baseball with him forever." Of course, Tom, is in the leagues playing great ball. He winters at the Meade Distributing Library.

Louise Ouimet, a blank music staff. The music of your name will inspire you to such an extent that you will be the author of several songs as "Ouimet by the River," "The First Time Ouimet," "At

Last, Ouimet." etc., so you may find this blank paper of use. However, you must remember that a pun is the lowest kind of a joke.

Harry F. Dunbar, a sheet of music. This is Harry's great prize poem:—

"Out of the dark, tarn, sodden rain
Into the night,
Faces that tarnish and turn again
Amethyst-white.

"Round me the pulsing, misty years,
Limitless gloom,
Downpour and eddying swirl of tears
Terrible doom.

"Reader, picture these awful scenes;
Why do you sigh?
You don't know what this poem means;
Neither do I!"

Harry received thirty years in jail for this effusion.

Gerard Driscoll, a rattle. "A giant grown, with the heart of a child." Jerry is running a day nursery and hospital. His first patient was Gleason.

Belle Williamson, a baby carriage. This baby carriage is to help you start the "Driscoll Day Nursery" where you are to be Jerry's First Assistant. Your experience in the High School gained for you this most honorable position. "Get a hammer, Belle, there's a fly on baby's head."

Thomas Gleason, a Billiken. "Laugh and the World Laughs with You." Tom never grew old. He was tickled to death one fine day from laughing up his sleeve, and not even Driscoll could save him. Anyhow, he was a little bit moonstruck.

Julia Kelly, a tennis racket. We look forward to the time when we may greet you as the Woman Champion of the World in tennis.

Constance Ridley, a gag. It will have to be done, Constance, and when once this gag is applied you will have no future.

Ernest Craig, a rubber. Arnie is President of the Live Rubber-Heel Co. You can see his advertisement everywhere. He is the inventor of that famous saying, "Look what's on yer 'eel."

Frank McNamara, a donkey. Mac is down at Revere giving rides to the children. He has a wonderful ear language.

Louise Eisenhardt, a diploma. Here is a diploma from the "School of the Spoken Word" where you will learn to talk after you leave Brookline—that is, unless it is quite hopeless—as we sometimes think.

Helen Sullivan, a bottle of Hair Restorer. Your labor in the B. H. S. chemical laboratory is to be rewarded by the discovery of this wonderful hair dye which you will demonstrate in Young and Brown's window. You will make apparent the effectiveness of the dye by leaving one side of your hair its natural gray and dyeing the other a beautiful glossy black—as advertised.

William Norton, a Salome Doll. "Young in years but old in wisdom." Bill is the acknowledged premier beauty critic of the land. His eye is unerring (although a little color blind) and his judgment wonderful.

Ethel MacMillan, a thimble. "A thimble means an old maid." Who would have thunk it? After long research work, Ethel established the fact that "Man is Fickle." Since then Ethel has devoted her life to the betterment of the world by keeping bachelor apartments on Marion street. Some say she had to, others say that she was waiting for the dear departed one to come back.

Ruth Holton, a bunch of gayly colored ribbons. The result of your various and varied experiments in color schemes is to lead you directly to the head of a fashionable dressmaking establishment which will become famed for its remarkable blending of colors.

Katherine Schweinfurth, a spade. Here's a spade with which you may keep on digging until you finally find the light.

Seymour Spitz, a trunk. Where else could that beautiful, happy,

guileless giggle be of advantage other than to a traveling salesman. He is on the road for the Pink Tea Co., of America. All the women are buying of him to see him smile.

Ellery Rogers, a padlock. Celery is making a wonderful success at the locksmith's business. No lock is his master. He crawls through the keyholes and fixes them.

Samuel Breck, a turtle. Immediately upon leaving school Sammie joined the *Dow*icites and nothing has been heard of him since.

Ellen Rooney, Margaret Wells, and Nellie Cochrane, rulers. To indicate your unquestionable and unquestioned authority in the Young Ladies' Seminary that you are going to dominate in the near future. I wonder if you got your ideas in the High School!

Graydon Bouvé, a box of toothpicks. "Like a shadow he comes; like a shadow he passes." Boober is the latest Houdini. He can get out of the tightest handcuffs or chains. His slight-of-hand tricks are marvelous. He can lift almost anything and make is disappear by mere pressure of his hands.

Victor Schellenburg, "S-C-H-E-L-L-E-N-B-U-R-G!" One of Victor's chief occupations in life is showing people how to spell his name. To help him this card is intended.

Lillian Hartigan, an onion. You are to be the emotional actress, the Edith Wynne Mathison of the coming age. One of the kind that wring tears from a brass monkey, you know. We present you with this onion hoping that it may aid you in bringing tears in the eyes of the audience.

Anna Holman, quill pen. It is decreed that you shall be widely renowned as a poetess—especially as the authoress of that touching piece entitled, "Memories of School Days." May it be an inspiration to you to know that all your classmates expectantly await the success that the future holds for you.

Agnes Schlemm, a hammer. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Moses F. Carr, Newton's Goat. Mose is running a dairy lunch,

of course, so that he can have plenty of food on tap. He also has a soda fountain inside, to be sure. Besides this, Mose has so many sidelines, we can hardly enumerate them. He is a cartoonist for the Malden Monitor, the inventor of a new school-spirit medicine guaranteed to cure that lazy feeling, and lastly author of "When the Spirit Moves Me, Only Then," a famous poem.

William A. Bryant, a bunch of keys. Butsey completes our trio of janitors, in the producing of which '09 has no equal. He has succeeded Mr. Cook, just beating out Dana for the job by a hair. Besides this, I have it on good authority (from Johnson of course) that he is giving out the hymn books in Heaven.

Elsie Gillies, "RESERVED!" Yes "RESERVED" in more ways than one. You are to be noted as the only woman who ever kept a secret.

Fred. MacDonald, a box of Frog-in-the-Throat. Fred, fresh and debonair as he used to be, is singing the part of Mephistopheles in Faust with Mme. Tayloria.

Katharine Moran and Florence Newcomb, pairs of slippers. A little pair of slippers to signify that you will dance on through life. You have doubtless heard of these "Dancing shapes that flit about in the moonlight." Well, that is to be your specialty. But Miss Newcomb will be the star of the Keith Circuit in a snappy buck-and-wing dance.

Edward M. Feeley, a band of crêpe. "O, come thou Goddess sage and holy, come divinest melancholy." Feeley is writing obituary notices in the *Chronicle* and running an undertaking shop on the side. He is after Chaffee.

Raymond Stone, a mask. "Of a truth a mysterious man." What goes on behind him we know not. Stone offers $50.00 to the man who can make him speak or laugh. Carver was the first to fail.

Mary Carmody, a star. Of course, you will join the ballet and, since your motto will be, "Hitch your wagon to a star," you will support Signor MacDonald in Faust. In case Fred fails to fill the role, we will furnish the star, but you may still support him.

Clara Davies, a nutmeg grater. We suggest hereafter you do your grinding on this.

Harry Thompson, a megaphone. "Hark! a whisper in the air!" You will never find your voice, but an outlet for your talent is offered. You will be principal of a deaf and dumb school.

Katherine Lacey, a piece of lace. She's so Lacy, in fact, that in the near future you will find her behind Hollander's Lace Counter. Ain't it awful, Mabel!

Ellen Horgan, an imp. At the suggestion of the Faculty, we present this imp to you. They beg that you beware of a closer acquaintance with the gentlemen than you already have.

James Rudolf, a cap pistol. "Every other inch a soldier." He's the champion one-yard rifle shot of the country. Gen. Rudolf he is, for he received a commission in the Canadian war of independence.

Wallace Rand, a bottle of pills. "I love my meals, but oh, you pills!" Wallace invented a pill that is guaranteed to cure all levity and frivolity.

Myrtle Dale, Louise Dyer, and Alice Hunter, canoes. You will respond to the great public need and establish a professional chaperon bureau on the Charles. But, Myrtle, that fatal desire of yours to find someone who knows something will keep you ever on the alert and make you a sorry loser at a business whose motto is, "Sleep, and you'll be clever and prosperous; stay awake, and you'll lose your job." Louise, your gentle sympathetic nature and weakness for letter writing will make you most desirable. Alice, too, thanks to that dreamy, sleepy attitude will make good.

Clarence Gordon, a note book. Clarence is secretary of the Brookline Silent Men's Club. He takes all his notes in Greek.

L. Joe Johnson, a piece of lead. "Swift as a meteor flash his hand swoops forth." Laurie will be the man in the information booth at the South Station after his career as a college sprinter. All approaching his office are warned to have everything tacked or chained down.

Lola Purdy, a box of paints. This box of paints is suitable as you are to become famous as an artist through the portrait of our Class Orator, Gordon Gallert, in a pose that we probably noticed when he had the floor.

Agnes Lally, a negro baby. That sad, sweet expression of yours, Agnes, tells very plainly that you were modeled expressly for a missionary in Africa. This is an example of what your victims will be.

Gordon Gallert, a balloon. "His voice rings out like a clarion round." *Galleoti* is the barker for a hot-dog shop at Revere. On a clear day he can be heard for miles around.

Ben Roberts, a toy violin. "Music hath notes that would make a saint swoon." Ben leads the Brookline High Agony Orchestra. Insensibility without harmful effects guaranteed. He has a record of forty audiences overcome.

Franz Niccolls, a toy cat. Nick is the proprietor of a home for stray cats and—girls. His heart was always warm for them. His motto is, "the more the merrier."

Frank Nadel, a large glass diamond. "All that glisters is not gold." Frinkie cornered the brick and peanut crop and now lives in ease near his Alma Mater, Moscow University.

Isadore Hill, a library catalogue. "Amidst the books she browses." Your devotion to the library is to lead you to a position there for life, so you might start now to study this library catalogue.

Carl Barnet, a penny. "If at first you don't turn up a head, match, match again." Carl used to bang the box at a moving picture show, but by diligent matching of pennies and a little sleight of hand he reached the position of fortune which he now holds.

Webster M. Sawyer, a boat. You may think this is a boat, but really it's his auto. Web naturally runs a taxicab, sometimes into Boston, but generally into a tree or more often a curbstone.

Ethel Truette, a motto—"Be brief." Your experience in the

High School will easily gain for you the position of prompter at the Bowdoin Square Theater or in Gallert's Museum. However, even in that position, this motto may be of some use to you.

Herbert Smith, a dumb-bell. Exercise is good for the soul, keep it up. Herbie is the janitor of the Gym. as might have been expected from his attachment for the place.

Charles Schweinfurth, a safety razor. "Beard is no sign of knowledge." Charlie sits in Old and Gray's window demonstrating his safety razor made on the plan of a harvester. It reaps and binds at the same time.

Davenport Pogue, a megaphone. "And grevious clamor and shout did rise when he was nigh." Yah! the Cherub is the train announcer at the Grand Central Station, when he is not playing the part of a steam Calliope in the circus parade. Pogue is the one man who ever beat the band.

Gwendolyn Moore, a chicken. "Here, chick! chick! chick! chick!" We give you this, Gelly, knowing that,

"Love sought is good,
But given unsought is better."

Albert Kerrigen, a bottle of Pond's extract. Sorry, Ab, that we can't supply you with the real article but we couldn't get her in the basket. This "Pond's extract" was as near as we could come.

Mabel Boyd, a pencil. Mabel, you will continue in the Secretary business and be Chick's right-hand man in the Oswego Blue Serge Suit Co., Ltd.

Newell A. Thompson, a wireless telephone. Nervy Nat, the successor to Marconi, will now receive any messages from the year 1920.

Brookline High School, June 4th, 1920.

Still doing business at the same old stand.

H. P. Cooley.

Brookline High School, June 4th, 1920.

Me too.

E. B. Floyd.

Brookline, Mass., June 4th, 1920.

Quinn, the florist, has just sold out to me.

Jack Moran.

Brookline, Mass., June 4th, 1920.

I have just bought the Library.

Walter Meade.

East Boston, Mass., June 4th, 1909.

Have been appointed Commander of the East Boston Ferries.

Bill Mattson.

Grace Bingham, a baton. "Like a shadow at noontime." You and your baton are to be always inseparable, in fact you will perhaps notice, when you hear our class song, that you cannot distinguish them.

Eugene B. Floyd, a big stick. "Ye do well to call me chief." Of course, Chick, you will be President of everything, from a college (not educational) to a harmony club. But your final great office will be President of the Oswego Blue Serge Suit Co.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Many thanks should be given by the graduating class to Katharine Schweinfurth for the many cuts which appear in this number. The class poem was written by Anna Holman; and the design for the heading (or title) is the work of the same person.

Words by HARRY F. DUNBAR. Music by GRACE BINGHAM.

A tone of sadness, sweet and low,
With quality sublime;
Expresses sadness as we go:—
The class of nineteen nine.

But nothing's gained by sadness, Friend,
So let a joyful chime,
Ring forth and to the sky ascend,
O class of nineteen nine.

With willing hand and ready feet,
We'll fight in battle line,
And never yield us to defeat,
O class of nineteen nine.

Chorus—Hark, Hark, another farewell song
Rings thro' our festive Hall,
As nineteen nine shouts forth: "So long,
Farewell to one and all."
As nineteen nine shouts forth: "So long,
Farewell to one and all."

# THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

HAROLD P. COOLEY, '09 — EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
NEWELL A. THOMPSON, Jr., '09 — BUSINESS MANAGER

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VOLUME XV — GRADUATION, JUNE, 1909 — NUMBER 8

## Editorials

CLASS of 1909, your great race is run. Bravely have you surmounted all the many obstacles thrust before you. The barrier at mid-years was cleared as the athlete on the cinder track shoots over the hurdles. Every check and pitfall, however great, has been skillfully avoided; and now you have attained that goal for which you have struggled for four years. These have not been long years, for when you look back over the course, with its many pleasures contrasting with the few hardships, surely you will realize how quickly the time has flown.

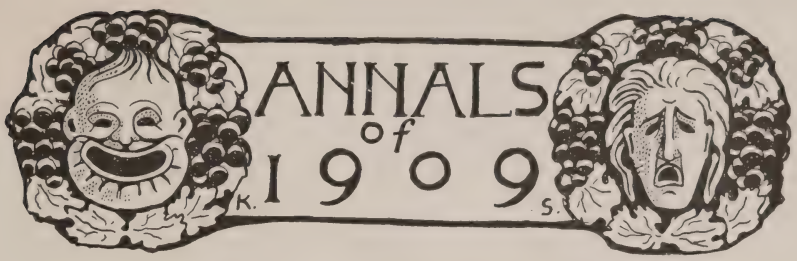
From this night on, you are no longer boys and girls of the

SAGAMORE BOARD, 1908-09.

Brookline High School; you are young men and women of the great, wide world. Your school has clothed you with knowledge and armed you with power to go out into the great unknown and to defeat the greater obstacles in the future, even as in previous years you have overcome the lesser ones. And when you have left this, your Alma Mater, with her dear brick walls, overgrown with ivy, and her majestic tower, a symbol of aspiration, may you not forget the old school. Support her in the future as you have done in the past.

. . . . . .

The old Sagamore is weary. For many moons has he labored, constructing with infinite pains his lodge, wherein to hang his many trophies. Now, at last, his work is completed; and, drawing about him his robe, fantastic in its designs of red and blue, he lies down by his campfire and slowly drifts away to the happy hunting grounds. As he sleeps, he dreams. He sees a vast rolling meadow, the thick grass dotted with myriads of yellow flowers—flowers it seems to him, of burnished gold; and as he gazes upon the vision, the blossoms seem to move, to gather, and lo! they form a wondrous set of figures—1909.




"Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet."

Barnet, Carl J., 498 Harvard street.

"*A delver in the art of chance.*"

Prize speaking 1908. Piano solo, Senior Social. Debating Club. Favorite occupation, "Other people's."

Bouvé, Graydon Goldthwaite, 258 Harvard street.

"*Who makes a furnace of his mouth and keeps the chimney burning.*"

B. H. S. Basketball '08. B. H. S. Football '08. B. H. S. Hockey, '09. Class Football, '07. Class Baseball, '06, '07, '08. Assistant Manager of Senior Social. B. H. S. Dramatics, '09. Favorite occupation, participating in a general rough house. Nicknames, "Boo," "The Eel," "The Cigarette."

Breck, Samuel, Jr., 171 Bellevue street, Boston.

"*Oh, what a tangled web we weave*
*When first we practise to deceive.*" (in English).

Glee Club, '06. Class Football, '07, '08. Class Baseball, '08. Favorite occupation, sleeping in class. Nicknames, "Sammy," "Breakfast."

Bryant, William Allen, 61 Clark road.

*"Butsey's the belle of the bathers!"*

Mandolin Club, '07, '08, '09. Usher Sophomore Freshman Reception. Member of B. H. S. Orchestra. Chorus for mass meeting of Debating Club. Chorus for prize speaking, '06, '07. M. I. T. (N. I. T.) next year. Favorite occupation, ushering, playing fierce games of marbles, and particpating in brutal ping-pong contests. He is our prize chorus girl. Nickname, "Butsey," "Lillian."

Burdett, Dana Stearns, 44 Harvard avenue.

*"What can I do to be famous?"*

Yes, Dana played the bass drum in that awful band. Favorite dream, that motor cycle. Favorite occupation,helping Butsey run the school. Nickname, just "Dana."

Carr, Moses Francis, 91 Centre street.

*"He hath eaten me out of house and home."*

Class Football, '06. B. H. S. Football, '07, 08. Class Baseball, '07. B. H. S. Baseball, '08, '09. Class Basketball, '08. Senior Social Play, '09. B. H. S. Dramatics, '09. Favorite occupation, scaring old Newton twice a year. Nickname, "Peter."

Carver, Eugene Pendleton, Jr., 15 Clinton road; next year, 34 Brentford, Cambridge.

*"'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange."*

Ass. Manager of Hockey, '09. Capt. B. H. S. Rifle team, '09. Debating Club. Hon. mention in prize speaking, '09. Favorite occupation, trying to run things. Nickname, "China."

Chaffee, Stewart W., ΣΔΨ, 37 Addington road.

*"Death's half brother, Sleep."*

B. L. S. to B. H. S., '07. Class Baseball, '08. Class Football, '09. Favorite occupation, blissful slumber. Nickname, "Morpheus," "The Ginger Ale Sport."

Craig, Ernest T., 199 Aspinwall avenue.

*"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles."*

Favorite occupation, English. Nickname, "Ernie."

Dooley, Thomas Edward, 15 Washington street.

*"It is not good that a man should be alone."*

Baseball team, '07, '08. Capt. in '09. Favorite occupation, "Play ball!" Nickname, "Tomma."

Driscoll, Gerard Timothy, 21 Kent street.

*"Fat paunches have lean pates."*

Class Football, '05, '06. B. H. S. Football, '07, 08. Tug of War, '06, '07, '08. Favorite occupation, a regular cut-up. Nicknames, "Jerry," "Jumbo," "Nemo."

Dunbar, Henry Fowler, ΓΔΨ, 43 Centre street.

*"An honest man he is, and hates the slime,*
*That sticks on filthy deeds."*

B. H. S. Crew, '07. B. H. S. Dramatics, '08, '09. Class Track, '06, '07, '08, '09. B. H. S. Track, '09. Mandolin Club, '09. Hockey Mgr., '08, '09. Tennis Team, '08. Senior Social Committee. Favorite occupation, playing the servant in Shailer Hall. Nickname, "Harry."

Feeley, Edward M., ΣΔΨ, 23 Babcock street.

*"A man can be serious without being sour."*

Debating Club, '08. Class Football, '08, '09. Capt. Class Baseball, '08. Class Track, '08. Favorite occupation, throwing a grouch in French. Nickname, "Ed," "Ty Cobb." Next year, High School of Commerce.

Floyd, Eugene Blythe, ΣΦΤ, 1398 Beacon street.

*"This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas."*

Class President, '06, '07, '08, '09. Debating Club, '06, '07, '08, '09. Class Football, '06, '07, '08. Class Basketball, '06.

Undergraduate member of Athletic Committee, '07. Class Hockey, '07. Class Baseball, '07. B. H. S. Basketball, '07. Vice-president B. H. S. A. A., '08. Vice-President Debating Club, '08. Asst. Mgr. Basketball, '08. President of B. H. S. A. A., '09. President of B. H. S. Debating Club, '09. President of Prep. League A. A., '09. B. H. S. Football, '09. Senior Social Play. Senior Dance Committee. Chairman of Photograph Committee. Member of Senior Trio. Favorite occupation, visiting "mills" and inspecting the hands. Nickname, "Chick."

Gallert, Gordon F., 34 University road.

*"Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne thee with archangels."*

Class Football, '05, '06. Class Basketball, '05, '06, '07. Class Baseball, '06, '07. B. H. S. Football, '07, '08. B. H. S. Baseball, '07, '08, '09. B. H. S. Basketball, '07. Debating Club, '07, '08, '09. Vice-President, '09. Senior Social Play. B. H. S. Track, '09. Class Orator. Favorite occupation, spielin', gas! gas!! gas!!! Nicknames, "Gal," "Microbe."

Gleason, Thomas G., 64 Linden street.

*"Sensible, yet he seemeth not."*

A. O. H. Div. 17. Class Football, '06, '07, '08. Tug-of-War, '06, '07. Favorite occupation, anything phoney. Nickname, "Tommy."

Gordon, Clarence M., 14 Bowker street.

*"For he figured to infinity."*

Favorite occupation, keeping out of sight.

Johnson, Lawrence J., 181 Davis avenue.

*"Yea, his fingers are passing light."*

Champion Swimming Relay, '09. Class Football, '06, '07. B. H. S. Baseball, '09. Class Baseball, '06, '07. B. H. S. Baseball, '08, '09. Favorite occupation, kicking at the world in general. Nickname, "Lawrie."

Keegen, J. Louis, ΣΔΨ, 217 Freeman street.

*"I'm growing—yes, I'm growing old."*

Pianist at chapel exercises, '06, '07, '08, '09. B. H. S. Dramatics, '07, '08, '09. Class Treasurer, '07, '08, '09. Baseball manager, '08, '09. Debating Club, '07, '08, '09. Pianist at Freshman Reception, '06, '07, '08. Chairman of Senior Social Committee. Secretary Debating Club, '08, '09. Senior Dance Committee, '09. Athletic Editor Sagamore, '08, '09. Committee arrangements for Interscholastic Debate, '09. Class Historian, '09. Executive Committee A. A., '08, '09. Favorite occupation, looking wise. Nickname, "The grand old man."

Kerrigan, Albert E., 32 Thorndike street.

*"It needs brains to be a good fool."*

B. H. S. Football, '08. B. H. S. Baseball, '08, '09. Mgr. Football, '08, '09. Capt. Class Baseball, '06. Class Prophet. Favorite occupation, "Wid de gang." Nicknames, "Ab," "Abbie Hoo Hoo." Harvard, 1913.

MacDonald, Frederick William, 39 Kent street.

*"It is never wise to slip the bonds of discipline."*

Glee Club, '06, '09. Class Baseball, '08. Class Football, '08. Favorite occupation, making chlorine in chemistry. Nickname, "Chicken."

McNamara, Francis Joseph, 74 Chestnut street.

*"Every big fish began life on a small scale."*

Debating Club, '06, '07. Class Baseball, '08, '09. Golf Team, '08. Favorite occupation, "Fore!" Nicknames, "Frank," "Mac."

Mattson, William Rhoads, 40 Harrison street.

*"Industry makes for success."*

Class Football, '08, '09. Member of Rhetorical Committee of Debating Club. Favorite occupation, arguing. Nickname, "Sailor."

Meade, Walter Francis, 20 E. Milton road.

*"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun."*

Class Football, '07, '08. Class Baseball, '06. Class Tug-of-War, '06, '08. Class Relay, '06, '07. Capt. Champion Class Relay, '08. Favorite occupation, grinding at Brookline Public Library. Nickname, "Grinder."

Moran, John H., 21 School street.

*"Jack was embarrassed, never hero more,*
*And as he knew not what to say, he swore."*

Tug of War, '06. Class Basketball, '08. Class Relay, '08 (championship). Class Football, '08. B. H. S. Track, '08, '09. B. H. S. Relay, '09. Favorite occupation, mum as an oyster. Nickname, "John B."

Mullen, Edward Francis, 11 Orkney road.

*"He's a tough man, tough and devilish sly."*

Class Football, '08. Class Baseball, '09. Harvard, '13. Favorite occupation, trying to butt into society. Nicknames, "Eddie," "Tough Guy."

Nadel, Frank David, 298 Washington street.

*"He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone."*

B. H. S. Football Team, '08. Captain Class Basketball, '08. Tug-of-War, '06, '07, '08, '09. Favorite occupation, getting thin. Nicknames, "Hard luck-a-buck," "Frinkey."

Niccolls, Francis Alden, Jr., 131 Kilsyth road.

*"And when a lady's in the case*
*You know all other things give place."*

Hockey, '07, '08. Championship Second Crew, '08. Capt. B. H. S. Crew, '09. Dramatics, '09. Sagamore Alumni Editor, '08, '09. Championship Tug-of-War, '06, '07. Favorite hobby, Cats and Freshmen. Favorite occupation, robbing the cradle.

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1908

Norton, William Joseph, 90 Brook street.

*"What is it to be wise."*

Freshman Baseball. Senior Football. Favorite occupation, Hush!! Nicknames, "Bill," "The Hound."

Pogue, Davenport Ellis, 135 Davis avenue.

*"But still his tongue ran on,*
*And with its everlasting clack*
*Set all men's ears upon the rack."*

Class Football, '06. Class Basketball, '07. Tug-of-War, '07, '08. B. H. S. Football, '07, '08. B. H. S. Basketball, '07, '08. Dramatics, '08. Senior Photograph Committee. B. H. S. second crew, '09. Tufts, '13 (then he woke up). Favorite occupation, exponent of consolidated gas. Rah-Rahing. Nicknames, "Puggy," "Chicago Yegg," "The Slab."

Rand, Wallace, Jr., 26 Chesham road.

*"I love the people, but do not like to stage me in their eyes."*

Class Relay, '08. Class Baseball, '08. Class Football, '08. B. H. S. Track, '09. Senior Dance Committee. Favorite occupation, keeping quiet.

Roberts, George Benjamin, 10 Elm street.

*"There is music in all things if men had ears."*

Prize Speaking, '07, '08. Winner in 1909. Mandolin Club, '07. Leader, '08, '09. Senior Social Play, '09. Favorite occupation, music (whistling). Nickname, "Ben."

Rogers, Ellery Wilson, ΓΔΨ, 39 Beals street; next year, 68 Mt. Auburn street, Cambridge.

*"He hath a lean and hungry look."*

B. H. S. Hockey, '08, '09. Favorite occupation, talking auto. Nickname, "Celery."

Rudolf, Henry James Grey, 1571 Beacon street.

*"He was in logic a great critic."*

Class Football, '08. Chairman Rhetorical Committee. Debating Club, '09. President of Rifle Association, '09. Favorite occupation, talking "aboot" most anything. Nickname, "Jimmy."

Sawyer, Webster Mackenzie, ΣΔΨ, 146 Winthrop road.

*"Sometimes a motor car is a sign of prosperity, but it often stands for unpaid debts."*

Class Football, '05, '09. Usher Sophomore Freshmen Reception. Debating Club. Favorite occupation, "On the Wayne." Nickname, "The Optical Illusion."

Schellenberg, Victor Charles, 1242 Commonwealth avenue.

*"S-c-h-e-l-l-e-n-b-u-r-g, Schellenburg, that's me."*

B. H. S. Mandolin Club, '08, '09. Class Track, '07, 08. Favorite occupation, running around loose and very, very wild. Nickname—how could you ask with the appellation he carries around.

Schweinfurth, Charles, 32 Webster place.

*"Go! Let thy less than woman's hand*
*Assume the distaff, not the brand."*

Favorite occupation, reckless games of chance. Nickname, "Charlie" (spoken very lightly).

Smith, Herbert Walter, Cottage street.

*"The smith a mighty man is he."*

Freshmen Hockey. Sophomore Basketball. B. H. S. Hockey (Sub.), '09. Favorite occupation, just living!

Spitz, Seymour James, 50 Thorndike street.

*"In mathematics he was greater than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater."*

Sophomore Baseball. Junior Baseball. Asst. Mgr. B. H. S. Football, '08. Favorite occupation, mathematics.

Stone, Raymond Worthington, 102 Thorndike street; next year, So. College Dormitory, Amherst.

*"Solitude sometimes is the best society."*

Did you ever see Stone turn to rubber? No! he never does it.

Thompson, Henry Havelock, 351 Washington street.

*"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."*

Neither seen nor heard.

Thompson, Newell Aldrich, Jr., ΣΔΨ, 31 Brook street.

*"O star-eyed Science."*

Glee Club, '05. Championship Class Track, '08. Asst. Business manager Sagamore, '07, '08. Manager, '08, '09. Manager of B. H. S. Dramatics, '07, '08, '09. Senior Social Committee. Ivy Orator, '09. Favorite occupation, Mr. Manager. Nicknames, "N. A.," "Tommy," "The Rat," "Nervy Nat."

Willits, James E., Selkirk road.

*"Last but not least in size or volume comes our old friend,*
*Chief Waw-Waw. Oh, you, Jimmie!"*

Class Hockey, '05, '06. Class Basketball, '07, '08. B. H. S. Football, '06, '07. Capt. '08. Glee Club, '05, '06. Athletic Committee, '08, '09. Championship second crew, '08. B. H. S. Crew, '09. Favorite occupation, slinging the tough talk. Nickname, "Totter." Why "Totter?" Well, you just watch him walk or run and get wise.

Bingham, Grace Elizabeth, 27 Hurd road.

*"No! she isn't walking in her sleep! That is her natural face. If any one teased her do you suppose that she'd 'bing 'em.' That's what she used to do in Field Hockey."*

Favorite occupation, "growing." Nickname, "Gracie."

Boyd, Mabel Genevieve, 174 High street.

*"Ain't it awful,—Genevieve?"*

Girls' Basketball, '05. Manager, '06. Secretary of Class, '09. Senior Social Committee. Senior Dance Committee. Favorite occupation, appropriating public protection. Nickname, "Boy."

Carmody, Mary M., 39 Kent street.

*"Is she a spring chicken, do you say?*
*Well, of course, I don't know.*
*They call her 'chicken' anyway.*
*Maybe she's only a spring chicken in April and May.*

Favorite occupation, studying physics. Nickname, "Chicken."

Cochrane, Ellen Aloyse, 14 Morss avenue.

Favorite occupation, prinking. Nickname, "Nellie."

Dale, Myrtle Pauline, 117 Kent street.

*"The myrtle, ensign of supreme command."*
*"I don't believe our Myrtle would command much with her demure voice."*

Freshman Basketball. Junior Marshal.

Davies, Clara, Cottage street.

*"Does she look worried? Well, I guess you would if you had a kid brother to look after."*

Basketball, '05. Glee Club, '09.

Dyer, Louise, 43 Winchester street.

*"Hear her? No, of course not. Why she is only on lesson 14 on 'How to Talk.'"*

Freshman Basketball. Favorite occupation, cultivating her voice.

Eisenhardt, Louise Charlotte, Newton street.

*"That hair?—Oh, yes, isn't it neat. Yes, it always is."*

Sagamore Reporter, '08. Basketball, '05. Glee Club, '09. Favorite occupation, writing essays.

Gillies, Elsie Beldon, 78 Cypress street.

*"It is funny that she doesn't forget to breathe sometimes. She certainly does act sleepy."*

Nickname, "Gilly."

Hartigan, Lillian Rose, 64 Chestnut Hill avenue.

*"Heavens, that tragic air!"*

Capt. Freshman Basketball. Class Day Marshal.

Hill, Isadore Sutton, 384 Washington street.

Member of Cercle Gaulois.

Holman, Anna Eveleth, 15 Davis avenue. T. B. B.

*"Who says in verse what others say in prose. What do you know about her jingle on Abe Lincoln?"*

Sagamore Reporter, '06, '07. Sagamore Literary Editor, '07, '08, '09. Class Poet.

Holton, Ruth Winifred, 135 Addington road.

*"Here we have a woman suffragette of the extreme type. She has no use for man and is not a bit backward in telling the Political Science Class so."*

Drew Sagamore cut, '08. Hockey, '08. Glee Club.

Horgan, Ellen A., 300 Boylston street.

Class Basketball, '05, '06. Class Hockey, '07, '08. Favorite occupation, sewing.

Howe, Anna Margaret, 110 Franklin street.

*"Well she is, anyhow. Yes, a little exuberant, but that will wear off with age."*

Nickname, "Howey." Favorite occupation, fighting about marks.

Hunter, Alice Lincoln, 7 Elm street.

*"For years she has been looking for a flesh reducer. In fact, her nickname is 'Hunter.'"*

Kelley, Julia Frances, 112 Franklin street.

*"Isn't it almost time for a rise in hair, Julia?"*

Freshman Basketball. Junior Hockey. Nickname, "Kell." Favorite occupation, getting *"them"* stamped.

Lacey, Katherine Magdalen, 114 Franklin street.

*"She's always on deck. She runs the 'bunch' in Business Practice like on old timer."*

Basketball, '06. Hockey, '08. Nickname, "Katie." Favorite occupation, scrapping with the Faculty.

Lally, Agnes Josephine, 324 Clyde street.

*"Goodness, Gracious, Agnes!"*

Girls' Glee Club.

MacMillen, Ethel. Probably "Old Broadway."

*"Oh, yes, Ethel's there with the berries and the soft pedal. Been in jail several times for stealing hearts. She is B. H. S.'s prize lover."*

Basketball, '06. Field Hockey, '08. Manager Senior Athletics, '09. Class Day Marshal, '08. Senior Social Committee, '09. Play, '09. Class Prophetess.

Moore, Gwendolyn, Crescent street, Northampton, Mass.

*"Behold our Vice-President! She's a nice girl, even if her name has almost been smashed to 'jelly.'"*

Vice-President, '07, '08, '09. Freshman Sophomore Reception Committee. Senior Social Committee. Chairman of Senior Dance Committee. Sagamore News Editor, '09. Nickname, "Gelly."

Moran, Katherine A., 83 School street.

*"First, last, and always seen with our next customer."*

Basketball, '06, '07. Hockey, '07, '08. President of Girls' B. H. S. A. A., '09.

Newcomb, Florence A., 39 School street.

*"No, there is nothing special the matter with her eyes."*

Class Hockey. Basketball. Favorite occupation, making "I's." Nickname, "Newky."

O'Brien, Marion Ellen, 6 Roberts street.

*"Big eyes, but you needn't be afraid, she won't bite."*

Freshman Basketball, '06. Hockey, '07. Favorite occupation, entertaining.

Ouimet, Louise Frances, Clyde street.

*"'Twas in the summer when 'we met.'"* [Joke—laugh!]

Favorite occupation, haunting the country club. Nickname, "Lie."

Purdy, Lola Edith, 23 Webster street.

*"Such a demure little thing, too."*

Class Basketball and Hockey.

Ridley, Constance J., 131 Kent street.

*"What is that saying about stormy sky and silver lining?"*

Favorite occupation, "Well, Mr. Joslin, I don't see h-o-w you do it."

Rooney, Ellen Catherine, 22 Leverett street.

*"Yes, she comes from the Bill Lincoln School and her nickname is Nellie."*

Favorite occupation, studying.

Schweinfurth, Katherine Ammon, T. B. B., 32 Linden street.

*"Draw? Well, rather! Just peruse the pages of this noble volume and see specimens of her handiwork."*

Favorite occupation, grinding.

Slagle, Virginia, T. B. B., 36 Green street, Northampton.

*"Brookline is a dry town, but we do have our 'Gin.' Mighty nice 'Gin,' too."*

Senior Dance Committee. Sagamore Board, '08. Favorite occupation, "Gin with Jelly." Nickname, You don't need to ask.

Sullivan, Helen Frances, 1 Brook street.

*"They call her 'Sully,' but it might be changed to 'sullen.'"*

Swift, Dorothy Campbell, 8 Cypress place.

*"It seems that we have a good many very demure little girls in our school, but I guess Dorothy takes the cake."*

*"For permission to speak to her apply to Niccolls or 'Brick' Collins."*

Taylor, Wilhelmina Howland, 2 Bowker street.

*"You would think she was French to hear her speak it, but they call her 'Dutchy.'"*

J. Murray Kay Prize-Speaking Contest. Girls' Glee Club. Favorite occupation, doing the 100-yard in 10 flat. She also sings in the "Rusty Can" Opera.

Truette, Ethel, 130 Dean road.

*"One may smile and smile and be a villain."*

Prompter B. H. S. Dramatics, '08. Prompter Senior Social, '09. B. H. S. Dramatics, '09. Favorite occupation, fussing, giggling, and prompting.

Wells, Margaret Veronica, 10 Morss avenue.

"*No this is not an advertisement for 'Veronica Water.'*"

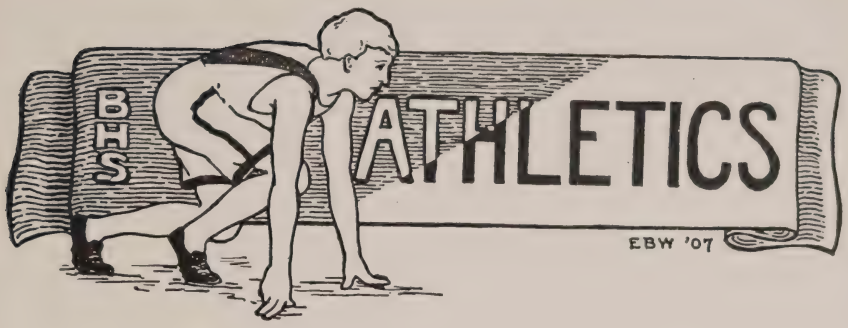
Favorite occupation, walking with—?

Williamson, Belle L., 8 Winthrop road.

"*She is the belle of the Williamson's.*"

[Joke No. 2.—Laugh!]

B. H. S. Hockey, '09. Favorite occupation, just smiling. Nickname, "Bell."




### ROXBURY LATIN VS. B. H. S.

Brookline High School's baseball season opened with a blaze of glory on Tuesday, April 13. The first game of the season was played with Roxbury Latin, and Brookline won by a score of 10 to 7. Mr. Carrell tried many of the candidates in their various positions, and was thus able to determine just what material there was in the squad. The game was interesting, although not very exciting. However, it was a good beginning and proved to the several hundred spectators that B. H. S. has some worthy baseball material.

### B. H. S. VS. ARLINGTON.

To counterbalance a defeat of last spring in baseball Captain Dooley took the baseball squad to Arlington on the 16th of April, and there he wiped out the defeat of last year, with a score of 8 to 6, in our favor. Our boys deserve credit, for the individual playing was commendable. Walter Kelley did some heavy hitting and started the game with a snappy three-base hit on the first ball pitched; Captain Dooley lived up to his reputation on third base; and Gallert was kept busy holding the cannon balls discharged by Peter Carr. It was hinted that the victory was due to the "civilian" costume of the box artist and doubtless that "red jersey" did have its effect on the result of the game, for it kept the pitcher warmed up. The runs were made by Kelley (3), by Rote (1), Mason (2),

Gallert (1), and Carr (1). Carr struck out seven men and gave no bases on balls.

### B. H. S. vs. Alumni.

The annual game with the Alumni was called at 10.30 in the morning of April 19. The Alumni team was somewhat different this year from what it has been heretofore, and was fittingly referred to as the "Alumni that never graduated." The team was not complete, so we generously lent them the use of "Joe" McPhee. Of the other players only three were graduates of the school. They proved too weak for our boys, scoring only two runs to our eight, and Carr succeeded in striking out eleven men. The runs for our team were made by Kelley (1), Mason (1), Gallert (2), Bouvé (1), Melizer (2), Carr (1).

### B. H. S. vs. Winchester.

The weather man favored us on April 22, and, although it rained hard in the morning, the team journeyed to Winchester under a brilliant sky. Last year Brookline had an overwhelming victory over Winchester, but this year the score was smaller, being 7 to 5. Kennealy, a promising candidate for pitcher's place, did some good work in the first six innings and proved that he has the qualities necessary to make good in that position.

### B. H. S. vs. Pomfret.

Yes! Carr was really on time! He actually arrived at the railroad station at 7.15 in the morning, five minutes before the appointed hour. Therefore we say "Congratulations, Pierre!" Gallert managed to rise early, too; and, judging from observation, early rising agrees with all the members of the team. We left Boston at eight o'clock, reaching Pomfret, Connecticut, at 9.35. On the road we were treated to a splendid exhibition of school spirit. When the train drew up at Franklin, Mass., the baseball team of Dean Academy boarded, and were greeted by the cheers of a large group of

BASEBALL TEAM—CHAMPIONS OF PREPARATORY LEAGUE, 1909.

students who had come to the station to give their team a royal send off. The team was on its way to New Haven for a game with the Yale Freshmen.

Our boys had some batting practice in the morning; and after dinner we went to the football field where the diamond was located, as the regular baseball field was too muddy owing to heavy rain. The air was quite chilly, and there was a very strong wind blowing from the northwest, which made it a difficult problem to play baseball. However, our boys did good work and carried the day with a victory of 12 to 6. Carr pitched a fine game, getting eleven strikeouts and giving only three bases on balls. The trip was one of interest and all the fellows felt that we had made the best of our journey of sixty-five miles. We are very thankful to the management of the Pomfret team who made everything as convenient and agreeable as possible for our boys.

Reaction in the form of cancellation followed the early success of the baseball team. After playing two games in one week, followed by three the next, all five of which contests were victories for B. H. S., the team took an enforced rest. Owing to the heavy April rain, two games scheduled during the same week, with Malden and West Roxbury High Schools, were called off; and it will be impossible to meet either of these teams this season. Our boys were scheduled to meet Dorchester on the fifth of May, but this game, too, had to be called off on account of the persistent rainy weather.

### B. H. S. vs. Technology 1911.

Owing to the continuous rain during the latter part of April and the first of May, Brookline High had to cancel games with Malden, West Roxbury, and Dorchester High Schools; but on Friday, May 7, our boys met the Technology Sophomores on Cypress Street Playground. The game was fast and snappy, and at several stages things looked cloudy for Brookline. But capital playing

was well rewarded by holding the Tech. boys down to two runs. The score at the close of the ninth was 2 to 2, and, at the request of the Tech. captain, the game was discontinued, "owing to darkness," the newspapers said. Kelley made one run and Carr the other. Carr got twelve strikeouts, while Sloan, the Tech. twirler, got five.

### B. H. S. vs. Noble & Greenough.

There was really nothing to it—only a little batting practice for our boys at the expense of Minot and Grant, the twirlers for Noble & Greenough. Between the two "Noble" pitchers, they got five strikeouts, while Carr got thirteen. The final score was 18 to 2 in favor of B. H. S.

An unadvertised game was played on the playground on Wednesday, May 12, between B. H. S. and a group of ex-Harvard men, known as the Boston Stock-Exchange team. The game drew a large crowd and proved to be fast and snappy. Our boys got two runs; our opponents, only one. Ray Kennealy, our sub-pitcher, showed up in good form and got four strikeouts in seven innings, which was the limit of the game owing to the lateness in starting.

### B. H. S. vs. Norwood.

The trip to Norwood resulted in another victory for the Red and Blue. In spite of the poor field "with its many jagged rocks," our boys played well. Carr held his record and got the "usual thirteen" strikeouts, with which we were, by this time, quite familiar. The Norwood pitcher had seven to his credit. The final score was 10 to 5.

### B. H. S. vs. English High.

Everyone was surprised. About what? Oh! because Brookline piled up seven runs in the first inning of the game. Then, whether English High woke up, or Brookline showed mercy, is still dis-

puted, but our boys made no runs in the second and third innings. In the fourth, however, four runs were brought in; and then Brookline took a rest on base running. English High brought in one run in the third and one in the ninth inning. Mendelssohn, the English High pitcher, got six strikeouts, while Carr got eleven. The final score was 11 to 2.

Just as everyone had been surprised on Tuesday, everyone was disappointed on Saturday, when the Waltham game had to be canceled because Jupiter Pluvius reigned (!) supreme. Waltham High seemed to be regarded as "unshaked of motion" in the athletic firmament, and for that very reason Brookline wanted a chance to try Waltham's stability. At first it was hoped that the postponed game might be played later, but it could not be arranged; and Brookline High went to the league games with a record unmarred by defeat.

### League Games.

B. H. S. vs. Cambridge Latin, Wednesday, May 26, 1909, at American League grounds.

It is a short, but none the less sad story to tell of the disaster that befell the boys from the University city on May 26. The game started off with a bright outlook for Cambridge, for at the close of the first inning the score stood 2 to 0 in favor of Cambridge. After Cambridge made two runs in the first inning, they scored no more until the eighth when one more was brought in. In the second inning, our boys began to play the game, and without any difficulty, they piled up ten runs in that one inning. There was no advancement in the third, for only four Brookline men came to bat, one of whom struck out. In the fourth, one run was brought in; four more in the fifth inning; not any in the sixth; eight in the seventh, and two in the eighth. The last half of the ninth inning was not played as the game was already won by B. H. S. Carr got 17 strikeouts while Keegan got eight. The final score was 25 to 3. A summary is given below:

BROOKLINE.

| | p.o. | a. | e. | a.b. | r. | b.h. | s.h. | s.b |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dooley (capt.) 3 b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 3 |
| *Kerrigan, 2b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| McGrath, 2b | 1 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Rote, s.s. | 2 | 2 | 0 | 6 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Kelley, l.f. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 3 |
| Gallert, c. | 18 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 0 | 2 |
| Stewart, r.f. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Mason, r.f. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Bouvé, 1b. | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Johnson, 1b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Walizer, c.f. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Carr, p. | 0 | 2 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 3 |
| Totals | 27 | 6 | 3 | 49 | 25 | 21 | 0 | 15 |

CAMBRIDGE LATIN.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dall, 3b. | 3 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Webb, 2b. | 1 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Kimball (capt.), s.s. | 2 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Hovey, 1b. | 6 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Stevens, c. | 7 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Graustein, c.f. | 1 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Keegan, p. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Edgerton, r.f. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Dee, l.f. | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Lynch, l.f. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 24 | 11 | 10 | 33 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 1 |

The final score was 25 to 3. Umpire — Richard Hayes of Brookline. Time—Two hours, five minutes.

*Went in last of seventh inning.

## B. H. S. vs. NEWTON.

The biggest game of the baseball season was played at Claflin Field, Newton, on Monday, May 31, before a crowd of 1500 spectators. The grand stand was crowded, and many were standing on the field. The weather was perfect and was just what "Peter" Carr ordered, for "Pete" is at his best when the thermometer hovers about ninety degrees.

At 10.15 the game was called. A lusty cheer arose from the throats of the eight hundred Brookline supporters; Newton's loyalists responded with their "Rackety-Axe," and the battle was on. To describe the game in detail would be superfluous, for it is enough to say that "Peter" was never in better trim, nor was the rest of the team ever more ready to stand back of him. Newton's team showed some good work, but was completely outclassed by Brookline. Donahue of Newton was badly injured in sliding to second base. The feature of the game was Carr's pitching, and in particular, his little specialty of having a man on third and another on second, with none out, and then striking out three successive men. Carr had 15 strikeouts to his credit while Gaw of Newton had nine.

### BROOKLINE.

| | p.o | a. | e. | a.b. | r. | b.h. | s.h. | s.b |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dooley (capt.), 3b. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Rote, s.s. | 2 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| McGrath, 2b. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Kelley | 1 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Gallert | 17 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Mason | 2 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Johnson | 1 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Walizer | 2 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Carr | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 27 | 6 | 3 | 37 | 6 | 11 | 0 | 6 |

TRACK TEAM, 1909.

NEWTON.

| | p.o. | a. | e. | a.b. | r. | b.h. | s.h. | s.b. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Donahue, 2b. | 1 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| *Gallagher, r.f. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Ryan, c. | 10 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| O'Neil, l.f. | 2 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Fripp, r.f. and s.s. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Barry, s.s. and 2b. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| McCourt, c.f. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Sanderson, 3b. | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Chamberlin, 1b. | 8 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Gaw, p. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 26 | 5 | 4 | 34 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 2 |

The final score was 6 to 1. Umpires—Mr. Sheehan of Brookline, Mr. Ryan of West Newton. Time—One hour, fifty-five minutes.

The third league game and the thirteenth victory of the season came off on the eighth of June at the National League Grounds, Columbus Avenue, when the Red and Blue was raised over the Orange and Black. The game was a fierce battle from the first minute to the last. Newton was determined to win, and it goes without saying that Brookline's determination was even more intense. There was no scoring until the fifth inning when Newton in the first half brought in their only run. In the second half, our fellows got the lead, Gallert bringing in the first run, while Mason followed closely with another. It would be superfluous to speak of the individual playing of the Brookline fellows, for they all did justice to their reputation. "Mose" had 11 strikeouts, while Wood of Newton had 10 to his credit. This game practically decides the championship, which will be awarded to Brookline. A summary of the game is given below.

*Went in first of fourth inning.

BROOKLINE.

| | p.o. | a. | e. | a.b. | r. | b.h. | s.h. | s.b |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dooley (Capt.), 3 b. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Rote, s. s. | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| McGrath, 2 b. | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Kelley, l. f. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Gallert, c. | 12 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Mason, r. f. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Johnson, 1 b. | 7 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Walizer, c. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Carr, p. | 0 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| *Kerrigan, 2 b. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total | 26 | 8 | 5 | 26 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 2 |

NEWTON.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Barry | 3 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| †Ryan | 11 | 5 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| O'Neil | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Fripp | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Murray | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Sanderson | 1 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| McCourt | 1 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Wood | 0 | 2 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Chamberlain | 6 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| ‡Gallager | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Total | 24 | 12 | 3 | 34 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 7 |

Umpires, Mr. Hayes of Brookline and Mr. Ryan of Newton. Time, 1 hour 45 minutes. Final score, 2 to 1.

*Went in last of fifth inning.
†Hit by batted ball.
‡Went in last of fifth inning.

The championship was practically decided by Brookline's victory over Newton, and Cambridge therefore canceled the game scheduled for Friday, June 11th, thus forfeiting to Brookline.

The baseball management takes this opportunity to extend a word of thanks to those who have so kindly aided the baseball team this season. To Mr. Mason we are indebted for the use of the gymnasium for indoor practice; to "Bill" Shine, one of our alumni who pitched for Brookline in '04, for his services as umpire in many of our games, and to "Bill" Johnson, B. H. S. '11, who has carefully looked after the scoring at all the games. To these and all others who have aided the team in any way, we extend our hearty thanks.

J. LOUIS KEEGEN, Manager (for the team).

BATTING AVERAGES, 1909.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gallert | 349 | Mason | 155 |
| Kelley | 340 | Johnson | 129 |
| Dooley | 327 | Bouvé | 177 |
| Walizer | 326 | Kerrigan | 333 |
| Rote | 286 | O'Neil | 400 |
| McGrath | 263 | Stewart | 250 |
| Carr | 250 | Kennealy | 166 |

SUMMARY OF THE BASEBALL SEASON.

After a period of two months' ball playing, Brookline High was represented by a first-class baseball team which has an enviable record. Of the first thirteen games played, all but one have been victories for the Red and Blue; and that one game was a tie. English High, the champions of the Boston School Leagues, went down in a crushing defeat, leaving Brookline the undisputed master of the interscholastic baseball in or near Boston.

It is interesting to review the events of the season and to comment upon the varying circumstances which existed.

At the outset, when Captain Dooley issued his first call for candidates, the prospects were fairly bright, but nothing to boast of. With a man like Dooley for captain, however, and a coach unsurpassed in quality, such as Mr. Carrell, the dubious outlook was polished to its height, and it was soon learned that the baseball season in Brookline High promised to be unusually good during the month of March. Practice was held five afternoons a week in the municipal gymnasium, and early in April the boys were taken out of doors. Judicious diplomacy used toward the Park Commissioners won us the advantage of having the diamond rolled and raked into first-class condition for the opening game with Roxbury Latin on April 13. During that week the team went to Arlington; and the next week it played the Alumni at Brookline, Winchester at Winchester, and Pomfret at Pomfret. The latter game, which called us to Connecticut, was, perhaps, more of a novelty to the team than any other during the season. The team left early Saturday morning and after an uneventful trip, reached Pomfret about 10 o'clock. The boys held a short practice, then had lunch (for details, consult Walizer) at which Mr. Carrell took the place as head of the family. A delightful(?) musical program was rendered by our boys after lunch, and then all were ready for the game. The thermometer was not much below zero, but still every one realized that it might have been worse. After the victory, the boys were treated to a training-table diet of crackers and milk; and then they set out for the railroad station in a barge. It goes without saying that there was no disturbance in the barge or the train; but something interesting might be learned by consulting Mr. Carrell about the "cracker shower" in the barge. In the train Carr, Kelley, and Walizer had certain troubles of their own which none but they can describe with full justice. However, by the time the team reached home, everyone was happy, but "all in."

This game was followed by a long season of rainy weather, and we had to cancel games with Malden, West Roxbury, and Dor-

chester. The Tech. boys gave us a good, tight game, as did also the Stock-Exchange players. At the Tech. game, the plan of selling tickets in an open field was successfully adopted, and about ten dollars was taken in by the sale of these tickets at ten cents each. The next three games were easy victories over Noble & Greenough, Norwood High, and English High. The trip to Norwood was rather a disappointment to the fellows; for they entered the town at ten o'clock and saw the game advertised for 3.30. It would be interesting to hear how the different groups of fellows "killed time." Some of the team went "visiting"; others went "bowling"; but it goes without saying, that Peter Carr went down to the village for a chocolate ice-cream soda.

At the English High game, also, the badge tickets were sold, and a considerable number were disposed of. The Waltham game had to be canceled owing to poor weather, but the next week we played our first league game at the American League grounds on Huntington avenue. The game baffles description in words, but it was amply described in cartoon in the morning *Globe* of May 27. The holiday game at Newton was a tremendous success, and drew an immense crowd. Thus far B. H. S. had been undefeated and the only suspense left was the result of the game on June 8.

## Crew.

On May 18th the first and second Brookline crews formed an eight and raced Stone's School, over the 1 mile course. Brookline, although defeated by their opponents greater power, rowed in fine form and made a very creditable performance, considering they had but three day's practice together.

The preliminary heats for the Schoolboy Regatta on June 1 resulted in both our crews qualifying. The first crew finished second in its heat, with Volkmann first. The second crew won its heat by a fine spurt on the last 100 yards. Both crews were doomed for disappointment on June 3 in the finals. The first

crew, clearly overtrained and stale, finished last, although they were by no means disgraced, every man pulling a game race. The second crew, looked upon as probable winners, were slow in getting away and were a poor third at the half-mile. Here they gradually hit up the stroke and passed Noble and Greenough in the last ⅛ of a mile, but did not quite have the power to win-out over Volkmann. The crews made up as follows:—

First crew: Capt. Niccolls, stroke; Krafts, 3; Willits, 2; Collins, bow; Hay, cox. Second crew: Capt. Cooley, stroke; Pogue, 3; Dexter, 2; Floyd, bow; Murphy, cox.

Collins has been elected captain of next year's crew. Congratulations, "Brick!" May you have all success and support, and turn out a winning crew!

Owing to the late date of the interclass games last year, the results were not given in the Sagamore, but are given below:—

100-yd. dash.—1st, F. Hann, '11; 2d, Rand, '09; 3d, Shedden, '11. Time, 10 4-5 sec.

220-yd. dash.—1st, F. Hann, '11; 2d, Shedden, '11; 3d, Rand, '09. Time, 24 sec.

880-yd. run.—1st, Dunbar, '09; 2d, Whitney, '10; 3d, Stone, '11. Time, 2 min., 13 sec.

1 mile run.—1st, Whitney, '10; 2d, H. Brady, '10; 3d, Stone, '11. Time, 5 min., 9 sec.

Discus Throw.—1st, Cady, '08; 2d, H. Brady, '10; 3d, Gallert, '09. Distance, 88 ft., 3 in.

Shot-Put, 12 lbs.—1st, Cady, '08; 2d, G. Hann, '08; 3d, Gallert, '09. Distance, 36 ft.

Running High Jump.—1st, tie between G. Hann, '08, and Chandler, '10. 3d, Dunbar, '09. Height, 5 ft., 6¼ in. New record.

Running Broad Jump.—1st, Chandler, '10; 2d, Cady, '08; 3d, Hall, '10. Distance, 18 ft., 10 in.

Pole Vault.—1st, Bigelow, '08; 2d, Collins, '09; 3d, tie between Chandler, '10, and Ness, '10. Height, 8 ft., 2 in.

Score, 1st, 1910 and 1908, 25 each; 2d, 1917, 16; 3d, 1909, 15.

# NEWS NOTES

At the Annual Dramatics this year on the evening of April 16th, "The Ladies' Battle," a comedy in three acts, translated from the French, was presented with the following cast:—

Henri de Flavigneul, an alleged conspirator disguised as Charles, the valet,.....Harold Cooley
Léonie de Villegontier, niece of the Countess, Ethel Truette, '09
Countess d'Autreval, a fervent Royalist, Hilda Vallandigham, '12
Servant,.....Henry F. Dunbar, '09
Gustave de Grignon, a young solicitor,.....Alan M. Hay, '10
Baron Montrichard, Prefect of the Department, J. Louis Keegen, '09
Officer of Dragoons,.....Graydon G. Bouvé, '09
Dragoons,..... { Moses F. Carr, '09 / James E. Willits, '09

The play deals with the fortunes and mishaps of Henri de Flavigneul, an alleged conspirator disguised as a valet in the chateau where there reside two particularly attractive young ladies, both violently in love with the aforesaid conspirator. Around this theme were built three very romantic acts which held the attention of the audience throughout the course of the evening.

As the countess, Hilda Vallandigham was dignified and charming and recited her lines with great poise and constraint. Miss Vallandigham, who is a new-comer to school this year, bids fair to be a great addition to the High School productions.

Ethel Truette played the part of the pretty niece in a very natural and unaffected manner. Harold Cooley as the fearless

MANDOLIN CLUB, 1508-09.

hero was simple and straightforward; while Louis Keegen as the ,'terrible Baron" was very effective. Alan Hay was, as usual, becomingly humorous and added greatly to the success of the performance.

The minor parts were all exceedingly well taken, even those of the two dragoons who, although they had no lines to speak, are to be complimented for their stolid and imposing appearance. Between the acts and also before the play the Mandolin Club furnished music which was greatly appreciated.

In telling of the success of the evening's entertainment we must not forget to give a large share of credit to Newell Thompson, the business manager, and Arthur Jacobs, the stage-manager.

At the conclusion of the play the hall was cleared, and there was dancing until twelve o'clock. The following were ushers:—

Eugene B. Floyd, '09, Head Usher.

| | |
|---|---|
| Stewart W. Chaffee, '09, | Hugh Knowlton, '10, |
| Harry B. Collins, '10, | Webster M. Sawyer, '09, |
| Edward M. Feeley, '09, | Edwin S. Smith, '10, |

Gardner A. Whitney, '10.

The first meeting of the "Cercle Gaulois" was held on Friday afternoon, April 27th. The members first assembled in the reception room where an address of welcome was given by President Keegen. A little time was then wiled away playing games, after which the meeting was adjourned to the Hall where each one of the "Cadets," or Junior members, was required to go through some particular act as a sort of initiation, thus affording much amusement and pleasure to the listeners. Later, refreshments were served in the reception room. This concluded a meeting which was unanimously conceded to be most successful.

On Thursday morning, May 6th, the Rev. Thomas Van Ness gave the school a very interesting talk on Constantinople and its surroundings. So vividly did the speaker present his pictures and such was the romantic touch of color that he infused in his scenes

that the talk was most charming, and the pupils, who had been hoping to hear Dr. Van Ness for some time, had their expectations fully realized.

Once again Shailer Hall has resounded with the merry voices of a happy crowd. This was on the evening of May eighth, when the seniors held their dance, one of the prettiest ever given here. Much credit should be given to the committee, which, with the help of the merry guests, made the party a great success.

It is interesting to note in the New England Magazine for May the article written by our good friend, Mrs. Lucy Ingram Topliff. It is a character sketch on the fisher folk of the little Maine town of "New Bay," where she spent last summer. Mr. and Mrs. Topliff are now in San Antonio, Texas, where they are staying at the Menger Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Packard were at last accounts in Florence, Italy, where Mrs. Packard is studying with the noted Italian pianist, Signor Giuseppe Buonamici. They spent a most enjoyable and profitable winter in Germany; the one studying schools, the other, the Gadowsky method of piano playing.

We are pleased to hear that the Junior Assemblies formerly held at Gardner Hall by Mrs. Thomas Wing [née Miss Helen Bouvé], will be given next year by Miss Kathleen Page. The matrons will be Mrs. Harry W. Cumner, Mrs. Galen L. Stone, and Mrs. Charles R. Talbot.

Once again Newton has suffered a defeat by the B. H. S. fellows. Ouimet, Ainsworth, O'Day, Eagan and McPhail won all the matches with the Newton golf team at the Woodland Club.

The vaudeville performance given by the T. B. B. girls in benefit of the B. H. S. scholarship fund, proved a great success. Fifty dollars were cleared, which sum, added to the proceeds of the Gogorza concert, amounts to four hundred and fifty dollars.

Charles Bryant, ex-'09, has been captain of the Brown and Nichols baseball team. Hawkins, '11, has also been playing on the team.

Ex-'09. Miss Dorothy Appleyard, who has attended the Ashland High School this year, intends to enter Vassar next fall.

Ex-'11. Marjorie Symes, left school last month with the intention of attending Miss Gilman's private school next year.

Edwin Smith left school this month to enter the forestry business in Conn.; but he will return next year to finish his course in the school.

New names were again entered upon the list of members of the Cercle Gaulois, at the second meeting. The afternoon was most pleasant and interesting as Mlle. Carret from Wellesley college addressed the club on old French songs. The officers for this year have been: president, Louis Keegen; vice-president, Katharine Schweinfurth; secretary, Anna Holman; treasurer, Harry Dunbar; the director, or the "power behind the throne," Mr. Brooks.

The indoor rifle match between the Woburn High School and B. H. S. was shot at the Woburn armory and resulted in a clean victory for our marksmen. Robert Potal, the captain of the Woburn team, was high man, with a total of 236 out of a possible 250.

| B. H. S. | | WOBURN. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F. W. Capper ..... | 232 | R. P. Potal (capt). ... | 236 |
| R. Haslan ..... | 228 | W. Fowle ..... | 231 |
| W. Rand ..... | 196 | R. Brown ..... | 221 |
| E. Carver (capt.) ..... | 228 | G. Blake ..... | 221 |
| J. Rudolph ..... | 228 | G. Wyer ..... | 168 |
| | 1,112 | | 1,077 |

# Alumni Notes

'05. Margaret Taylor, Smith '09, is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, Telescopium, Voice Club, and Philosophical Society.

'05. Helen Dunbar, another member of the graduating class at Smith belongs to the Alpha, and German Clubs.

'05. Evelyn Aldrich graduates from Wellesley this month.

'05. Dorothy and Frederica Tufts returned last month from a year's trip abroad. They are stopping at present at the Lenox, but expect to return to their home in Brookline the first of July.

'05. Bob Andrews is a member of the Senior Class at Harvard.

'05. Chester S. Brett and E. H. Erhard graduate from Dartmouth this year. Both have been prominent in varsity hockey while in college.

'05. Dick Floyd is assistant manager of the Harvard Track Team.

'06. Ralph Marshall is utility infielder on the Harvard 'varsity baseball team.

'06. "Sully" Sargent, Harvard '10, recently made the Alpha Delta Club.

'06. R. G. Reynolds, Dartmouth '10, is one of the joint authors of "The King of U-Kan," this year's "Prom" opera.

'06. M. C. Blake, Dartmouth '10, is manager of next year's 'varsity football team. Blake was recently elected to the Palæopitus, the most powerful undergraduate organization in college.

'06. "Bowler" Johnson, recently broke the Dartmouth record with the hammer. His throw was one hundred and forty-two feet, eight inches.

'06. Everard S. Pratt is a member of the Dartmouth Junior Prom committee.

'06. Prentice Hatch was in the Tufts Junior play, June 2. In addition to making Tower Cross, Hatch has been elected president of the Tufts Athletic Association for the coming year.

'06. M. D. Price and D. V. Williamson were among the first ten in the M. I. T. tennis ratings.

'06. Muriel Seeley, Smith '10, is a member of La Société Française and the Philosophical Society.

'07. Joyce Knowlton, Smith '11, has been invited to White Lodge, one of the college invitation houses, for the coming year.

'07. Patrice Butler, who attended Boston University last year, is at Wellesley this year.

'07. Helen Slagle, Wellesley '11, made her class crew.

'07. G. L. Treadwell, Amherst '11, in addition to making the track team, has been on the Musical Club for two years, the Swimming Team two years, the Olio Board this year, and was chairman of the Sophomore Banquet Committee.

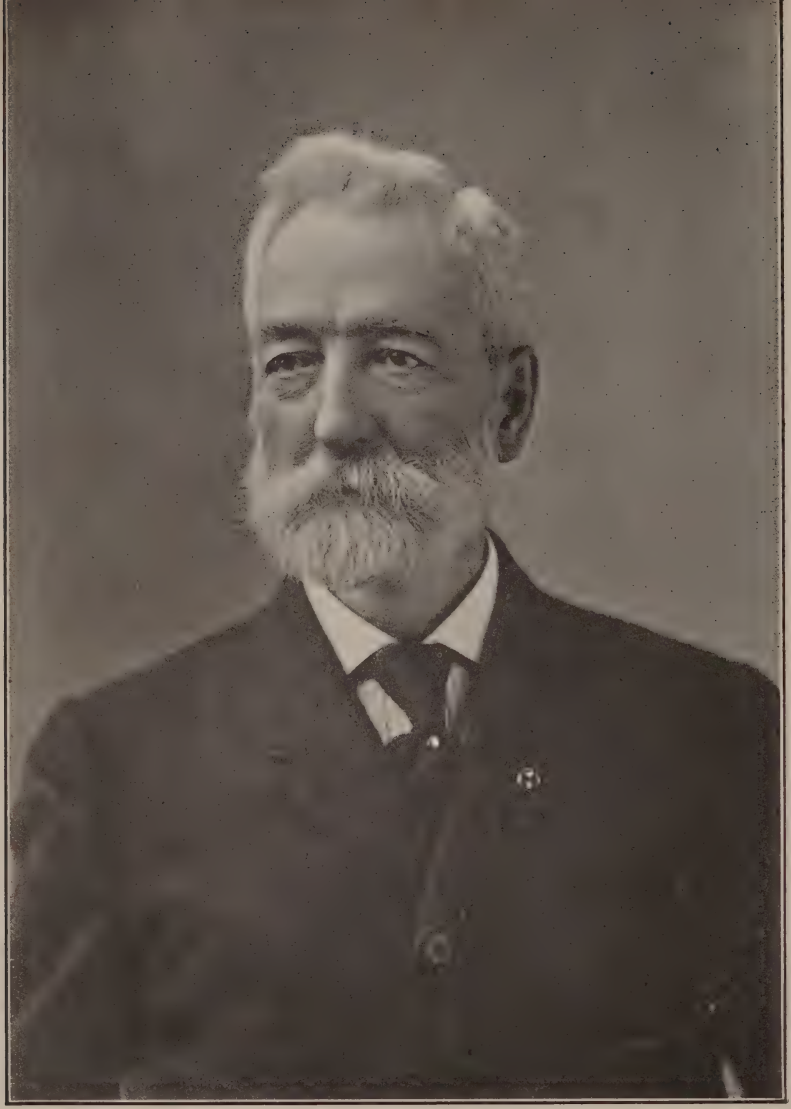
'07. D. R. Stevens has been elected editor-in-chief of next year's Technique, while Lloyd Cooley of the same class is athletic editor, and W. Seligman history editor.

'07. W. Seligman was a point winner for 1911 in the recent M. I. T. interclass meet.

In May a meeting of the B. H. S. Alumni was held in Shailer Hall, for the purpose of discussing the advisability of forming an Alumni Club. Mr. Hobbs presided. A committee was appointed with Mr. Frank W. Burdett, as chairman, to draw up a constitution to be submitted on the first of June. The object of the Association is to promote the welfare of the B. H. S. and to increase the mutual fellowship of its members. All past or present teachers, and all past members of the school who shall have attended the school for one year, together with the members of the senior class, may become active members of the Association on payment of an annual fee of fifty cents, or may become active life members on payment of five dollars.

The nominations for officers are as follows: president, Charles B. Floyd, '03; vice-president, Edgar Wrightington; secretary, Dorothy Gooding, '06; treasurer, Carl Marshall; directors, Edward W. Baker, Miss Mabel Cummings, '91, J. Nelson Manning, '98, Miss Mary McGrath, '04, Miss Amy Edmond, and George S. Nyhen, '01.

HOCKEY TEAM, 1908



**Six members of one old Brookline family, former scholars in Brookline High School**

Capt. W. B. Sears, Walnut Street High School, 1843; W. B. Sears, Jr., Prospect Street; Rev. Langley B. Sears, Harvard, A.B.; Henry B. Sears; Stephen F. Sears, Harvard, A.B., Columbia, A.M.; Edward H. Sears, Harvard, A.B.

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| Mill superintendent | 11 |
| Mill assistant manager | 1 |
| Mill foreman of department | 18 |
| Mill purchasing agent | 1 |
| Mill auditor and accountant | 8 |
| Textile designer | 30 |
| In commission house | 8 |
| Electrician | 1 |
| Assistant engineer | 1 |
| Draftsman | 3 |
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| | 178 |

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